

SayDatThen (Prod by Nottz) (DatPiff Exclusive)

Slaughterhouse

You got something on your mind nigga?
Say dat then Well let me say it without worrying if my label OK it
When Weapon Waist wildin' out, man give him room
Used to have skeletons in my closet, but now they sit in my living room
Otomom, I picture putting more niggas in a hole than that bitches womb
The street sweeper's the wicked witches broom
A silver spoon, I never had it
I grew up mad at Anne Frank, 'cause the bitch lived in a better attic
(Say dat then)
I seen my share of static, they say that it made me charismatic
Born leader who was born Libra in a foreign two seater with a porn diva
Blowin' reefer and pouring liters of vodka
'Cause the feds freezing a nigga bread
I'm drinking thinking they gon' seize me even when I'm dead (Fuck 'em)
Killers in my backyard
In the dark with choppers while I'm sleeping in my bed
Dreaming about Slaughterhouse dropping an album that's a chart topper
While I got these demons schemin' on my head
Even though I'm the realest
See, there wasn't enough violence in Menace II Society
To show you how Cali killers be chilling in society
And the police, they hate me
Long Beach PD probably want to kill Eminem for signing me
'Cause I was supposed to be a statistic
A ghost to me is realistic, my dead homie said "Say dat then" Guess this where I'm supposed to vent, huh?
Under scrutiny, all my oppurtunity went, huh?
Reality is I had more personality bent, huh?
Nonsense, honestly my conscience
Is dealing with a constant
Conflict with the bullshit I've been doing
That I feel so bad about the second after it's accomplished
A compass, I need one of those cause I'm wandering in darkness
But I see straight, and it feels great being clean around this
Being clean around this (Say dat then)
Being clean around this garbage two stepping through this garden
Full of frozen cold snakes when you a lion, warm hearted
Bank account comma, but still get your undergarments from Target
With a penthouse apartment
Kinda nigga still ready to piss in the elevator

And shake the doorman's hand before you go jogging
I'm just a hood nigga, fuck it
But I'm a good nigga fucking after that cat on my tongue
But never the cat got my tongue my nigga (Say dat then)
So I could knock your dome off your neck
Get your whole right eye socket broke with a left
You could go apeshit, fake prick
And take flicks with eight cliques, you still never posing a threat
If you gon' say something, say it then My big mouth
I got a big mouth, can't help it
I'm talkin' from my heart, real
You know what I'm saying?
Whatever comes, comes You got something on your mind nigga?
I made a living off of rhyming 'bout just how I feel at the moment
Right at this particular moment
I'm in that zone where I'm wondering
How far I really could get with just my diploma
Reflecting on how rap is a blessing
Feeling that same feeling
Before I fucked my first bad bitch
That I got right after undressing
Feeling like "Am I about to get this?"
In yo head you hear it, that voice of confidence
That comes down on you from the heavens
Like "Yeah, you 'bout to get it"
Just hope that you don't stick your dick in a dud
'Cause that bitch could end up your wife, or your mistress
Or a chick the same type as your mistress
Or a chick that's just gon' draw your name with a stick in the mud
Rather intended or unintended
It all comes with the territory, no pun intended
I fell out with all of my friends like
"Is it me or is it them?"
Angry like "Shit everybody can't be wrong
But a lot of these niggas just can't be right"
Therefore, I'll say it's their fault, say dat then
I fucking plan to, too many hoes out here niggas done ran through
I'd rather roll through the valley and lay low
I done fell out of love and back in love again
Then out of love and back with my spouse more than Halle and J. Lo
If she left me, my inner self would shatter
I could leave her, 'cause I'm a selfish addict
The problem is, I just don't want nobody else to have her
If we split, I consider my health a hazard
Or else living in wealth and lavish

And as far as these niggas
Who want to kill me, you never get a chance
You a criminal chill with your subliminal Twitter rants
You bigger than that, you just ain't bigger than me
You are literally killing me figuratively
I'm busy thinking about who hot and how they bit off me
If any one of you niggas jump on me
Nobody gon' have to tell you that you should probably get off me
And that's off rip, bruh
Your contract killers can sign off richer
That little beef y'all talking is small things to a giant
Like Goliath been drinking that anaconda malt liquor
Slaughterhouse, we the nicest four fellas
And if that day should come that we should ever part ways
It'll just be an excuse for us to reunite at CoachellaI heard them words and they stung
My ear drum
Was told that cancer finally made it through his lungs
Some of y'all are blessed enough
That y'all have no idea what the fuck I'm talking bout,
'Cause y'all got no experience
So in case you hear this verse
And think that there's the slightest chance that he'll survive
His cancer's on level four, and there's not a five
So my mother lose my mother, now my dad is losing his
From miles apart, wildest part is that's not the wildest part
What's outlandish is I too would want to vanish
Alcohol like Uncle Robbin him blind and taking advantage
My aunt's supposed to be holding him down, but she sure to gain
Behind his back just took out another insurance claim
(Say dat then) Well indeed I will
They making all these alterations to his will
He can't even play his poker games in peace, y'all got to chill
Like I can't decide if he's dying or y'all rather have him killed
I know a nigga's last breath shouldn't be this way
And if they was, I would panic too, tell me what's a man to do
Playing devil's advocate, none of it's understandable
I walk in the house and feel that energy as if it's tangible
Well every rapper got a cuban on looking like marks
I'm just busy trying to get my Mark Cuban on
My Lyor Rick Rubin on
My Nas, Pac, Big, Jay, Em, and fusion on
Could outtrap any movement goin'
Gun on the couch shit, wrong one to be running your mouth with
Bars, no VH1 it's mouse shit
If a nigga don't spit crack, go back and stock up

No harms, sometimes you got to stir it til it rock up
Been broken, been rich, been high, sober
Fucked almost every model twice over like I was living my life over
These niggas ain't got to like me
But after a decade in they all respect me
Shit, they don't even directly indirect me
It's cool though, back to business
Stacking these riches means caskets in ditches
With my Trues on living sacrilegious
It's Joe, looking like money all the pretty hoes can't help but look
Life gave me lemons, better be what jordan belfort took
Slaughter la familia, Glocks out over here
The schoolboy's with Kendrick, we dropouts over here
Uh, no offense 'cause them my niggas
And that list is short, you get the gist I'm sure, Joey

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