

# Fight Club (Remix)

## Slaughterhouse

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Intro: Joe Budden]  
Ladies and gentlemen!  
Frequency, I present  
The new fight club up in this bitch (Slaughterhouse)  
We go by the name of Slaughterhouse  
We outta here, only one rule  
No rule, no rule[Crooked I]  
Joey, no rules, gunshots, no prob  
No jewels, niggaz say I got robbed  
I'm still wearin my bling  
And fuck first class, I fly standin on Virgin America's wing  
Nuts hang, knockin down skyscrapers  
Take a piss, make it rain, I'm the American dream  
Make it rain, I ain't Pacman Jones  
Nigga, balls and my word all a black man owns[Joe Budden]  
If you in that man's zone, how you figure to gain?  
Can't bowl a 300 in another nigga lane  
Better aim, you dealin with a 7-10 split[Crooked I] That's Long Beach cause we on some 7-10 shit[Joell Ortiz]  
I've been nice since "227" man, shit  
I am sick and I'm never gettin better, that's it  
(Slaughterhouse) Give me somethin sharp to sever that prick  
Like a group broke up I will dismember that clique[Royce Da 5'9"]  
I'm a veteran, remember that shit  
We some internet rappers, then why you on our internet dicks?  
We'll be there when it's war callin  
Either we high or we fly or the floor fallin  
I'm a Tommy gun it ain't no best  
The rap game like a St. Louis verses New York battle, nobody won  
A bunch of fuckin 2's and 3's like zone defense[Joe Budden]  
[sighs] Please get at dudes Ortiz (nah, you beast 'em)  
Hold up won't stop, can't stop, thank pops  
Hard-headed, gotta hit a wall first like a bank shot

Get it clear a cokehead's a thin line  
between friend or foe, won't let the shit disappear  
This fiscal year I'ma stay hot buzzin  
with dudes that help me shoot like A-Rod cousin  
Walk in my shoes and your feet get callous  
from Jersey City to Caesars Palace  
I speak with malice just to make sure the street gets salvaged  
Real talk, where would all us be without it?  
Slaughterhouse no fear - too many dudes  
Tyson Chandler tried to leave they team and went nowhere[Crooked I]  
Like Tyson Chandler in the past niggaz on some bullshit  
Royce, tell Preme I got a full clip (whoa!)  
Niggaz used to run when they saw Suge's face  
Faster than Joey and Joell in a foot race  
Now you ask me where the incident took place  
Don't check the internet, check hood space  
You dealin with some intelligent creatures  
I don't touch guns, I draw with telekinesis  
No fingerprints on Crooked's mag  
I'm mixed with good and bad like the Goodfellas and Jesus  
First Biggie and Jay made it  
I'll leave a bandanna at your murder and make it gang related  
The bitch at the Shonie's told me homie[Joell Ortiz]  
Ortiz, I'm the one and only  
Pick a spot, I pick apart you dudes who pick a part  
This ain't a movie, I feel bad like lookin at a pic of 'Pac  
Niggaz hearts gettin sparked every time I give a arc  
to my wrist and it twists like a spliff when I'm sittin in the park  
Tall corny niggaz ain't makin a bigger mark  
I'll boost drugs, what I does got 'em runnin to get a NARC  
You guppies unlucky, you in a tank with a shark  
Teeth crooked like my dog who just finished a vicious bark[Royce Da 5'9"]  
Flick a dart through your top hat  
Weak MC's you cannot rap; Freq', where the drop at?  
Now you mad at Tahiry cause your ass ain't famous  
Get it nigga? Your "ass" ain't famous  
Quit talkin 'bout me cause ya ass ain't dangerous  
They call me Hustler because my mag game heinous  
Show up to Detroit thinkin (Everybody Love) you  
And I'ma come and show you that ya ass ain't (Raymond)  
Dumbin every line me fuckin bitches  
like the cops after a murder, they cummin/comin every time  
Shell-toes and Wissam jacket, the contractor  
Still pushin elbows like a linebacker  
And y'all playin

My worldwide bitches on my worldwide watch, I call it the broadband[Outro: Crooked I]

SLAUGHTERHOUSE!

Y'all know what it is man

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