

Wack MC's (DJ Critical Hype Blend)

Slaughterhouse

[Intro: sample of Boogie Down Productions' "My Philosophy"]

Rap is like a set-up, a lot of games
A lot of suckas with colorful names
I'm so-and-so, I'm this, I'm that
Huh, but they all just wick-wick-wack[Joe Budden]
Ladies and gentlemen
With no further adieux {"wick-wick"}
It's your man, Joey! {"wick-wi-wi-wi-wick-wick-wack"}
Look {"wick-wick-wick-wack"} I'm the perfect one to show ya, all that slick talkin could be over
All it's gon' take's a U-turn from the chauffeur
You test me, you just see
We mix hands with guns, that's the hood's UFC
And me? I never had gear (nah) but since last year
I swore not to cop nothin if it wasn't cashmere
You just salty, I'm fonder than sodium
Anticipate the shots like Obama at the podium
Me and y'all are nowhere near the same pedigree (nah)
Not in layman's terms, hypothetically
Metaphorically, lyrically, not especially
Theoretically (I mean) we just different genetically
And they ain't named me the champion yet
So it's, ACG's, Champion sweats
Homie this is just a thought (for)
The Donny Wall DJ's that don't wanna play the best nigga in New York, dawg[Chorus]
"Wick-wick-wack"
"Wick, wick-wi-wick-wi-wick-wick-wack"
"Wick-wick-wick-wack"
"Wick-wick-wack"
"Wick, wick-wi-wick-wi-wick-wick-wack"
"Wick-wick-wick-wack"[Royce Da 5'9"]
OHH! My nigga Spyda is BACK!
5'9", that's me, I'm back baby
Slaughterhouse what? My nigga Jumpoff said it best - y'all niggaz married to the streets
I'm married to a bottle of Patr n wearin a weddin dress
Y'all niggaz is dead unless you see we have not been playin
The Slaughterhouse ain't no goddamn gang
Show up to the bar where you hang
Shoot at your bottle like, "Hohh, we pop champagne!"
No disrespect to ol' D's boy Jimmy

I ain't Prince Akeem but I will greet you with the sweepers or the (Semmi)'s

These other lame rappers is broke

They so po' they gotta name 'Loso to have a (Fabolous) quote

And to the fo'-fo' grabbin they throat tellin 'em choke

Your niggaz arms all froze like they havin a stroke

Admit it y'all, Nickel bonkers, kick and stomp ya

Put a nigga sleepin in a shlomper, I am not the one bruh

This my response to that nigga hidin out in Yonkers

[crickets chirping] Haha, that nigga's (blam)[Chorus][Joell Ortiz]

Uhh, Joell Ortiz (Joell Ortiz) yup, it's really me

I used to drink the beer promoted by Billy Dee

By the bodega in chancletas and a white tee

Steady cocoa pia callin papi for a iced tea

Married to the block, that's why I never kept a wifey

Million fish in the sea, I juggled a couple Pisces

Had a fetish for guns, I always kept a few near

Never shot someone but I fired 'em all on New Year's

Never lost a fight, I'm like 25-and-O, what!

Except that time in high school but he jetted when I woke up

E'ry time I spit it's like somebody filled the whole cup

with liquor and just downed it, they hear it wanna throw up

Many nights the fridge held me down with old cold cuts

No mayo? No mustard? No bread? Ah, so what!

On the floor in the corner was my mattress, B

I hated that so I don't rap like you wack MC's[Chorus][Crooked I]

Geah! S-dot H-dot, ha ha! I laugh after I kill you, I'm a poor sportsman

Slaughterhouse the successors to the Four Horsemen

Niggaz born to pimp so bring some more whores in

Thinkin with my other hand before more foreskin

Me and Red Spyda, roll in a red Spider

Executive Westsider, homie's a tec writer

Homie I check riders, you better stand down

Hands down, you'll be man down on the damn ground

Long Beach, the home of them strap clappers

From ringtoners to backpackers, I smack rappers

Speak on us and we gon' be bendin them street corners

to clap actors, after that brrrap, collapse backwards

Shit, that's when the force roll through

I Malcolm X you pigs, what the pork gon' do?

I Malcolm X the track, that mean arm-leg-leg-arm-head

Body the beat, the torso too, heh

And leave the chorus for you, NIGGA![Chorus - begins during last line]

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