Fight Club (remix)

Slaughterhouse

[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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