Sound Off

Slaughterhouse

You herbs we merged, we're an alliance
We fight fire with flamethrowers, why would you try us?
We an outfit, equivalent to Voltron's
That boy Crooked I is equivalent to four arms
Joell Ortiz is the body, the cannibal slash killer
Kill you then eat your body, Joe Budden is the pair of legs
He runs shit alongside I, the apparent head
I am the general, bow now, fuck saluting
I don't really think y'all niggas get it
Run up on your with a army it is on until it's done, finished
You got a problem with any one of my slaughters
Then y'all niggas can come with it
Me and Joey, we a perfect fit
He like starting shit, I like ending shit
I don't squash the beef, I don't bend a bit
It ain't intricate
I'm gon' shoot your stupid ass
You too could laugh, you gon' die smiling
Try wilding, I get hostile then I'm violent
I don't make threats nigga I promise
My style is Stalin mixed with sick lyrics
If you hear it, it'll lift your spirit
Turn your appearance into a disappearance
Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick
I fuck with nothing but gangstas
Nothing but hustla niggas, sound off, sound off, hut
I fuck with nothing but my clique
Nothing but hot shit, follow me, sound off, sound off, hut
I fuck with nothing but gangstas
Nothing but hustla niggas, sound off, sound off, hut
I put my money on my clique, hot shit
Coming out the barrel of my fifth
I got a raw flow and I stay hungry more so
Guess that's why I'm the torso
I pour sweat when I perform shows
What I record goes down as the best
But the vets won't let that torch go
Y'all could keep it, they got flashlights now
And flamethrowers and I got one on my back right now

Remain focused, that's what I tell myself now and then
Don't wanna go back to that block like when Varej

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