

Sun Doobie

Slaughterhouse

"Get more for your money, when you fuck with Mr. Porter-r-r-r-r..."[Joell Ortiz]

As long as I got my pen I don't need a friend

We got ears that we each'll lend each other, my brother just hollered at me again

He said he tired of all the lyin, deceivin and

dick-ridin the people providin on every beat but when

I do it it's stupid, I bruise it like a bad bitch

I lose it, my music's a movement and they just mad stiff

I told 'em it's mathematical in this pad lift

Point 'em out and I will subtract him, with an ad lib

See the fact is (what) I'm a bastard

How can I not be (Macho, Man)? I'm a (Savage)

In the past I was passive, now I'm mad bitch

I'm spazzin, you get an Adidas classic where yo' ass is

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Eh-eh, eh-eh, Nickel ain't the one at all

Snatch your vocal chords out then plug 'em in my wall

You a knife at a gun fight, our shit is raw

You a square, you're silverware in a civil war

The Slaughterhouse wolf pack, riders under the moon

The reason you itchin wit'cha lighter under your spoon

I'm a lover, the lead bustin is old to me

You put your head in her butt, I headbutt the ovaries

God dipped me in war paint for all weathers

I'm Mr. spill the liquor on my alcohol tether

No need to ride with nobody, I feel the heat can help me

Your jean's skinnier than Em is when he eatin healthy, hahaha[Chorus]

WHOA, WHOA, WHOA

WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, Shaaady!

WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, WHOA

WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, WHOA

{"Mr. Porter-r-r-r-r..."}

[Joe Budden]

Outnumbered, outspoken, outcasted

Outweighed outrageous odds and outlasted

Outlandish, so I learned to outwit 'em

I outsmart 'em, outgrew 'em, I outdid 'em

Cream, out-bid 'em, team can't out-spit him

(You could) Keep sleepin, your wet dream is out with him

(See) Do a lil' yoga, a lil' kama sutra

Steakhouse nigga, used to be a Ramen Noodler

Heavy on B and E's, was a calm intruder

Pumped a Ruger, moms called me con and loser

I suggest you and your mans'll regroup (why?)
Bet against it, and probably can't recoup - out![Crooked I]
I point a pistol at your mamma mia
I'm sick as Tyson in the ring at the Colosseum with gonorrhea
Fuck a rapper, my clapper black as Muhammadiya
Fuck you R&B bitches, shut up! You not Aaliyah
(Ha ha!) When Mr. Porter record a piano
Producers may wanna order some ammo
I'm a California corner reporter
Your boy wasn't born with a quarter bein poor as a whore and I'm an aura
It's sorta Soprano; look here
We reinvent the wheel to have a (Good Year) - and y'all tired
We like Tyler Perry mixed with Everlast
The House of Payne/Pain, Slaughterhouse gang nigga![Chorus]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>