

# Onslaught 2

## Slaughterhouse

Yeah, I said, "Once upon a time in a city that's mine"  
There was a nigga named Nickel that spit like Big in his prime  
He got a 52 box, original tick in the mind  
Listenin' to 'Pac and them drop with a prestigious design  
My niggaz is dimes, my bitches is dimes I came up behind Eminem in '99 and I took the baton  
I been runnin' shit ever since then, slaughtered MC's  
Sit and watchin' my green grow like I'm waterin' seeds  
The problem with me is I'm the heart of the streets Niggaz callin' for peace, they can't even call  
the police  
If I ain't better than you I'm harder to beat  
Probably 'cause I live by the art of for keeps  
I get indicted after my product's released  
We a different form, a different centrifugal force  
Every line is like grippin' on a stick shift in a Porsche  
My niggaz asked for direction to go on this track  
I said, "Fuck a direction, spaz out, get 'em up high" Crooked and for them wack songs that you  
made  
I want you to throw your pin, but hold the grenade  
Explode to your grave and go straight to hell  
When your soul is en-flamed for the road that you paved The role that played, in fuckin' up hip-  
hop  
You owe so you paid, the fo'-fo' close to your brain  
Closer than the close shave of a low fuckin' fade  
Don't fuck with me, don't fuck with J O E With Nickel we gon' make more cheese  
Heavy hitter, call me Joell David Ortiz  
I point a burner at the plaque on your teeth  
On some leftover shit, it's a wrap on the beef  
I'm one in a mil', comin' to kill  
It's like you wanting a pill, my gun put your back on the streets  
Spine on the concrete lookin' at the sun  
Eyelids heavy, "Why did Crooked have to come?" He was full of 'gnac and rum, like a bully  
actin' dumb  
Fully automatic umm, that's Crooked havin' fun  
Listen, don't make a nigga find your dame  
And make the dime give me brains 'til my mind is drained Listen, don't make me grab a 9 and  
aim  
And how your dime did me, do yo' mind the same  
But different, the West Coast king Crooked I  
I'm a kamikaze pilot, I stay fly 'til I die, get 'em up high Joell, here we go again, you know I'm  
him, Mr. Ortiz  
Soon as I hold a pen I co-defend the sickest MC's  
Pick a disease we got it, I vomit sniffle and sneeze

Lyrics squeeze, listen please, Lord, help get rid of this fever I'm like 150 degrees  
 16's used to be sweet, now they're a bit of a tease  
 A nigga need a infinite instrumental just to be pleased  
 Used to dream about livin' now I'm livin' my dreams The bitches fiend, made my dick a machine  
 Maybe I'm wrong, maybe I am just as fuckin' big as I seem  
 When I'm spittin' this mean, me and government intervene  
 A couple presidents, literally live in my jeans I give 'em residence, they just let me pick anything  
 When I'm in the mall, they show me the latest kicks on the scene  
 And I get 'em all, I ball like the nigga I am  
 Niggaz hate, bitches cheer like Norm, Cliff and Diane I'm in a state, of mind that should be the  
 fifty verse  
 I run radio but I don't use them itty bitty words  
 I ain't shabby with the nouns, I ain't shitty with the verb  
 When I reach heaven I want the nigga Biggie to be like word City slicker, New York delivery  
 when I swerve  
 Hold that mic like the Statue of Liberty, I deserve  
 A shot at the title, spitter of the year, every year, let's be clear  
 Put some fingers in the air and hold 'em up high Joey, work on your half-court shot, I'm money  
 from far  
 Get 'em mad, see a ape on your monkey bars  
 And that's rate, gettin' hate from the wannabe stars  
 And that's great, mean he feel it and know he numb See that bullet comin' from around the  
 corner  
 Like a shot from Angelina Jolie's gun, think Joey the one  
 I'm a fake, ain't your run of the mill?  
 I'm from where they kill you for one of your bills For me it's fun, your man think we evenly  
 skilled  
 He Mel Gibson, all that shit he believe, gon' get his son killed  
 Play with a match, fuck what you take it as  
 No good straight jacket, all I did break the match They say he talk tough with his fake ass  
 Four pounds put me in another weight class  
 Great Escape the pad  
 Took the jumpsuit off my naked ass and ate the mask You diss me, you wanna be a great that  
 fast?  
 Take a fully automatic and spray at gas  
 Me? Body a whole shit with a verse probably atrocious  
 In your whole camp, nobody focused They say you the Ultimate Warrior, I agree  
 You die and come back, won't nobody know this  
 Drive by, screamin' it's a new crew reppin'  
 Hangin' out the window, like it's 227, get 'em up high Get 'em up high, get 'em up high  
 Get 'em up high, get 'em up high  
 Get 'em up high in the sky Put 'em up high, put 'em up high  
 Put 'em up high, fingers in the sky  
 Put 'em up, Slaughterhouse, Slaughterhouse Ohh, ohh, Fatman Scoop, Slaughterhouse  
 Fatman Scoop, Slaughterhouse  
 Put 'em high, woo, ohh

