

Die

Slaughterhouse

Everything you been asking for, yes, I'm about to give it to you
You ain't gotta worry no more, cause I'm about to put one through you
I got a bullet with your name on it, coming through the radio
Sounds like I got an AK dumping straight to the radio
If you trying to be target practice, you finally found a shooter
Soon as I pull my gun I know someone's gonna die, die, die, die
Someone's gonna die-ei-ei-ei die
Tonight

Nigga, this that shooter music
I'm about that life so much I might go touch my rifles butt
And my dick just might go up
Nigga, that nostril on that rifle'll knock the snot right out you
Try me and I try out ya
The drum on the gun is Beta like Phi Alpha
But there ain't no frat niggas in the hood be calling me Tackleberry
And if he's iron, he will have him a easier time trying
To put on some pads and go in and try to tackle Barry
Then he go against this got damn G4 buying, Detroit lion
I'm about that life so much I might go golf
Trying to get me a hole-in-one, reminding me of my life when I go off
Homocidal thoughts, bodies outlined in chalk by the time it's dark
Dahmer signing his name on a dotted line with a bloody body part
I don't give a fuck if they wilding, I got a clip full of fucking Ray
Allens
Selling that Sarah Palin, in broad day, a Letterman Fallon
When I shoot this iron, all you hear is hooping and hollin' like
(Bombs away) Bootsy Collins

They shot my nigga three times, as his abdominal bled
They robbed him for phenomenal bread, that domino led
To other dominos fallin' in his clique, off with their heads, sick
Saw him in that hospital bed, leaned away from the doctor and said
They'll all be dead soon, and I'm talking before that nurse can change the
IV
I'm a put em in the dirt, leave em leaking rasberry flavored ice tea
My G, kill him and take his I'd
I'm a renegade like E-M-I-N-E-M and Ja-Y-Z
Bitch it's karate, it's Mr. Miyagi mixed with Issey Miyake
Smell that chopper kicking when it's lifting ya body
Quick as Buggatis, then I'm hitting the Omni
With a chicken licking my dick in the lobby; this New Edition, I'm Bobby
Fast laner
I'm speaking the truth, put 3 in the coupe, I'm a wet your head like a leak
In the roof
Then I'm leaving the booth for gas chamber
My granny calling me a rap singer
But she don't know I use my strap finger

Look, this a whole nother ether
Hop out, black mask, low Caesar
Tell the goonies keep it low with the reefer
New bodies on old heaters
We ain't rapped too tight
Starving, they thought Jeffrey Dahmer had appetite
I'm detail, not derail
Don't lay your head if you shit by it

Got skeletons, but my shit private
I paved the way, y'all misguided
So try it, I'm a send a threat
Tie her up don't end her yet
Bullet go through your wife's eye now we know you ain't on the internet
In my head I see amateurs, can't retain a memory
All I'm left with is images
With that I'm putting emphasis
And in parentheses
Put he's hated by large percentages
And all my nemesis won't even let 'em on the premises
One shot, change him for life, he'll be belligerent
Even his text messages are gonna read like he's whispering
Bulletproofed the hoodie for Trayvon Martin
Then go to war with the cops, even they aren't pardoned