

House Rules

Slaughterhouse

Hold up, Hold Up
Let me start it y'all, Haha!

Yeah niggas the gang is back again
Royce giving his beard a scratch again
Crooked lit a Cuban
Joe acting like he tweeting but he do that once the track begin
I'm just nibbling on this plastic pen
This sounding like the beginning of a tape
Usually yellow, and yellow bellies can pick a fake
We ain't have to go soft to get this cake
I watched niggas skate for figures
Throw away rollerblades for figure skates
I'm just a rough New Yorker fucking bitches that only listen to Drake
Every night's dinner date, hater get a plate
I tell shorties pick a steak but make sure it's to go
Incase I want to start eating her face
Mouth full, give me mouth drool
I was that throwback thurs
You want that back blown out, cool
But you ain't about to
Just be over sitting on that couch boo
That ain't how it go, you know the House Rules

Uh, no phones inside the telly
Pics inside the celly
Baby you know the house rules
Yeah, respect over a dollar
Death before dishonour
Partner you know the house rules
Uh, if I'm up you can't be down
And I'm down to tear shit up for you homie
You know the house rules
Yeah, all bitches with flat stomachs
No cars under a hundred
My nigga you know the House Rules

I'm high. Chillin' with Bruno on Mars
Crooked's verses put 'em in hearses, call 'em funeral bars
But these funeral bars, they bought me them beautiful cars
Like a celebrity photographer, I shoot for the stars
I'm just grinding with my clique 'til we close to the La Costa Nostra
Lookin' over my shoulder with a toaster and a shoulder holster
Cause niggas wanna approach or get close. They could hope to smoke ya
When a vulture opposes ya folks its an emotional roller coaster
Ya friends became foes, everything backwards, pimps became hoes
You know how the game goes
Fuck it, one less nigga to split the pie up
As long as I triumph, you fake fucks can dry hump
Success is the mission before the mortician
Fill me with the bombin fluid, I promise that I gotta do it
I took some street money, then I added some commas to it
To cover my ass like Obama-Care and the trauma unit, G

Oh what you thought? You thought I wasn't loaded up, huh?
You thought I left my last hot line floatin' in the puddle of vomit before I
sobered up, huh?

I hope you know ya niggas sound mad
And its goin' down fast with no signs of slowin' up, huh?
It's blood, sweat and tears. I shed blood, sweat, tears so wipe the sweat
I confess, I insane rap
I went and weighed the height of my success and now the game back
Like biker vests
I'm Bogarted, the so called un-bogartable
Turning yo artist to post modern flow particles
Far as the streets go, we got our fingers on the pulse of this with no cardi
o, believe me
We slidin' all over this chess board like we playin' a lil' Ouija with no Ma
rio, this shit is easy
We blowin' our budget, we'll battle you, fuck it
Our attitude's fuck it, that's why the song about nothin'
What you thought?
It's House Rules, fuck it, crime rules is in yo face
Wet your Gucci with the Nine too. You try to win this race
Hawk a loogie on ya Louis V and Louboutin shoe until we see the baton move
How you gonna defend ya fate
And then send you astray, make you late continuous
It's a win-win for us like you askin' us a question continuously
You can't contend with us. One of us like ten of us. Crew is covered and it'
s the government gunners is like senators

I'm in all black like I just got a funeral call
Stand up guy that was rumored to fall
Before the gloons get involved
If there's a problem I hope its soon to be solved
Nigga done did so many drugs that I'm immune to em' all
Whole state is on my back, can't wave them from the facts
Drop some money on your head, I'm just playing with the racks
But in case you want to act, don't
Fruit of the loom now get evasive with that
Bunch of grapes on a strap that'll do whatever Joe says
In Tropez with a bird that look like Selena Gomez
A younger Felipe Lopez
Free agents want to get down, thats on the back page
Whole team got one in the chamber, wheres the cap space?
Vixen in the bed with another on the dial
A know the Wi-Fi was great, shorty buffered for a while
It's Joe, speeding off with the tail pipe smoking
And fuck rules they was made to be broken
The house is back open