

## Illmind Interlude

### Slaughterhouse

Mmm, I don't even know what to say man  
I'ma... I'ma go Miles Davis, a lot of improvisation man  
I'ma let the music talk to me, I'ma talk back though  
Let my words bounce off the bassline  
Bounce back to my thought process, I mean I'm just  
I'm just tryin to uhh, keep up with Illmind right now  
Yo Just man, you could delete all this shit  
I'm just warmin it up for my brothers right now  
My three brothers, House Gang for life, woooo

If you can't stand the heat, better creep out the kitchen  
This music's so therapeutic, it could be our religion  
If I am my own problem, then I am my own solution  
We buildin a +Glass House+ so you can see how we livin  
Hold up, turn the beat down and listen  
I was predicted to be convicted, catchin them beatdowns in prison  
by prison guards cause fuck, authority figures minority niggaz be livin hard  
Tell me how to see out your vision, when you limit ours  
You'll only wanna see in the struggle  
But I got (bands in my duffle, band-bands in my duffle)  
Yeah, you can ask the Slaughters, I don't mess with you rappers  
Matter of fact our third album is a message to rappers!  
My nigga we let you breathe - now all of them accolades from ratchet bitches  
and faggots in this rappin business is over, it's back to the business  
of gangsta rappin that I'm mixin with this backpack, spittin  
with a Rat Pack clique of niggaz, you best believe  
You pussy, period, I bet you bleed  
A fake nigga that listen to snakes nigga, I bet you Eve  
Meanwhile I'm on my +Django+ with my field niggaz  
+12 Years a Slave+, this industry tryna kill niggaz  
Even if they noose me, I die hangin with some real niggaz  
And all my nephews are in my +Will+ like Uncle Phil, nigga!  
I'm really cocky - but that's on the low  
like Makaveli's intro when it sound like somebody said "Suge shot me"

I shot the shit with the niggaz who shot shit up, welcome to my hood papi  
Where every night's a movie, but never a good copy  
I sat on granny couch, amped about what I'm ramblin 'bout  
When the amp blew out I made beats with my hands and mouth, the man of the h  
ouse  
so early, little odd though with the curly, blow out runnin behind the girly  
s  
My nigga Jigs nicknamed me a dopeboy, I do miss him so derrly  
Just Blaze, I just blazed one up  
Boy I'm headed to mobile Monday, I hope yo' .45's ain't dirty  
Don't need them bitches skippin, I know I'm skippin around but fuck it  
Cause I could still bust it with random thoughts, you gotta love it  
Ay Crook you my brother, Royce you my brother, Joe you my brother  
Four different fathers, four different mothers  
But raised by the culture, bet we was hangin the same poster  
Starin at Lil' Kim with her legs open  
Rewindin the Nas verse, blastin some Hov'  
Dancin to Biggie, trippin off Canibus flow  
Don't act like Cano wasn't a savage, you know  
But back to my squad, everyone rappin is pro  
Yeah Marshall Mathers my bro, hey Catfish it's a go  
The magic of 2.0 just gettin started

I'm confused because this healthy mindset made our album retarded  
I'm just playin with words, yeah they pay me for that  
The stages of rap, ask these promoters, these places is packed  
Just killin time 'til that album drop  
Slow it down, I dissed you, I said it's killin time when that album drop