

# Move On

## Slaughterhouse

[Joe Budden] Frequency!

YAOWA! What's up my nigga?  
You say your name is John?  
Joell Ortiz  
Yeah yeah I know, I'm familiar with the interview shit  
I know what you gon' ask  
I got you, don't even stress it

No I don't respond with answers that fit a script  
So the repetition'll make a nigga flip  
We in the game of smoke and mirrors, those engineerin a bigger spliff  
blowin circles out they mouth, gettin praised but the shit'll shift  
I never lived a myth, if I said it I did it  
Never alleged, word to dead I gripped a fifth (boom!)  
I made my housing tenement a strip, movin medicine and nicks  
When I seen 'em comin I jettin from them pricks (ohh!)  
And still to this day though she clean I wish my mommy never sniffed  
But the hurt is makin me better with this gift (look)  
I'm live with this ink you could, die in a blink and  
Y'all got the nerve to ask me why do I drink and  
Motherfucker sometimes I cry when I think and  
Y'all ain't there when them tears bein dried by the sink (damn)  
It was cold in the winter, my community centers who gave me dinner  
I ain't mind, my table chairs gave me splinters (haha!)  
Set up to be loser but was made to be a winner (look)  
If they paint hip-hop I bet my face be in the picture  
If they wrote a rap bible bet my name be in the scriptures  
If shorty say I'm her idol bet her face be in my zipper (woo!)  
I came a long way from the staples in my scrilla  
Stains on my pants, hardly had a gut  
The ladies ain't wanna dance so house parties would suck  
All my friends on the wall, I'm in the hall with a couple  
Nah I ain't complainin, just tellin y'all what it is  
So if y'all goin through it now just know that another kid  
made somethin outta nothin, well I'm frontin, I was never nothin  
Older ladies used to tell my mother "Ain't he somethin?" (oww)  
I look at a lot of you cats and laugh  
Cause I'm the shit man, and y'all ain't even passin gas  
When I spit I'm the definition of mastered craft  
And all y'all ask about is Aftermath - motherfucker move on!

I'm tryin to be, more than what it is you see  
For every take, do it just like eternally  
But I won't let it hold me down, I turn it all around  
I'm movin on, oh-ah, oh-ahhhh, yes I'm movin on

I gotta give my own interview  
Since niggaz that do my interviews focus on whatever's miniscule (like!)  
Or paint me as a cynical, but the canvas'll limit you (dawg)  
You can't go beyond what there's no limit to  
If I think hip-hop is dead I think it's being revived  
And that comes from me being inside  
Where the demons get by, see 'em good-bye, if I'm vehement here's why  
Come from hearin it seein ve-nom-ous lies (oh!)  
So the beast in me cries, cause when it's all you hear  
Shit can overbear, just when the obey near

And so I try to think straight cause when you stare in the rear  
Rest in peace Stewart Shakir, nigga yeah!  
I'm on another label, not that other label  
That mean it's no longer my problem, it's theirs  
Some say it's a conspirac'  
I say if e'rybody's on the throne, that's just more motive to kill the heir  
Ask me 'bout "Pump it Up" and I'ma think you SHEEP  
Or you must not know I'm DEEP!  
I'm so off of music so y'all could SoundScan every week  
Me? I just got my lil' man every week  
Jersey City loves me despite y'all beliefs (why?)  
Cause they was baby steppin, I showed 'em how to leap (ohh!)  
Ask me about swag - I'ma change the topic to lyrics  
and then brag, plus look at you like a fag  
I love e'rybody, don't ask 'bout who I beefed with  
They burned the bridge but they was standin underneath it  
I'm on my grind, Benjamin huntin  
Was old since I was young, call me Benjamin Button  
And stop usin slang just for you to be cool  
Cause I go BACK to when it was cool to be you  
I'm a hero (nah)  
No I mean I'm Hiro from "Heroes," y'all chase zeroes  
Muh'fucker I just got finished hatin ME feelin like a zero  
They played DeNiro, never been there though  
So before your next thought, understand  
Know it's MUCH more to me than the man  
Either that or move on

My rhyme's reflection of Scarface and Preme's soul  
Before Jordan was wearin fo'-five, I just look like this, I just seem old  
But I had to bleed the blood of a Dirty motherfucker  
to suffer clean clothes and touch what a king holds  
The real estate market is harsh, everything goes  
from foes to who you was doin everything fo'  
But I cut 'em off and move on to the new checks  
New friends chasin my new ends with new threats  
Watchin my dreams fold, like a stack of bills  
in the pocket of who ain't tryin to push up daffodils  
But we the supergroup  
You couldn't handle this shit if you was standin before us carryin a pooper-  
scoop  
You dealt with shady shit? I dealt with Shady shit  
But I'm the only one can truly say I dealt with Shady's shit (that's me!)  
I mean that with all respect to Paul and Sheck  
But Ryan and Marshall is all you get (that's it)  
My flow's superb, I love Paulie Rosenberg  
What I say in a track, those just words (woo!)  
Baby boy forgive me, I'm just street  
Cause I can change into anything niggaz want me to be like Mystique  
I don't gotta dig deep  
To realize Slim bought Big Proof a big jeep  
Because he deserved it; how can I mourn  
the same way Shady did over him when he knew him when he attended Osbourne?  
(yes!)  
Marshall I'm sorry (sorry) I knew it went left (left)  
I ain't into fuckin my family like incest  
If you remember Ice used to be my life's interest  
Tell Hailie my wife just had a princess  
Since I made up with Em it's nothin else  
that I can move on from, so who wants some?  
Like a jar of Grey Poupon  
You gotta ask anybody in any car, one of them move on

When fans picture my interviews  
They think I'm in a swimmin pool with women who been abused  
So they turn into strippers makin they livin in the nude  
One in the middle blowin my inner tube, while the interviewer's gettin ridic  
uled  
Is this your vision? Cool; let me give you a little jewel  
Any dude who wanna sit in my tennis shoes is missin SCREWS  
Don't get it misconstrued, don't get this shit confused  
I'm two seconds from prison food, I'm a different dude!  
Pistol in my reach man, still in Long Beach man  
Hopin if my grind don't help me get out, my speech can  
I been in the streets longer than Yao Ming's wingspan  
You can be MTV, I'll be C-SPAN  
I deal with politics, bandannas and hollow tips  
Half you rappers follow this, role models can swallow DICK!  
Was stressed out over cash flow  
Hip-Hop used to console my soul, now it's a bunch of assholes  
Rap about a dance while I'm targetin cops  
Spit some shit for Oscar Grant, hit the sergeant with shots  
Make him a (Ghost) like he part of The Lox  
I won't stop recordin, 'til I'm makin songs harder than 'Pac's  
If it don't happen, at least a nigga know he right there (I'm right there!)  
Every memory under my Dodger hat's a nightmare!  
As a kid I had to steal breakfast  
And now the best question you have to ask me, "Is this a real necklace?  
Where's your beat from Dre? Your feature from Cube?"  
These things leave people confused  
Cause they know I leave speakers abused, I eat the EQs  
I eat through the beat, what's the secret? I think it's the SHOES!  
Back in Cali niggaz blaze and stress  
Waitin on "Detox" to save the West, ha ha  
Even if the shit is dope it ain't givin you niggaz hope  
unless your signature's wrote on a check from Interscope  
NOPE! Move on

Move on West, Coast, knahmean?  
West Coast move on  
And all that shit in the past about me bein on Death Row?  
Move on

SLAUGHTERHOUSE!!