

## Offshore

## Slaughterhouse

They say the tongue is the perfect weapon  
All I hang around nowadays is verse perfection  
I knew these three niggas for years but when they each get in that booth they  
make a first impression  
Time and time again I just want them to thyme again on some fan shit  
I used to rock boom in the hoopty on the van whip with my man Zick, rest his  
soul  
Before I had a clue what Joe was like  
I used to cop clues just to hear what Joe would write  
Mowi? Used to tell me, me and Crooked sounded so alike  
An 07 XXL shoot, he came over like I'm Crook, I'm like oh hi  
Pleasure to meet you brother  
Seven years later I'm like wow I met my brother on the freshmen cover  
We saw the world together  
Back of that bus fucking girls together  
Got home and broke up with our girls together  
Homie this is special  
Y'all rescued me from special forces back home forced to wear a 38 special  
Cause none of 'em jam ya'  
Summer jam was cool but we hung in Japan  
I don't think y'all niggas truly understand  
I used to think my only way out of the hood was through the number man  
Get drunk and pop shit about running the can  
Damn a whole lot to look forward to  
Papi I was going through  
What any other thorough nigga in my hood was going through  
The G code I know it's true  
You throw at every one of them niggas before they throw at you  
Back then I thought that made me real  
Listening to myself now that shit just gave me chills man  
Cause I'd've missed this bus  
I mean this private jet no middle seat cause it's just us shiit'  
All of this cause I can spit  
It's crazy how this get when you can say that shit  
For the haters being a bitch like he ain't making no cream  
I just bought my lady a whip without a radio hit, bitch  
I'd rather talk to you niggas  
Cause really it could be on the way I'm off in (offing) you niggas feel me  
And lets just leave it at that  
Cause if I decide to crumble paper it ain't to rewrite raps  
I got shooters on retainers that would bring me your medulla in containers  
Please be on your cool behavior homey  
And lets just leave it at that  
I know I said that shit before  
But I'm trying to save yall from a war

Yeah you know how you got a Godmother  
I got a God grandmother  
Attie May Johnson man I just got the phone call tonight that she-  
She passed away man know what I'm saying  
She went to the other side  
Attie May I still got that brute cologne you bought for me for my birthday  
I love you let me holler

I was opening up a can of spam putting ketchup on fake meat  
Still thankful though cause so many hungry nights I ate sleep  
Talking to my cousin before I dropped him off in grape street

He said crook who we gotta kill to get you a Dre beat  
Cause I don't wanna' see you on this ratchet shit these niggas is on  
And how come niggas don't pick up the phone for you to get on a song  
I said probably cause ima' pick 'em apart as soon as I get in the zone  
And I definitely didn't condone dick riding so I did it alone  
Industry don't want a real nigga to creep in fuck it ima' sneak in  
And fuck going back to that book store I used to sleep in  
My homie let me stay on Saturday and Sunday I used to be homeless like the weekend  
Same three outfits switching them shits till the week ends  
Drowning in my sorrows drinking till I'm sinking in the deep end  
Made myself a promise ima' be the one in the end  
With these rehabilitation bars ima' clean 'em up with the pen  
Then my problems gonna be over and solved  
They finally let me in the damn door now I hope it revolves  
Let me out of this mother fucker too many corny ass bitch ass  
Kiss ass punk ass buster ass fuck ass niggas  
Faggots playing hide the salami  
This is a snake business my nigga and I ain't the swami n'aw  
This is crooked remember I rap circles around your favourite MC  
While calling George Zimmerman a bitch on cable tv  
In racially profile hoodie using BETs cypher just to push my agenda  
I'm Dominick Wickliffe, I'm James' son  
Even though he wore a condom I busted through it I can't forget where I came from  
I keep hearing that there's real niggas in the game alright name some  
All I know is raps a circus  
Your reaching again y'all bleaching your skin y'all bastards searching  
For plastic surgeons to make sure that all of your facial features are thin  
You're turning Hip-hop to pop you maggots singing again  
Just snap your finger and spin  
What the fuck you rapping for  
And mother fuck a grammy just hand them bitches to Macklemore  
I don't need you to tell me that I'm more gifted then a Capricorn  
Born before Christmas get it y'all on some nonsense  
And I'm the type to laugh soon as I hear about Donald Sterling's bitch choking on Magic's Johnson

(Let me get 'em Crook)

I'm cool calm collective smooth  
I'm from using coupons with a true mom with infectious views  
Number one with you honour and respect the rules  
I'm five feet nine inches tall but boy when I'm standing next to dudes  
It's like I'm standing on a stepping stool  
'cept when I'm standing with the wrecking crew  
We can turn the tables if we could just make these records move  
I know I know it's easier said then done but until the day that I'm done and dead  
I'll be remembered by more shit being done then said  
Listening to rap you gon' hear lies told  
But not from me and not on this this one goes out to every bloggin' columnist around the globe  
I want my rhyme flow solidified in time so  
I gotta get on my grind bro  
I'm thankful for the success that I have with Em' but honestly he could've sold more records than that on his own in a blind fold  
And all I'm picturing is my daddy with his arms folded  
And looking at me with that look like that's cool but get your own  
Confidence breeds success when it's spoke on  
Then Patron comes into play then it's postponed  
For whatever reason Shady Records still believes in us  
And whatever they see in us Interscope don't  
Comments being made like niggas old and they pathetic

Now how many times have we proved niggas wrong  
And how many niggas you think gon' come out of them offices  
And try to show up when we blow up some are gon' even try to take the credit  
While we was doing the album the Justice League manager was like  
Them niggas album ain't never coming out them niggas don't even like each other  
Well fuck the Justice League manager  
I would tell you to tell him I said it but talk behind backs is for amateurs  
Bitches fake niggas and punks  
I don't know it all I just know how to ball and go out and get eight figures  
in chunks  
I'm a fucking warrior I'm a true survivor of having death at your door step,  
drama in your foyer  
That's probably why I looked at that bottle like that's euphoria  
When you an addict nobody gotta ask if you wanna' drink that habit will actually  
ask you for ya'  
And that'll destroy ya'  
Take it from a G they call me a soul survivor  
Cause my soul done floated on to the crossroads for change more than coal for  
drivers  
I made my oldest a promise  
To keep my balls off the net and stay devoted to his Mama

(Let me get 'em Nickle)

Tell me what if this is big as I'm supposed to be  
I'd hate for that to get confirmed don't take the hope from me  
Cause that's a deep threat  
I mean I'd like to think that I ain't take a peek at my peak yet I got my feet  
wet  
In '98 they said I was close to my death bed  
Vom' and fluid on my cig' it was a meth head  
Was hard back then ain't have a car back then  
Still in on mase had me wishing I had tvs on the head rest  
B.I.G.'s Suicidal Thoughts was getting him through  
Would've took my life had I'd've known who I was giving in to  
Mama screaming listen to rules if you gon live in this roof  
In retrospect hidden jewel it helped me get in this booth  
Now my notoriety trumping how incognito I try to be  
Even make my bitches keep it low they on their Nayeli  
I don't trust none of these hoes  
Sad part is I'm such a tortured soul I had that thought when I proposed  
Suited up ring in my hand while in my head I'm saying fuck this bitch  
Makes sense that she was thinking even less of me  
Got ruined in my youth when the first one got the best of me  
When she said she'd never leave then she left fuck y'all expect of me  
That resentment only had me fucking different bitches different weeks  
But most of them was bad that made it bitter sweet  
Those are growing pains call it paying dues  
She killed a nigga then birthed one all with the same move  
We could hit the hookah spot and do a dinner  
But thanks to my baby mother I'll bust anywhere but in her  
Cause a baby for her is just a problem I'll be stuck with  
Like what gives so n'aw I ain't arrogant but my nut is  
I'm scarred happened years ago I'm still effected  
If she suck and a swallow then she'll get high it's pill infested  
500 proof laced with addict deficiencies  
But accent in my son another owed to inconsistency  
Ugh' looking at all my life's typos  
Just trying to remove the fat provide the lipo'  
Two words for my enemies die slow  
Full time pyros' we do this with our eyes closed

Word up man one more time for the half wits and the simpletons

It go two words for my enemies die slow  
Full time fuck it word  
La slaughter, La Familia  
Ya' know what I mean  
No matter what we ride, so lets ride