

# 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