

Microphone

Slaughterhouse

"The-the-the mic, the-the-the microphone" [repeat in background]

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Yeah, yeah...

Too many Indians and no chiefs

I pull out the pistol when I pull no piece

I'm the blueprint - I have your clothes

lookin like they was designed by bullet holes and shoe prints

When I bless a joint - it's like Spock

came up in the spot and grabbed the beat by the pressure point

I got the voc' in touch

I tell my bitch I'ma, give up drinkin when she give her emotions up

Too many enemies and no killers

Too many that hate snitchin but know squealers

I get stacks (stacks)

I blam hard with the click-clack, that Antarctica wrist wrap

I spit crack for yard niggaz to get dope

Y'all gotta wait for the transporter to get back

So who's the illest - what you talkin 'bout?

(Die Hard) like you Bruce Willis when I shoot to kill it

Too many hood guys, not enough good guys

The way you say pussy in plural, is puss-i

I don't be fuckin around on that microphone

When I'm kickin them flows on that microphone

The illest nigga that's holdin that microphone

I put my heart and my soul in that microphone

I put it down on that (microphone)

Turn up the motherfuckin sound on that microphone

[Crooked I]

But turn it down if you weak on that microphone

Lame niggaz shouldn't speak on that microphone

My ultrasounds show me holdin a microphone

That's on my momma, I was born with a microphone

Groupies love Crooked I on the microphone

Like James Brown I'ma DIE on the microphone

Too many rappers need to leave this mic alone

They on the same bullshit that Mike was on

You're lookin at the unseen, missin and to the unheard

I kill your career with one word (Slaughterhouse!)

You're verbally flirtin with murder, you got some nerve

I lift your skirt like a young perv - knock 'em out!

We the mob, homie who need a job?

Plus I'm so fly tell Derek Fisher I need a lob

Too many in this industry I need to rob

And if eatin niggaz made you obese, I be The Blob!

Fuck props, nigga this a different conquest

Listen this hear me spittin think it's a pissing contest

I'm in it for power, if cowards try to stop me

they better off usin a fishin pole to reel in the Lock Ness

Yes! I got a barrel that'll spot wussies

If you are what you eat, how come I'm not pussy?

[Joell Ortiz]

You lil' niggaz better come off that microphone

I'm educated but I'm dumb on that microphone

Don't even bother, you'll be done on that microphone

I turn a father to a son on that microphone
I'm a revolver in the slum on that microphone
And tell his R's I don't need no microphone
Too many critics tend to be silly
Too many frogs go ribbit but never leave lillies
I get it poppin like a ineen milli{?}
Now I'm havin a whale of a good time, I'm a (Free Willy)
Y'all lip singers take a pic, click, cheese really
Fans, who their man, I'm they quick pick easily
None of you kids spit evenly
You body my verse is like a thick bitch leavin me
Ha ha, too many fantasies and no fame
Too many claimin insanity and they so sane
Less than wack Scooby Snack lack flow game
Rappers everything I do be that crack cocaine
Your career is doobie wraps, slap Joe name
In any one of them verses say hello to the hearses
Too many monkey see, monkey doers
I slaughter pigs on my tail like Punky Brewster

[Joe Budden]

Niggaz know I get it in on that microphone
Y'all don't know where to begin on that microphone
I don't see how y'all could win on that microphone
A pioneer, I set trends on that microphone
Decide who you wan' be on that microphone
I see a bunch of lil' me's, micro clones
Too many 20 milligram Vic's I'm on
Killed the web, it don't matter what site you on
Save his mouth 'fore he's runnin off
I tell 'em bridge or a tunnel, give a FLUCK how I come across
All these wanna be tough guys, son is soft
Gun go off, havin like a good show, just spun 'em off
Treat old-timers like fags who drop the soap
They mic got Alzheimer's, forgot that they was dope
Too many dogs, not enough barkin yet
Too many blueprints, not enough architects
Rhyme ain't started yet, still every bar's a mess
FUCK record sales or who the machine markets best
I'm the last muh'fucker that y'all should test
I'm the sharp shooter, you the nigga I target next
Too many frontin like y'all that fly
REACH it, cause we set the bar that high (FOOL)

[Royce] I don't be fuckin around on that microphone

[Crook] You lame niggaz shouldn't speak on that microphone

[Joell] You lil' niggaz need to come off that microphone

[Joe B] Niggaz know I get it in on that microphone

"The-the-the mic, the-the-the microphone" [repeat to fade]