

# Not Tonight

## Slaughterhouse

(StreetRunner)

[Intro: Royce]

Ladies and gentlemen (HEYYYY! HOOOO!)

Slaughterhouse (HEYYYY!)

Woo!

[Chorus: Royce Da 5'9"]

Slaughterhouse in the place to be, see

And we got what it takes to rock the mic

We gon' take it back to when niggaz was rockin right

We gon' take it back, fuck with me? Not tonight

(HEYYYY!) Not tonight

(HOOOO!) Not tonight

(HEYYYY!) Not tonight

We gon' take it back to when niggaz was ah, ah, ah

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Nickel, uhh

Round of applause for the dope boys

Here's to the phenomenal quote boys

Y'all don't understand this a phenomenal brand

The smack goin down like cube diamond on hand

Haha, if that rapper alive

He probably happy just to slap me a five

Homie the game ain't dead, it's just a couple key athletes died

It's why I'm rappin like I have to revive (Slaughterhouse!)

The mix of Magic and M.J. passion

Get in the way it's gon' be tragic as M.J. passin

With ears like D-R, the CPR

The game'll never breathe its last breath because we are

[Crooked I]

The house gang, rap's holy alliance

Why you so scurred? I'm only a giant

I do it late night, call me Conan O'Brien

And the nose on my gun look like Pinocchio lyin

Last king to Scotland sippin good liquor

If you're Meagan Good, I'm Forest Would-Dick-'er

Oscar winner, Oscar wiener

If you're flow's Aquafina, I'm Katrina

Uh, y'all say that your pockets are big

I'd rather say that I'm 'Pac mixed with Big

You're lookin at a microphone rocker on vodka

That's why I be walkin awkward, ya DIG?

[Chorus]

[Joe Budden]

(Joey!) Look, forever had to warm him

Take him to the cleaners, plastic bag on him

I ain't like y'all, I don't like y'all

Put him in lyrical jail with suicide thoughts

kick the chair hang him from his mic cord

What's the fight for? Never back down

I'm on some bullshit, quick sippin Jack now

Royce on Patr  n, Crook got the chron'

Guess what I'm tryna say is leave them boys alone  
How you got hope - had nothin to prove  
and had nothin to lose and now we got both  
Celebration bitches, now we got toast  
But with no ratchets, Joell go 'head attack it, uh

[Joell Ortiz]

Real nigga, rhyme spitter, hoe bagger  
Boast swagger, flow dagger, hip-hop toe-tagger  
No slacker, I could chill but I'd so rather  
eat a nigga cause he's sweeter than a glass of Goldschlagger  
Poor rappers, here on y'all won't matter  
And I'm out braggin every interview so you mo' matter  
I'm the man in the booth  
With (A Few Good Men), and "you can't handle the truth" (no!)  
And y'all could say I'm nice but I'm not  
I'm mean, flow coke with ice in the pot  
The fiends gon' go broke, they dyin to cop  
My team is so dope you like it or not!

[Chorus]

[Outro: Royce]

We out!  
Not tonight (HEYYYY!)  
Not tonight (HOOOO!)  
Not tonight (HEYYYY!)  
Not.. [scratch]  
Not tonight (HEYYYY!)  
Not tonight (HOOOO!)  
Not tonight (HEYYYY!)  
Not tonight, ohh!  
Heh heh...