

# Our House

## Slaughterhouse

[Hook 1: Eminem]

I wanna be the best who ever did it  
Don't know if that goal is feasible, or it isn't  
But if it is thank God, if you're listenin'  
Please give me the strength to crush all competition  
You can't blame me for dreaming, I'm a dreamer  
And if I'm coming off brash please forgive me  
But, that's all I want

[Verse 1: Royce Da 5'9"]

I just wanna be the illest MC (That's all I want)  
The same time being as real as can be  
Mayhem, sickness, murder, horror  
These are the kind of words that describe my aura  
G Rap, Ras Kass, Kurupt  
Redman I am cut from that cloth  
Write a rhyme about me, you a dead man  
Cool J, I'm Bad video  
Learn the whole routine and perform it for my father's friends  
While they smoked and drank  
Symphony, D.O.C. inspired me to write what  
Would eventually put me on airplanes like B.o.B  
Canibus, Wu-Tang, you know our history but hats off  
When we rap this Jack Frost we outline the track chalk  
Thank God for the one-two cadence  
Thank God for the lunchroom tables  
I'm trying to be the sickest nigga, dead or alive  
And if I happen to fall short, it's been one hell of a ride  
Chronic 1 and 2, looking up at the sky at the sun  
Up until the day the sun is you  
You listening to hip-hop, you in Jay's house  
Wayne's house, Nas' house  
Em's house, Our House

[Hook 2: Skylar Grey]

So welcome, to our house  
Where no one, comes back out  
You won't find, comfort  
In here, in here, in here

[Verse 2: Joell Ortiz]

When I was a little boy I wanted to be a rapper  
Wanted to be on the radio and snapping pictures after  
And so I grabbed my pen and pad and scribbled chitter chatter  
It started off whack  
But in the words of a ten year old, my shit was getting phatter  
I hit the studio at 16, stupid ill  
Not knowing how the booth would feel, what's ADAT's and two inch reel  
How you ad-lib? What's a punch? I ain't a boxer  
But I sure enough learned the ropes, look D and Mike you made a monster  
Now everyday's a game of Contra, I got 99 men  
An infinite amount of rounds inside this mighty fine pen  
This is my dream, don't fuck with it, I'm telling you  
Cause anyone can get dusted as long as production is available  
I'm disgusted as a fan, look how niggas sounding, damn  
Weak head, ya'll suck bad, fuck swag and your kicks from South Japan  
I'm finna to be the best in this profession

I've been invested all my life, so wipe your feet before you step in  
Our house

[Hook 2 & Hook 1]

[Interlude: Joe Budden]

I just wanna be the illest MC  
The same time being as real as can be

[Verse 3: Crooked I]

Yo, in my house, the lights out  
No utilities in the facilities  
Feeling my life's 'bout, to wipe out  
These feelings I'm feeling be killing me  
I pull the mic out, can't strike out  
Cause if winning is really my enemy  
I pull a nine out, blow my mind out  
Is the end of me really serenity?  
Man in my house, it's rap or die  
Get a piece of that apple pie  
Life is a Pharcyde song, and that bitch just passes by  
So I, got lyrically complex, that way I could clock checks  
Get my moms out the projects, with these concepts, competition can't digest  
And then I stress cause the road is rough  
I start feeling like shit's sour  
The electricity in my will power, could still power, the twin towers  
For ten hours so send cowards  
The message from Crooked I  
Royce Da 5, Joe Budden, Em Yaowa

[Verse 4: Eminem]

In our, house we spit like Sig Sauers  
The way I feel now I could spit for six hours  
Straight, only way to be great, is to dig down, if you can hear this sound i  
n  
Side my head sounds like a fucking drive-by  
That's what the inside of my mind's like  
Looking back on, my career even, hindsight, tunnel vision, 5 mics  
Never wanted that so bad well I got-ta go mad  
Nomad with a notepad  
Go Taz, spaz on these ho bags  
That bother me, but I never wanna show that  
Just don't act like it ever does  
Even though you know that there will never come  
A day someone blows past you, never was  
Someone who's as dope as you ever was  
And you hope that's, true cause the competitor in you  
Couldn't let someone be better than you  
And you know that, so you don't ever hold back  
What you gonna go back, to working a regular job?  
Fuck that, I'm gonna go hard grab on my, gonads  
Tell them fuck themselves  
They call me a wigger like Renee Zell  
But I raised hell like a stay-at-home dad  
Rap is the only thing that I was ever really, bad to the bone at  
Guess I'm similar to, gangrene when I'm, angry then I'm  
Hulk Smash, so much passion but no compassion  
If eyes are the windows to the soul  
Then it's, broken glass and there's no trespassing  
Alright now here we go  
Dre stamped me now I'm stamping Yelowolf be ready for the most competitive  
Clique in the world it's like Clash Of The Titans  
I'm releasing the cracker it's time to set it again

And when it's said and it's all done  
None shall fuck with this squadron  
So come on in, at your own risk  
This is (Our House) Bitch!