

# Salute

## Slaughterhouse

[Intro: 50 Cent sample]  
Fix your motherfuckin face nigga!  
Look at these fuckin chimpanzees  
Bunch of fuckin monkeys...

(Mr. Porter!)

[Chorus: Pharoahe Monch]  
I been shot, I been stabbed  
I took all that I have to give  
And I never ran, never have  
Just so all you niggaz can live  
I never thought there would come a day  
When my people would turn me away  
And it really tears me apart  
Cause I deserve a Purple Heart  
Nigga you should salute me, nigga you should salute me  
Nigga you should salute me, nigga you should salute me  
Nigga you should salute me, nigga you should salute me  
I, I showed you what a soldier's about, nigga you should salute me

[Joe Budden]  
Typical Joe Budden shit, ridiculed and lovin it  
The hood know I'm the dude that governed it  
Paved the way for my sons, laid down the cement for my semen  
Ain't my fault y'all got stuck in it  
Lately, it change like the weather, one minute they love me  
then they hate me; I'm through with shenanigans  
I don't care if dudes ain't a fan of him  
Can't checkmate a 8-figure nigga with the moves of a mannequin  
Talkin 'bout they wan' go somewhere to meet me  
Man they just wan' go somewhere to meet me  
Easy don't involve cops in it  
Got the key to my city, how the FUCK you think you got locked in it?  
Bitch!

[Royce Da 5'9"]  
21 Rugers  
On the hip of 21 goons, 21-gun salutin  
Bloody funds is what murder money becomes  
21 bodies on all 21 guns  
You from the D and you don't fuck with me, you lame  
The streets and the internet fuck with me the same  
So later for that punk shit  
Cause nigga I'll smoke you, that's why they say I stay on that blunt shit  
Niggaz'll spray you up before they wet your lady up  
Then shoot the baby bassinet to shut your baby up  
And I'm in line with the bread  
I hold niggaz down doin time in the feds  
Pharoahe talk to 'em

[Chorus]

[Joell Ortiz]  
Properly greet a general  
I'd have to take steps down to be on a pedestal  
I am what the 1-8 after the 7 do

Give it my all but you want more, you lil' beggar you!  
Mean it's terrible, I showed hip-hop anyone's edible  
Never give somethin that's not respectable  
Never spit somethin that's not incredible  
Never sold my soul for numbers left of the decimal  
I done fucked up movements like cerebral palsy  
You don't know me, don't pause me - I'll throw lead at you  
Mean I earned e'ry stripe and you know it  
When you see me put yo' hand on yo' head and push it forward

[Crooked I]

Before shots land on your head and push it forward  
Eastside Long Beach, I'm only pushin four words  
I organize a street massacre  
You haters know I broke bread with at least half of ya  
Out of town, hundred pound weed trafficker  
Got niggaz rockin Long Beach fitteds in East Africa  
I been stabbed, I been shot, a imperfect part  
Like my Grape Street niggaz I got a Purple Heart  
I kill your bitch at the beauty salon on Windham  
They take a nap on your lawn on a Louis Vuitton pillow  
Waitin for you to run out and say somethin  
Come out your face frontin, dumb out and spray somethin  
Bloaw! So move now

[Chorus]