

# Chopping Block (feat. Slaughterhouse)

## Royce da 5'9"

[Verse 1: Royce Da 5'9"]

Rap niggas back on the chopping block  
Come out that house, back to yo mom and yo papa spot  
Back to the county, back to three hots in a hostel cot  
Come out the colossal rocks back to your fossil watch  
My life is foul sometimes I wish I could write this down  
To keep your wife from screaming out Jesus Christ she can bite the towel  
She receiving pipe from the nicest, my mic is Riker's Isle  
My mind deep as minin' for diamonds, I raise MacGyver brow  
I'm five minutes from perfect timing I'm like the price is down  
A highroller, Cairo'ed like I'm Chyna and Tyga child  
Mighta fucked one of you silver medalists wifey but  
I can't fight you cause, you might adjust my Midas touch  
I can't believe I just sat back and told that lie  
I put this Tec back and give you a gold black eye, blaow  
If I give a nigga a shiner consider the shit designer  
I slaughter militant rhymers, hold up  
My nigga Nottz on the beat  
Somethin' sneakerheads usually leave in the box on the feet, hold up  
That's right, rappers back on the chopping block  
Either fact is a Papa Doc's, back to your proper spot  
We are not friends, we just connected dot to dot  
Stomp you till you feel like you living in Waka Flocka's sock  
I could box, that's why niggas opt to not  
Money wide in my pocket mocking that awesome rock [?]  
I philosophize, social stylist, them shits so timeless  
This should be fossilized  
Y'all just lie, y'all just falsify, y'all should be ostracized  
Y'all should not be allowed to run alongside my whip with the ostrich eye  
Come out your house without your pride  
A coward dies a thousand deaths, tells a thousand lies  
You see them lames? Tell 'em that I'm contracted  
A killer on a powder high, Game 7, LeBron clapping, I'll have your  
Spinal column out of your body right by you and your bodyguard looking like lasagna and  
cottage fries  
Retire or apologize, or die, you looking right in the fire  
Tryna be hot as me or tryna see eye to eye  
Obviously, honesty's not your policy  
[Verse 2: Joell Ortiz]  
I'm two seconds from smacking somebody face hard as hell  
And I know that he listening  
But the way shorty neck is positioning

While she spitting in the hole of my dick  
Makes that other pussy not worth it  
I put my foot in yo' ass with all my old verses  
Its like my sole purpose is giving my soul's purpose  
I don't start but I finish you with a earth nap  
E'rbody I turned into ashes, believe they earned that  
Skip rap, let's talk real people  
To this day I die laughing with niggas who really kill people  
Mask, gloves, and empties that would conceal diesel  
Black snub that empty until they seal-freeze you  
Dice game with the re-up  
In lobbies where they never mopped the pee up  
Turn that M.O.P. up  
Every night mom's praying that they ain't mopping me up  
I'm up top getting mop from Mia, mama mia  
Now as far as the bars varying, I'm barbarian  
He-Man, Hanna-Barbera action figure  
Arms stiffer than Shawn Marion when he ball-carrying  
Oh man, we in slaughter mode, Paul Rosenberg, pallbearers and Em  
Who'd be left if the social media era died?  
Shit, I blew checks before I was verified  
I know the Dre that did beef before the Dre that did beats  
Bloggers'll beat on my meat if Detox leak  
[Verse 3: KXNG CROOKED]  
Rap niggas back on the chopping block  
Kill 'em before they body rot  
I use they bodyparts to paint a Basquiat  
Really I'm saving you, your label's raping you  
Transforming your anus like an Autobot  
Assfucking a Cosmonaut  
You prolly like it but keeping it lowkey, bottom lock  
You hit rock bottom and go get your bottom rocked  
I'm just tryna stop you like my father was tryna stop me  
Then his condom popped  
Crooked was born to defeat the odds a lot  
I really don't understand why these imposters are popular  
I'm confused like seeing my Jewish homie rocking a swastika  
During Hanukkah 'stead of rocking his Yamaka  
While Stevie Wonder gawking at Rihanna's exotic, erotic body through the wrong side of some  
top dollar binoculars  
It's obvious, somebody gotta be mocking us  
None given, I'm out of fucks, uh  
I been on another level since I came into the industry  
Still the illest spitting, getting rid of powder puffs  
You coward are out of luck, you Howards know how to duck  
40 caliber loud as fuck, for now it's tucked  
What? Rap niggas back on the chopping block  
Give this bitch the biz, Markie, I beatbox a lot  
She just want a confidant, her man want a problem? Stop

His days'll be numbered like a calendar, that's the caveat  
Any given Thursday you gon' get with the church play  
Holy organs, I mean it in the worst way  
With the llama I'm a farmer, I'm outstanding in my field  
My skill is a dead giveaway if you will, now that's wordplay  
I'm from the era of gang culture and crack smoke  
I rap dope 'cause that was an escape for poor black folk  
2Pac told us all America eats is babies  
Since I been in a Mercedes my ladies relate to that quote  
Upset, veins popping out of her neck, she give me mad throat  
She a head doctor minus the lab coat  
And when it come to being an incredible spitter, my nigga  
I'm Eminem's negative picture, black GOAT  
I'm nice, cuz[Verse 4: Joe Budden]  
Yeah, rap niggas back on the chopping block  
Same goal when niggas was bumping Scott LaRock  
Same goal though niggas swear you shocking, jock  
Screaming "What's popping Ak'?" Red bean, cocking shots  
With that said, no proceeding, gimme lethal  
And it could be on sight before a nigga even see you  
That's ride by, dash off and we laugh  
I changed up for the future, my mask was off in the past  
I heard your album, all sound like filler to me  
That's why I'm asking how they iller than me?  
It's getting hot, you can feel the degrees  
I been as real as could be  
Different me, same song, Bryson Tiller agrees  
Who you know is an uncharted team parted with lean  
And hit parks and bargain a dream and step to the Carter regime  
And wash Carhartt jeans, hard as it seem  
Was all part of going bored to some bars to barking  
Beg for your pardoning, your bothersome bar schemes  
Matter fact, who the fuck you know is harder than him?  
Say the gang broke up, shit, it wasn't the gang  
Fuck a verse, when it's family it just run in your veins  
Joey[Outro: Joe Budden]  
[?]  
Nickle  
Happy to be back guys  
Crook  
Joell

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