

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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