

Salute (feat. Pharoahe Monch)

Slaughterhouse

Fix your motherfuckin face nigga!
Look at these fuckin chimpanzees
Bunch of fuckin monkeys...(Mr. Porter!)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
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!
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 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
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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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