

Cuckoo

Slaughterhouse

Royce da 5'9" Verse:

My triggers is stupid, you thugs is funny
My guns be, goin "eh" for the love of money
Dumb, fabulous rhymer give you luger lasagna
Hula hoop, hold ya, i'll put your noodles behind ya
Take your takeaway - show up before you perform
Hit you in the knee with a bat and tell you to break a leg
(hee-hee) i got the kris kross laugh
A very angry future, a pissed-off past
fuck hip-hop, i target it

I will diss joe budden then diss, every legend that started it
I'm, cuckoooooooooooo!

I don't need a hook for this one

They say i'm kin to sinnin, yeah, i'm drama's twin
That's right, i'm vicodin writin with a klonopin
I love stanky hoes - i got a thang

For keyshia cole momma man that show, should be "the frankie show"

I think i need to get some motherfuckin sleep
Every strand of hair on my balls is a bloodsuckin leech
I be 'urlin while you hear - take your index finger
Point it at your head and then twirl it 'round your ear

I'm, cuckoooooooooooo!

Ha ha, i don't need a hook for this one!

Joell Ortiz's Verse:

Nope! mr. yowwa, yup, 'bout to go meat fishin
And catch me a crevice, i'm back on the asscheek mission
fuck these petite women, i want me a sloppy hoe
That pussy smell like talapio, call me sloppy joe
I dig your eyes out, watch me though

This is bullshit! all the coke don't fit, i need a scottie nose
A can of beef raviolis, {?} a lid

If i don't get it can cop me yo, and they ain't get a vid
I'm what, cuckoooooooooooo!

I don't need a hook for this one

The bitches just bitchin and the thugs is thuggin
The insects is actin like me, and me i'm buggin
I hang jump from the sidewalk, hop over the everglades
Tight-rope walk the equator with broken roller blades
See you shruggin our pizza oven, your shoulder blades
And, throw grenades at your nana's bingo parade
Anybody see my anthrax?

I'ma pour it on my hands, crawl to japan and give my man dap

I'm cuckooooooooooooo!
I don't need a hook for this one
Crooked I's Verse:
just look at the show we did last
nigga came out in a dickie suit and a pig mask
robbed a fan and left his pockets on slim fast
just co-operate and save that hero shit for gym class
you gettin smart alecky with the best,
till i cut you up and make a art gallery with ya flesh
challenge me on the west, i put a dodge challenger car battery in ya chest
the son of david koresh i'm, CUCKOOOOOOOOO!
i dont need a hook for this one
nigga ask what sicker raps emergin
cursin in church then walkin out back to wax a virgin
murkin a track, killin every feature like im a drunk plastic surgeon
certainly dirty past detergent
i could get sick as ozzy, sick as a faggot fucking the dead body of liberaci
nigga watch me!
if you cross me, heres how your life story would begin
once upon a time... THE END!
CUCKOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
i dont need a hook for this oneJoey's Verse:
i wana fuck bitches get money all yall do to them is spoil them
no rubber wrap it up in aluminum foil
they tell me im buggin got rappers heads in the oven
screamin jerzy and im usin this for stuffin in my turkey
bumpin red jam, with a prositutes leg in the air jerkin me off
now thats what i call a handstand
body parts in the freezer, what you use for a fever
multiply four million, how im feelin for my leisure
im'a CUCKOOOOOOOOO! i dont need a hook for this one
i'm weird im into voodoo, you know how dude do,
towel on the bed, fuck while she bloody and call it soo woo
millionaire sayin lend me a thou when the semi is out,
dumpin a bed for sittin indian style, check it
im on fire try and make the devil proud of me
sleepin in gasoline incase a nigga got it out for me
hang my baby mother off a 30 foot balcony
then look over the body like bitch shouldn't have doubted me
i'm CUCKOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! i dont need a hook for this one

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>