

# Slaughterhouse "Everybody Down"

Visit "[Everybody Down](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

As we proceed  
to give you what you need  
As we proceed  
to give you what you need  
Slaughterhouse up in this bitch  
Get your bitch, make it quick  
Joey, Crook, you know we shut everybody down  
Bitch this ain't no club hit  
This is a motherfucking stick-up  
Quick, everybody down

[Royce Da 5'9"]

I'm about to rob the hardest nigga out here  
Yes I'm on my joker shit  
I keep a Heath Ledger for the joke of it  
I don't plan ahead of them, I don't gamble  
I just keep a four four clip  
Full of bullets than resemble poker chips  
I'm so the shit, bitches jumping at my poker stick  
Slaughterhouse you know we sick, everybody down  
Take your bitch, same bitch you wake up with  
Make her trick till her fucking thighs hurt  
Momma if your pussy wet, you shouldn't have a dry  
purse  
Call me Ryan Rhinoplasty  
I will augment your ass if you mess with God's work  
When it comes to Drama, fighting second, homicides  
first  
I don't look for Drama, Drama follows me so why  
search  
Everybody, Everybody we gon need you quiet, shhh  
Slaughter got a message, Everybody down  
I'm a cheddar getter, you a teller  
I don't care, whatever, I'll just scare the witnesses  
I'm the illest in here, bring a pen and pad  
And don't compare the sicknesses  
Where the fuck the ruler at, so we can measure  
sentences  
I am better than I've ever been, never been better  
I don't follow trends, I set trends for the trendsetters,  
niggah

[Chorus]

Slaughterhouse up in this bitch  
Get your bitch, make it quick  
Joey, Crook, you know we shut everybody down  
Bitch this ain't no club hit  
This is a motherfucking stick-up  
Quick, everybody down  
As we proceed  
to give you what you need  
As we proceed  
And now the drive by

[Crooked I]

First I pull up on your block, let my entire torch  
Spit fire, burn down your empire's boardwalk  
Bitch I am melting my rims, tires, draw off  
Porsche hit the wall, then my pills high as war-off  
Crawled out, grabbed the new banana clip  
Lacerations on my face  
Travel agents shit I still plan trip  
Ran up on the first nigga who had a whip  
Eat to die a hero, or abandon ship  
(Get out your car nigga!)  
I could kill you now fuck a witness  
I'm all about my business, you all about your bitchness  
And I ain't bout to slow down  
You oughta ask you daughter  
about fucking around with Slaughter, You bound to go  
down  
Ima disappear when you meet the Lord,  
Ima be a border G for the single pro in me and more  
Or bring a hoard or be a slur  
Either or we ignore casualties of war you can meet the  
floor now

[Chorus]

Slaughterhouse up in this bitch  
Get your bitch, make it quick  
  
Joey, Crook, you know we shut everybody down  
Bitch this ain't no club hit  
This is a motherfucking stick-up  
Quick, everybody down  
As we proceed  
To give you what you need  
As we proceed  
To give you what you need

[Joe Budden]

I get on my 'I don't give a fuck' kit

Fuck the money, fuck the wealth,  
Fuck your label, fuck your lyrics,  
You sit on a fucking shelve,  
Lava so if ain't in the topic of the constant, the  
discussion fell  
Tell the bitch that this dick game ain't no suck-itself  
Nigga, I ain't no rapper I'm a mercenary  
Every verse I bury, some will blame it on the perks I  
carry  
Been in disguise when I failed or I lost  
But they won't know I'm a god until I'm nailed on the  
cross  
And these rappers is a mess, sad is if they best  
Magnum to their chest, they could piss me  
It won't matter what they said  
They just rhyme, I just climb on the ladder to success  
And maybe bring me some niggas that would rather  
me with less  
My advice for the fuck boys: make some hard  
improvements  
Career at a standstill how you gonna start a movement  
Slaughterhouse the gang take part in what we doing  
Or get steamed rolled over nigga pardon the intrusion

[Chorus]

Slaughterhouse up in this bitch  
Get your bitch, make it quick  
Joey, Crook, you know we shut everybody down  
Bitch this ain't no club hit  
This is a motherfucking stick-up  
Quick, everybody down  
As we proceed  
To give you what you need  
As we proceed  
To give you what you need

[Joell Ortiz]

Yall just heard my man snap, this is rubber band rap  
Twisted ?, Pop a xanax tell Everybody Down  
Paid for life, fucking around  
Uppercut a clown, fuck being playful pay homie with a  
frown  
I don't think yall understand the magnitude  
Mathematical, radical equations are easy to solve for  
power, yaowa  
I'm the square root of a truth table, in the booth able to  
Raise the bar for some part of the 9th power  
I don't pick a fool, I devour  
You think you Hot dog, I'm walking around with a sour  
Crown and onions, buns and ketchup mustard, relish  
Wow I think Ima fart, Everybody Down!

I don't want the crown, I rock a fitted navy brown  
Well its blue but yall been colorblind since I'd came  
around  
Nobody can see me, I'm pissed off like my pipi  
Then bought it in ?, be easy, Slaughterhouse this is it

[Chorus]

Slaughterhouse up in this bitch  
Get your bitch, make it quick  
Joey, Crook, you know we shut everybody down  
Bitch this ain't no club hit  
This is a motherfucking stick-up  
Quick, everybody down  
As we proceed  
To give you what you need  
As we proceed  
To give you what you need

Visit [Slaughterhouse](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.