

When It All Goes Down (Freestyle)

50 Cent

It go down, It go down, It go down
It go down, It go down
It go down, It go down, It go down
It go down, It go down

When it all goes down, and the clips run out
I bet I make history
I bet I make history

When it all goes down, and the cops come round
That murder's a mystery
That murder's a mystery

It's that gangsta shit, it sound stupid don't it
Feel like Fifty, Flocka and Gucci on it
Move grams of this, move O's of that
Move the muthafucking bricks, where the money at
Bitches scared huh, pussy, hold ya strength
When the beat pop off no controlling that
You wan' call the cops
Run call the cops
Look nigga we don't care if they comin' or not
Got the pump in the trunk, nigga biting a lot
One buck shot clear the whole block
Had this bitch taped off make it so hot
Nigga with a 12 gauge I'm a sure shot
Call it shell shock when ya ass drop
Get it shakin' like a muthafuckin' rattle nigga
Go 'head fuckin' with me and be a casualty
You think a nigga bullshittin, then come and see

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Now while you waitin', all debatin'
Shouldn't you niggas be retaliatin'
We laughin bout it, you cryin damn
Hit ya muthafuckin' homie when his gun jam
His chest red, his back red
Man, that nigga there damn near dead
He coughin', he weezin'
Man that nigga finna stop breathin'
His momma there, his daddy there
Hit him by the Escalade, get a caddy there
His shines on him, his dimes on him
Had hoes all in the club grindin' on him
Niggas talkin' bout it, keep talkin' bout it
Cause they know nigga don't give a fuck
Quit talkin' bout it, for you talkin' bout it
When the muthafuckin pigs show up

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