

# It's Goin' Down

Baby D

Yeah yeah one time (Uh Oh) your right Baby D be checking in  
by A-T-L (Uh Oh)

With my home boy, Bone Crusher(Uh Oh) and a my homie Dru, two, oh c'mon dunk  
(15x) (Uh Oh 2x) (Bring it On, what?) (6x)

(Chorus)

It's going down in this bitch tonight, nigga  
It's going down in this bitch tonight, biatch  
It's going down in this bitch tonight, nigga  
It's going down in this bitch tonight, tell  
(He ain't saying nothing 8x) (What these niggas 8x) (What)

(Verse 1)

(Baby D)

I;m gonna send it to your city  
We gonna act a damn clown  
Put it down for all my niggas reppin' that funky A-Town  
It don't matter where you from shawty do what you do  
Rep your city let me see ya throw it up 'cause I'm a rep mine too  
LA to Tennessee all the way to the NYC  
I'm talking bout the side but I know its Double O to P  
Known for getting the club pumped up and outta control  
And making them girls come up up outta they clothes  
24's I found some dro and we do the damn thing  
Sip Champagne in the VIP is just a part of the game  
But who's to blame when the clubs getting buck ass wild  
It's them boys from the A throwing bows in the crowd  
Keep talking loud and watch it man, I'll shut you up  
Cause I'm the butta-sudder but your bound to get stuck  
You better duck, or get your ass stomped to the ground  
If you don't know by now it's about to go down

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

(Dru)

I can't believe it we keep on ryhmin  
Don't make me go out in silence  
Talking when we just resort to violence  
Talkin just can't just stop those problems  
Back in the club  
We pushin those bottles  
Have to be drinkin  
What is yall thinking?  
What?  
It aint goin down  
bitch we blowin up the nation  
Paper chasin  
Leavin them trails blazin  
Only hell can save em  
God can raise em  
Had to take em  
Don't throw parky evermo  
Holiday rapin  
D-R-U is scared of payton  
Whatcha say?  
Absoultly nothing partner

Pullin' them down I'm captivatin'  
Living this life it has to go down  
Ridin' around to push and the pound  
Any mo?  
Smokin the dro  
Wallet with money is shakin' with dough  
Kickin them dough  
Just makin sho  
I am getting down to get loot  
Except my struggles  
Halleiugh  
Messin with family I will do ya  
I aint got no reason to lie  
Now its head of the season when I see you we ride  
We ain't gonna even reply  
Shawty, we lettin' em fly  
We throwin em up  
And lettin' em know it's goin' down tonight

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

(Bonecrusher)

So you're saying you want to get physical  
So catch enough from this bitch boy I'm sick of you  
Bitch boy, I'm down for the tussel  
Show you what's up under this fat, it's the muscle  
Mr. Killa  
We're right to your jaw  
I'm drillin' ya  
So what the f\*\*k it is tight  
Nigga yeah I aint never scared  
If you rather your hand  
Where the f\*\*k niggas fled  
Where my soldiers man?  
When I give the command  
Leave his body in his shoes  
Where the f\*\*k nigga stands  
Run through yall  
From the ???? to the Squad  
We be doin' yall  
We leave them all stanky like  
Horse manure ya'll  
Yo it's personal to me  
Like a mother f\*\*kers want it  
You know what I mean  
I'm straight from the field  
Headin to swats  
So you best f\*\*king smarten up or I'll show you what I got

(Chorus 2x)