

It's Going Down

Boss Hogg Outlawz

Houston Texas mayn, it's going down
Round here mayn, feel me mayn
It's going down, round here

It's going down (it's going down)
It's going down (it's going down)
It's going down (it's going down)
And you know, it's going down

You can tell by my mouth mayn, I'm so South mayn
Like Carrol's on Monday night, I'm so South mayn
Know what I'm tal'n bout mayn, when my clan roll up
We the ones got your mouth dropping, hollin' man hol' up
We got a fo' po'd up, the dro rolled up
It's a new Hogg in town, that got the flow sold up
I got your hoe sewed up, cause the drop is holding
The bumper kit's reclining, and the top is folding
I'm a grain gripper, candy paint stain dripper
84 swang flipper, and a lane to lane switcher
White cup in my hand, and a gang of chain nigga
And a fresh banana clip, for orangatang niggaz
This for them cities in Texas, that swang and bang nigga
All of my ballers, doing they thang with a gang of change nigga
So watch the trunk just pop, and the front end hop
I'ma swang on these boppers, I'ma clown these knots nigga

It's going down, in that H-Town mayn
Candy grills and swangs, it's a H-Town thang
Boss Hogg Outlawz, is my H-Town gang
Nawf'side is the side of H-Town, that I claim see mayn
I'm from the land of the playas, even though a few hate
If you ball you play ball, or you moving that weight
I represent for my city, represent for my state
I stay on the go, but you better check my place
I'm a Houston Texan, home of the Rockets
Hell yeah we country boys, but we got deep pockets
It's Slim Thug the Boss, and Killa Kyleon
And C. Ward, representing on the song for home
Pull out your map, check the bottom of the USA
Down here in Houston Texas, yep that's where we stay
Where them Boss Hoggs play, candy blue over gray
If it's crunk at the club, you gon hear my town say

It's going down like the Stock Market, after 9-11
Better yet, like the top on my drop 9-11
When I step inside the place, I get respect like I'm a veteran
Cause around here playas, I'm the Dude like Devin
It's the home of the N-Ron, scattered and all that
If that ain't Crook-ston Texas, what do you call that
Hmm, I guess it is a H-Town thang
To be a born city slicker, and have that H-Town game
It's the birthplace of top droppers, and trunk poppers
Old school Cheve hoppers, 84's and 4 droppers
We drop on rise customized, on super sized choppers
And candy paint make women faint, and turn 'em to boppers
And there's no one that can stop us, or slow us up
Boyz-N-Blue we holding it down, and blowing shit up

And you already know, it's C. Wiggity-Weezy baby
And where I'm from, we off the higgity-heezy baby