

# Down for Mine

Rittz

They should know by now, when I rap I got a reputation  
Causin' devastation, I get down for mine  
See Tech N9ne fucked around and signed  
An individual that's visibly out his mind  
It's hard to count the times, how many rappers I've  
Massacred, Al Capone, and every day is St. Valentine's  
It's Jonny Valiant, I'm the first thing that comes to mind  
When you hit the Gwinnett County line  
I'm on powder and Crown combined  
I like to mix the uppers with the liquor then I switch up  
Poppin' the Klono pins, I got me a prescription  
Watch out for the rappers tryna plot another stick up  
Reminisce the kids in my clique that ain't with us anymore  
They ain't live to see past twenty  
Tryna see fast money, got they ditch dug early  
So no wonder why it's hard to be religious  
White boy shit, we ain't hoppin' in a pickup  
They depict us to be redneck  
Let my bread stack till I'm in a Benz truck, limo tint  
Gotta wipe a pimp down with a lint brush  
Oh-ee, Louie  
Symbol on my shoe, blew two Gs, too clean  
Groupies turning up, they wanna fuck  
And turn the bus into a nude scene, that's routine  
Fuck the YouTube views and your news feed  
'Cause your whole style is whack  
You getting clout nowadays when you sound exactly like another man  
I ain't tryna vouch for that  
Used to wear button downs and slacks but now you trap  
You strapped but you swear that you down to clash  
'Cause mumble rap's in style you be trying hard to sound relaxed  
You take words and pronounce them bad  
To sound like you have an accent, really that's it?  
I never thought I'd use the word "flabbergasted"  
It's an exact fit to explain my reaction, like I'm yackin' in a trash bin  
I don't use a bunch of ad-libs to distract fans  
I combine the real with the metaphors and bars  
From the wheel struggling to get a deal  
Through the valley in the hills  
Like you tryna win the Tour de France  
You can't tell me I don't kill shit  
Turn me up with the Coupé de Ville feel with a foreign car  
Been ten years and I'm still lit  
Now my Colorado homies, and it's twenty past four o'clock  
It's last call but I got another quart to pop  
And I ain't ever wore a cap and gown  
But got mass amounts of cash to count  
I'm rapping now for spazzing out  
So tell 'em when they ask around

I get down  
Down for mine, down for mine  
I get down  
Down for mine, down for mine  
I get down  
Down for mine, get down for mine  
I told 'em I don't fuck around about a thousand times

I show out and shine with no doubt in mind  
I get down  
Down for mine, down for mine  
I get down  
Down for mine, down for mine  
I get down  
Down for mine, get down for mine  
I told 'em I don't fuck around about a thousand times  
I show out and shine with no doubt in mind  
I get down

That's truth that you can't dispute  
It's CNT in this bitch, what a man'll do  
Dick Tracy, attention to  
I'd be the same ol' me if I wore tight pants and boots  
Is that a diss? Incorrect, get an 'X' like (buzzer)  
Ain't no family feud, the seed planted bloomed  
We hit Atlanta, flew to France and landed Coco Vance and broke madams and pa  
mpered dudes  
Them ugly motherfuckers smiling for the camera crew  
I'm getting bands of loot, the broke shit discussion  
'Cause I finally got a check, we can stretch out money  
Maybe you were meant to be a fitness instructor  
Witness destruction when I represent for the misfits amongst us  
The old heads, kids, and youngsters  
Fuck with me you'll be stuck on me  
Like you had unsafe sex with an ex of Usher's  
Is you a bald bitch? What you need a hairpiece? Got the herpes?  
Sue me, I'ma throw you down the staircase  
You try to tell me that I broke too many barricades  
That's why you never hear my music on the airwaves  
I drop a nuke on every record, that's an air raid  
Pull your hair weave, bitch suck and bob  
I need to find a chick kinda like Blac Chyna  
To give me all the checks she collect from Rob  
You never see 'em interview me on the The Breakfast Club  
But they know me in New Zealand and Czech Repub  
Up in Cleveland and Lincoln, Nebraska, Reno, Nevada  
Alaska has extra love  
Mic check like Tech, I'm a regular  
You saw All Eyez on Me, thought you was 2Pac  
But you a Little Richard homie wop-bop-a-loo-bop  
You shocked that I blew up?  
I thought that you knew

I get down  
Down for mine, down for mine  
I get down  
Down for mine, down for mine  
I get down  
Down for mine, get down for mine  
I told 'em I don't fuck around about a thousand times  
I show out and shine with no doubt in mind  
I get down  
Down for mine, down for mine  
I get down  
Down for mine, down for mine  
I get down  
Down for mine, get down for mine  
I told 'em I don't fuck around about a thousand times  
I show out and shine with no doubt in mind  
I get down