

Goin' Down (Featuring Nitti)

Yung Joc

Nitty:
Here we go again
Ghetto field, USA
You know I go by the name Nitty, right?
I gotta introduce you to
Anotha muthafucka in my squad right
This nigga go by the name of Joc
He resides in College park, right
But for right now
What we gotta do for y'all
We gotta give y'all a hitNiggas in my face
Damn near every day
Ask a million questions, like, "Joc, where you stay?"
Tell 'em College Park
Where they chop cars
In twenty grand, spend a grand at the bar
Just bought a zone
J's on my feet
I'm on that Patron, so get like me
'69 cutlass wit' the bucket seats
Beat in my trunk ballin' just for the freaks
Catch me in the hood
Posted at the store
Pistol in my lap, on the phone countin' dough
If ya girl choose
Let her do her thang
Just like her mama - nice ass, nice brain
Everybody love me
I'm so fly
Nigga throw the deuces every time I ride by
I know you wonder why
I'm so cool
Don't ask me
Just do what you do[Chorus]
Meet me in the trap
It's goin' down
Meet me in the mall
It's goin' down
Meet me in the club

It's goin' down
Anywhere you meet me guaranteed to go down Verse number two
Do the damn thang
Cubes on my neck
Pocket full a Ben Franks
When I'm in the mall
Hos just pause
Pop a few tags; gimme dat on da wall
Time to flip the work
Make the block bump
Boys 'n da Hood
Call me Black by my trunk
Dope boy magic
Seven days a week
Number one record
Long as Nitty on the beat
Oh, I think they like me
Betta yet I know
Lights, camera, action
When I walk through the door
Niggas know my crew; we certified stars
Valet in the front 'bout thirty-five cars
Bitches in the back
Black in the coupe
Girls likin' girls
Time to recruit
If you gotta problem, say it to my face
We can knuckle up anytime, any place [Chorus] Time to set it off
Let these niggas know
Have they ever seen a Chevy wit' them butterfly doors?
I ride real slow; no need to speak
Gotta make sure they see the buckets on my feet
Feds on my trail; they don't think I know
I keep my hands clean 'cause I never touch dough
Every time I see 'em; look 'em in they eyes
Ask me how I know? It's me surprise
Put it in the air; rep where you stay
Take a step back, blow the Kush in they face
Stuntin' is a habit
Let 'em see the karats
I'm a make it rain, nigga
I ain't 'fraid to share it [Chorus] Nitty:
Yeah
Yung Joc
Nitty strikes again

This a nitty beat, play-maker
So So Def, muthafucka

Songwriters

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