

It's On Down Here

Pastor Troy

It was this nigga with this black cutlass
Named chris
He had shot at cott but he missed
First error
Now he riding in terror
Over shoulder ever looking
I told him when he came he should
Have stayed in brooklyn
Reason being
They knew that he was kin to pat reed
Pat had lied they believe
So they looking for them keys
Now can you see where bragging get ya?
Them niggas ain't shooting for fun
They trying to hit ya and
And dead for real
Now I'm riding with phil
Too drunk to be behind the wheel
But packing my steel
Just in case they need the thrill
Went up to the hill
It's freaknik every weekend
The sirs in the car,
We need some fucking hoes to get in
And that's when
(boom, boom, boom, boom)
Ooh wee
The mutherfucking sounds was enough to kill me
All I see is niggas running, jumping off in the chevy's
Put my finger on my trigger so my nigga I'm ready
Is that teddy?
Slouched over in that nova my nigga
Indeed, yes it was
Guess what, that's chris 'cause
Yall know what

Man this shit just ain't gone disappear
So you better get ya shit
'cause it's on down here!

Chorus:it's on down here!

Troy: yeah, fuck all y'all up north mutherfuckers, all of them
Fuck wu-tang, fuck puffy, fuck the law
Whoever the hell, fuck em all
I knew that cott was coming back 'cause cott been a fool
That nigga had a m-16 up at the school
That nigga one of two
Mutherfuckers that I know
That's gone start some fucking shit
Anywhere he fucking go
Who the other?
Cott's brother kareem
He 15
Got the milli 14 with the infa red beam
And the candy green lac
With some duals on the back
Put some shoes on that bitch
And they stole all that
Matter fact, him and mac
Every basketball game
Other niggas came to hang
But they came to bring the pain
It's the same out come
Out come of the ground
We give a damn where you from
Mutherfucker lay it down
(chorus)

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