

Goin Down (feat. Meek Mill)

Ace Hood

Real niggas came to party, Ace hood!
Real niggas came to party I say, Lord have mercy all I wanted was a Beamer
Had no pot to piss in, now I'm living, thank you Jesus
Now my Rollie flooded, I'm not talkin bout Katrina
Know I run my city, couple thousands for my sneakers
It's going down, it's going down
Burn the kush, on Ciroc, it's going down
It's going down, it's going down
Bad bitches, bring the whips, it's going down Ok, happy birthday nigga, everyday I'm getting cake
What's today, it's Tuesday, bitch I might blow 100k
Fuck that nigga they sleeping, it's a must I raise the stakes
Can't play with a nigga no way, my drop is white as mayonaise
Holy shit, better watch your bitch, Frito-Lay, gotta stack them chips
Keep that tool Home Depot shit, and I keep two clips if a nigga do trip
Boy you talk, I get money ridin around in that new 600
We them young niggas on the block who run it
Evil Knievel, bro we stuntin okay
Millionaire nigga, I got diamonds on my dick
Boy, my swagger dope, I'm talkin 20 kilo bricks Just bought me an Aston and it came with a spanish bitch
Diamonds got me froze like a PS3 glitch
Ok, I go into my beast mode, rapper niggas I eat those
I tell a bitch take a deep breath then bend em knee like a free throw
I don't want me no good girl cause I fell in love with these freak hoes
In my bedroom, I might make a movie and start me with that Lee Rose
I ball like D-Rose, my stash on closet
Racks all in my pockets, these racks all on deposits
I got racks all on my conscience, money all on my mind
I got shooters on my team, they got bodies on they night
Look at that bad bitch right there, see that body on that dime I ain't swimmin in no ho, you know I'm probably
on that right
All these niggas hatin on me, but I ain't on that type
Cause I be in that back, and I ain't talkin bout clock, whoa! Ok, now let's all say a prayer, since my swagger
such a killer (Amen)
Might just buy your chick and give her that dick filet for dinner (Yeah!)
Nigga don't want no problems pistol pop you'll get this figure
Lookin' at all my diamonds, it ain't hard to tell a winner
Goin down goin down
That potato on the barrel, no sound (Shhh)
You see them foreigners?

You see we touring?
Me and Meek Mill the realest niggas born
Pray!

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