

# Where Itz Goin' Down

## Twiztid

[Monoxide Child]Psychopathic  
Twiztid and Blaze running with a motherfucking hatchet  
And only the Three-6 could match it  
So uh, tell me where it's at  
[Jamie Madrox]Now where it's going down?  
Now where it's at home boy?  
(What? What, what?!?)  
Now where it's going down?  
Now where it's at home boy?  
(What? What, what?!?)  
[Jamie Madrox]I ain't the type to ask questions  
I'm the type of motherfucker ready to trip  
On anyone or anything all for the fuck of it  
We be the underground, we stay beneath  
And suffocate hoes like you while y'all asleep  
Now where it's going down, right here, right now  
And everybody on the North, East, West and South  
Y'all better get it up, y'all better represent this shit  
Twiztid, Triple-6 and Blaze, you can't fuck with it  
[Juicy J]You know I ride with the ? cocked  
Quick to make your brain pop  
Memphis, Tenny, rollin' dirty  
Police and a road block  
Niggas have to swallow drugs  
Niggas have to fake they mug  
Niggas put they seat belt on  
Cut on the fucking cellular-phone  
On the top, we mob like Gotti  
Sippin' on subjects, havin' a party  
If you wanna cross the Three-6  
Seperate your soul from body  
Wrap your mouth with duct tape nigga  
We ain't gonna hope you figure  
Where the cats done hid the stash  
Or I'll have to pull this trigga  
[Jamie Madrox](Monoxide Child)  
[Now where it's going down?][Now where it's at home boy?](Thugs and killas, axes and drug dealers)  
[Now where it's going down?][Now where it's at home boy?](Represent it 'til the day that I die, for life boy)  
[Blaze]Now where it's at? (drive-by!)

Motherfuckers claiming to be thugs  
Can't see me on shit  
Wit' chop and banana clips  
I been dead, been back (it's like that)  
Ridin' dirty wit' a birdie  
And a throw-away in the hatchback (whooh!)  
Bitch, where ya black-sack?  
By any means trying to elevate  
Never underestimate the contact (don't do it!)  
I put down on the map  
Twiztid, Triple 6, and Blaze  
Go and ask them where it's at  
[Gangsta Boo]I took a ?  
Yo, I like to split bitches' wigs  
Split them to the white, fuckin' kidnap ya kids  
Take that niggas wife, psych, lock you in the trunk  
Get so fuckin' pumped, nigga, Gangsta Boo is crunk  
What you niggas know about them Calicoes and Glocks?  
Shit that go pop, nigga, burnin' up ya block  
Fuck the fuckin' cops, call 'em, I don't give a fuck  
Leave you in the mud, motherfucker, nigga what?  
[Jamie Madrox](Monoxide Child)  
[Now where it's going down?]  
[Now where it's at home boy?](Thugs and killas, axes and drug dealers)  
[Now where it's going down?][Now where it's at home boy?](Represent it 'til the day that I die, for life boy)  
[DJ Paul]Let me get a nigga comin' straight wit' black-b-black haze  
Fuck it, I be ???, get-ge-get sprayed  
Niggas' eyes wide shut, they never see me comin'  
Into the back, gun bangs to the chest, when I'm gunnin'  
Jiggy-jack, ??? in my car  
Haters keep on acting stupid but they can't get that far  
Gotta drive around the world if you trying to hang wit' stars  
Fuckin' niggas be my smoke, fuckin' niggas be my heart  
[Monoxide Child]Watch you lookin' at?  
I can call it from here  
Been underground wit' the dirt in my eyes for many years  
Do the math motherfucker  
You can't see the mix  
We don't die, we multiply wit' the Triple-6  
Merciless, territory worldwide  
Ridin' down your bitch-ass block, bumpin' Drive-By  
Blowin' up your High Rise  
We leave you trapped in the rubble  
Fuckin' wit' us is just trouble  
[Jamie Madrox](Monoxide Child)

[Now where it's going down?][Now where it's at home boy?](Thugs and killas, axes and drug dealers)  
[Now where it's going down?][Now where it's at home boy?](Represent it 'til the day that I die, for life boy)  
[Lord Infamous]Gotta get it ghetto, drop the flower petal  
Pop the pistol metal, Rip one wit' me  
Drop 'em in the meadow, fuckin' wit' the devil  
Cold, but they call me Lord  
Coked out, very paranoid  
Orgys in the morn  
When Three-6 is on the vocal chord  
Marijuana scorched, like a torch  
Full of intercourse  
You will feel the force  
When the Triple-6 is on the swarm  
You don't wanna play in here  
Infamous, I'm droppin' shells  
Tie you to the rail  
Bitch, I'll help you make that fuckin' smell  
[Anybody Killa]From a gangstas point of veiw  
I'm asking you, how does it feel?  
To have the will to grab the steal  
And shoot until you kill  
Anybody Killa's feelin' twisted wit' the Three-6  
Drive-By, finger on the trigger, I'm addicted  
Where's it goin' down?  
I guess right here, so where ya at?  
Runnin' wit' a hatchet, Phantoms floatin' in the back  
We put it down for the psycho motherfuckers all around  
Bumpin' underground, everytime we seem to be in town  
[Jamie Madrox](Monoxide Child)  
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