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 bananna clips
I been dead, been back (it's like that)
Ridin' dirty wit' a birdie
And a throw-away in the hatchback (whooo!)
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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