

# It's Going Down

DJ Clay

Sit back, close your eyes  
Peep back, got you open wide  
I'll let you get a taste of me  
It's going down in mystery  
Sit back, close your eyes  
Peep back, got you open wide  
I'll let you get a taste of me  
It's going down in mystery  
Well it's the microphone ripper, party-rockin Gift of Gab  
I hit the scene, lift you on my beam  
And send you through my high plains  
Mind-train shiftin through your migraines  
Spit with that I hit with patterns get you twisted sideways  
And I'm the head honcho, sport golden tonsils  
Inventin new styles all the time like pronto  
Four by four, runnin over suckers like a Bronco  
Haters say the lyrics ain't Gonzo but they wrong though  
We walking up and locking up the game and sparking up the flame  
You're not gone' be the same when our flow reach your brain  
It's 'bout to bust  
Not your crush, show up at our show in a tacky dress  
Sparking us, talking 'bout your prowess but we're not impressed  
Checkmate, populous crush, monstrous plush  
Rhymes that just thrust onto your buck buck  
Just rush  
Just rushin' like the Nile River, power we deliver  
See it's (going down in mystery)  
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It's going down in mystery  
You know, I know, you know, I know  
(It's going down in mystery)  
(Gift of Gab won't you learn 'em and assure 'em)  
(That the fire that you spit'll burn 'em)  
Burning up the track and turning up the action  
(Murder one attack him)  
Serving what you're rapping  
Urban gutter anthems  
(Certain of the fact)  
Curtains for the wack  
Searching for the knack  
(You're pervin' off the fatness)  
Fury of the rather early mornings after  
(Worldly like disasters)  
Purely just the baddest, the chief clamp down on 'em  
(Like a vice on a melon squeezing tight on your temples)  
Feel the bass (as the wind blows)  
In your face (and your mental) hear the taste  
Instrumentals even break down on you like this  
(We surpass your previous standards) drastically  
(Mastering bass), setting nights so bright  
(Beneath the skylight)  
And days (and weeks) and months (go by)  
And years (and decades) and we still so fly  
(While the others are just fly by night)  
And not tight (we keep writing)  
Like scribes (but we tight) and so wise (c'mon)  
The rhyme historian exploring everything that we got  
And even more so we exploring everything that they not  
These are the glory days for lyricists, forever we plot  
Wait wait wait wait hold on a second bring it back (we plotx4, c'mon)  
The rhyme historian exploring everything that we got  
And even more so we exploring everything that they not  
These are the glory days of lyricists, forever we plot  
(It's going down in mystery)  
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