

# 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!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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