

It's About to Go Down

Big Moe

If you thugging in the club
(Thugging in the club)
And you rolling on dubs
(Rolling on dubs)
You ain't tripping, showing love
(And showing love)
Say it's about to go down You got money in your city
(Money in your city)
And the mamas looking pretty
(Mamas looking pretty)
If you feeling what I'm feeling
(Feeling what I'm feeling)
Say it's about to go down As I slide down on dubs, moving around on concrete
That G, oh, he and I stays on feet
Heat with hollow clips, ready to bust shots
Glocks, full of heat leaving the situation hot Plot all day boss hogging for position
Street game all in your face watch the Rolex cushion
Heavy weightter, I'm the champ, Mr. Three-Two
Really though big baby and it's 2002 Wreck a shop with Mo-Yo, I'm boy hard
Boys, want to got to war black them out like tar
Swangers on my guard in a old school
I'm a goddamn fool, start to busting with the two Fresh braided player made it, deuce out the roof
Rest in peace to my old and in these streets running loose
Ain't no use, trying to stop it just come and pop it
Loco, big dozer and we still sitting sloppy If you thugging in the club
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If you feeling what I'm feeling
(Feeling what I'm feeling)
Say it's about to go down Cash me Gucci coat, slicing a bad bitch
Watch her get a China face-lift
Gear shift, we performing up in the land

Suicide doors, dubs and twin camsAll bitches on the fam heads turning tonight

Watch us be the star traction and a harder night

More than Sprite, plus my neck and wrist are cold

Ice cubes in my watch and the piece is just frozeThese hoes, all on a nigga dick 'cause I'm young, fly and rich

Escorting a bad bitch, doja lit, I ain't worried about the laws

Hoes whisper to each other girl, I think he played ball

No bitch, I'm just a rapper out the hoodAnd I'm wrestling with the wood, powered up feeling good

Little engine that could, beat the block for it's stock

Turn around and swap game for a political job

R.I.P. to Pab aka Mr. SweetsIf you peeping from the south we about to blow you fin to see

Gucci boots on her feet, Gucci boots on my feet

I'ma pay a lot tonight, shine and have a seatIf you thugging in the club

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Say it's about to go downWhen I hit the scene, I'm crispy clean

I got a box of dough nuts from Crispy Creme

Everybody looking at me like Flip you the shit

Hell yeah I'm the shit, look at my wristsI roll up a philly, roll up a philly

Head to the town and watch Third Ward Billy

Knock a nigga out while pouring up a drank

Got my mind on the bank, in the jail I use a shankI sip that, flip that, wood grain grip that

Go to the Papa Do's yeah I'm gone tip that

It's Lil' Flip I'm a million dollar star

Blue, black or red don't touch my car, uhIf you thugging in the club

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Say it's about to go downI'm shook up, I'm looking throwed

Gucci wardrobe to match the Gucci soles
Gucci hoes and hop out the SL
I'm popped up and sliding on SpowellWe sell, everything you need
Riding through with Pardon Davis and some falling TV's
Moe and me, we have been a lot
Looking for some head in a little bitty shopOn top, on wrist rock it's going down
H-Town, South Side, third ward bound
Pulled up acting and class so they'll know
The south on shine 'cause we ain't broke no moreIf you thugging in the club
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