

Bout To Go Down

Turk

[Verse 1 - Turk] look, look, look I done told you once and I'm not gon say it no mo' Stuntin in front them hoes sayin what you gon through Now nigga, look here, you know you down bad round Runnin off the mouth, tellin me not to come around You must be trippin, what you think you debo? I don't care who you is what you think that I'm a hoe? Never that never was and never would be I'm bout to pull off some my rype shit I got a gat, I ain't just totin tryin to see Playin with me, look you better know what you doin partna Put a bomb in a lil city, tell yo mom, you bitch 'cause I'm playin for keeps, slip up, nigga I got cha But I'ma do,you and bet the next nigga don't try me Playin raw like Gotti wrong like Gotti, you wack your hoe I'ma abuse-ya, cut-cha, and burn up ya body And flea off in my Limo-tinted up-Ram [Chorus] Why you lay that boy down-'cause he play with me dogg Why you lay that hoe down-Because she play with me dogg I heard you spray like four round-Off top, yes I did Turk is bout to go down (fo sho) Why you lay that boy down-'cause he play with me dogg It's bout to go down (fo sho) Why you lay that hoe down-Because she play with me fo' Turk is bout to go down, it's bout to go down I heard you spray like four round-Yes I did, yes I did [Verse 2 - Christina] Off top, fuck it I show up at ya block and see Wit about fifty glocks And I pop, pop, pop out my pretty pink drop Lil shop pumpin rocks up in the parkin lot Pull up in the light, with a coupe With a bag, matchin my boots I ain't here to be cute, I'm here to bring the truth I know bitches be like, "she can't really fight Ain't no ghetto in her", till I put the medal in her But I gotta letcha bitches know exacly how I do Take her, out of her misery, out of her hell, fuck Shanelle Shit, I'm down to bring couple of nails Up-chick up before bullets start leakin I locked up and got my poker face on Bitch I touch with out reachin, huss you with out speakin A.C. and the king, meet yall jokers face on Chumps get done fuckin with the lady don Take your arms leave reachless Shit, I leave you speechless Tryin to take my mic 'cause he slapped u outta reflex [Chorus] Why you lay that boy down-'cause he play with me dogg Why you lay that hoe down-Because she play with me dogg Turk is bout to go down (fo sho) I heard you spray like four round-Yes I did, yes I did It's bout to go down (fo sho) Why you lay that hoe down-Because she play with me fo' I heard you spray like four round-Yes I did, yes I did Why you lay that boy down-'cause he play with me dogg It's bout to go down Turk is bout to go down (off top) [Verse 3 - Baby] Let's go Bitch nigga take that frown down, before we tear it down Bring it cousin 'cause this gangsta shit should have been went down In the club, high off that fire woodie Right now, I guess it's bout time to holla woodie Didn't a nigga like to tell ya dead sonny, hundred round Uptown round, he gettin in his car burn him down Lay'em down, fuck over'em the nigga ain't nothin but a clown Shot callin, I never get my hands dirty These hands were made for playin hoes and cookin birdies Dick Clint, Big Chief, K-C, ya'll help me serv'em Off that bottle, I'm bad and I'm nervous Everybody in the project know who choppin and who servin Cross the court, niggas whisperin and they nervous Step up comin home, pop a bottle, and cook a birdy Don't get it twisted, it's Cash Money real estate Platinum bullets, let his family see his fuckin face [Chorus] Why you lay that hoe down-Because she play with me dogg Why you lay that boy down-'cause he play with me dogg I heard you sprak like four round-Yes I did, yes I did Turk is bout to go down (fo sho) It's bout to go down (fo sho) Why you lay that boy down-'cause he play with me dogg Why you lay that hoe down-Because she play with me fo' Turk is bout to go down (off top) I heard you spray like four round-Off top, yes I did It's bout to go down (let's go)

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