

It's Goin' Down (Amended Version)

Yung Joc

This a Nitty beat (boing) Here we go again
Ghetto ville, USA (Uh oh)
You know I got by the name Nitty, right? (Uh huh)
I gotta introduce you to another motherfucker out my squad right (Who dis nigga, man?)
Dis nigga go by the name of Joc (Joc)
He resides in College Park (College Park)
But for right now what we gotta do for y'all (what we gonna do)
We gotta give y'all a hit (huh) Niggaz in my face
Damn near er' day
Askin' a million questions like
Joc, where ya stay
Tell 'em College Park
Where they chop cars
Eat twenty grand, spend a grand at the bar
Just bought a zone, jays on my feet
I'm on that patron, so get like me
'69 Cutlass wit' the bucket seats
Beat in my trunk, bought it just for the freaks
Catch me in the hood posted at the sto'
Pistol in my lap on the phone countin' dough
If a girl choose, let her do her thang
Just like her mama and I ain't sayin' the name brain
E'rybody love me, I'm so fly
Niggaz throw the duces e'rytime I ride by
I know ya wonder why
I'm so cool
Don't ask me, just do what cha do (Okay) [Chorus: x2]
Meet me in the trap, it's goin' down
Meet me in the mall, it's goin' down
Meet me in the club, it's goin' down
Anywhere ya meet me guaranteed to go down Verse numba two, do the damn thang
Cubes on my neck pockets full of Ben Franks
When I'm in the mall, hoes just pause
I pop a few tags, give me that on the wall
Time to flip the work, make the block bump
Boys in the hood call me black Donald Trump
Dope boy magic seven days a week
Numba one record 'long as Nitty on the beat
Oh, I think they like me betta, yet I know

Lights camera action when I walk through the door
Niggaz know my crew, we certified stars
Valet in the front, 'bout thirty-five cars
Bitches in the back
Black beamer coups
Girls like girls, time to recruit
If ya got a problem, say it to my face
We can knuckle up any time, any place[Chorus: x2]Time to set it off, let these niggas know
Have ya every seen a Chevy wit' the butterfly doors?
I ride real slow, no need to speed
Gotta make sure ya see the buckets on my feet
Feds on my trail, but they don't think I know
I keep my hands clean 'cause I never touch dope
Every time I see 'em, look 'em in the eye
Ask me how I know, it's me, suprise!
Put it in the air, rep where ya stay
Take a step back, blow the kush in they face
Stuntin' is a habit, let 'em see the karats
I'm a make it rain, nigga, I ain't scared to share it[Chorus: x2]Yung Joc
Nitty strikes again
This a Nitty beat
Playmaker

Songwriters

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