

# It's Goin' Down

## Mad Skillz

(chorus)

It's goin down baby, it's goin down baby, it's goin down baby,

It's goin down,

It's goin down baby, it's goin down baby, it's goin down baby,

It's goin downI be that nigga bringing fat funk freestyle perspectives

Rappers couldn't see me, they hide it fucking detectives

Check this when I flex this, put it on point

That nigga skillz droping founcers in your local due joint

Im still paying deuce and saying cruise

Still geting up at niggaz asses

Like that little brothers underudce

Shoes haotatin' in ya air, it ain't news I stay on bitches

Like dano kariges

At partys I retaits and make niggaz wanna fight

So when they play some reggae keep happenseein' to the right

Rigth outta my life you and ya hoddie bitch

Seein' thous of body, whitin no infron of me

V.a running shit, you best be believe it

If I'm up and commin, all ya niggaz is down and leavin'

Hit me with a tound when I come to ya town

When you see my face, you know it's about to go down(chorus)

It's goin down baby, it's goin down baby, it's goin down baby,

It's goin down,

It's goin down baby, it's goin down baby, it's goin down baby,

It's goin downNow if I told one time. I told you before child

You can't toutch one kid, who got two billons styles

Mean wild, when it comes to mics I be cheeting

Im destend to find new ways so ill mc's

And I'm real with this, I come of like a scat

It's the dread heads checking for repesenting north add

Kids pack tacs, I pack technics

Lyricol contact, now I'm strapped on the streetz

Freezby aient, niggaz be trying

But standing next to me kin but so in lyricle dyin

I wrote the rhyme n' wrote the next rappers back

So before you run up in my face, foe, remember that

And dance in the art n' main tain

A rapper speaking for real like ban-jis when it's swinging

Not yo bond mc's, don't aim to ever round

And bust off like four pound  
Now bust how they go down(chorus)  
It's goin down baby, it's goin down baby, it's goin down baby,  
It's goin down,  
It's goin down baby, it's goin down baby, it's goin down baby,  
It's goin down,  
It's goin down baby, it's goin down baby, it's goin down baby,  
It's goin down,  
It's goin down baby, it's goin down baby, it's goin down baby,  
It's goin down  
It's goin downYo, my sex and be mic checking and mc decking  
You can buck me I ain't contry  
I never said I wreck it (true)  
So wack mc's chill with defesistnts  
Cause the minist that I freestyle  
Can probably shoop n' your entistnts  
I make beats to stort  
Rappers be getting court  
I swear all mc's be sampling my fucking thoughts  
It's on when I hit the metchinon, beat acsin' at your show  
Na, nigga I boo be check your microphone  
Droping rappers and black hole, hell and head n',  
Pull n' girls of smore  
Like pam grier, sevny seven  
You can't work a verse, pass it  
When I come in niggaz start wrecking win like din jackins  
Thinking they asking, lyricle breaking backs  
My shit is hot, my reggae come,  
Shouldn't be fucking prengsing wacks  
(you don't repesent nigga)  
Nigga hide that sound  
Check your battle stats, cause it's about to go down(chorus)  
It's goin down baby, it's goin down baby, it's goin down baby,  
It's goin down,  
It's goin down baby, it's goin down baby, it's goin down baby,  
It's goin down,  
It's goin down baby, it's goin down baby, it's goin down baby,  
It's goin down,  
It's goin down baby, it's goin down baby, it's goin down baby,  
It's goin down