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 foucers 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 happerseein' 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 lyricele 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(chourus)
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 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, seveny 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

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