

# It's Goin' Down (feat. Nitti)

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

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