

Z-Ro f/ Big Boss "Going Down in the South"

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[Z-Ro]

H-O-U-S-T-O-N, T-E-X-A-S

Where you can get good weed good drank, or even get
put to rest

Down here we rep the Screwed Up Click, or rep the
Swishahouse

And we don't play games we gon take aim, or punch
you in your mouth

On a paper chase for that big bread, H.P.D. act like dick
heads

Cause they wanna know what we're smoking, and how
much coedine in our big red

And we stay draped in VVS diamonds, VS1's

And we don't tolerate jackers, we take jackers to
Vietnam

Sunday night is well connected, with Big Steve and
Captain Jack

Tuesday night we at the rocks, with ten cars deep and
all them Lacs

Jumping stacks dump a gat, steel jabs and
quarterbacks

Yeah we rapping but it ain't just rap, money we need all
of that

Bulgari glasses on my face, hand cannon on my waist
Candy blue paint on my ride, Trouble in the front in the
back is Grace

Joseph McVey that's my name, and I taste diamonds in
my mouth

Fuck a nigga named Lloyd Banks, it's going down in
the South

[Hook]

Pistol packers and jackers, and bad ass bitches on the
track

Everybody you come across, trying to stack stacks

It's going down in the South, (going down in the South)

It's going down in the South, (going down in the South)

We got diamonds in our mouth, around our arms and
round our necks

Six or seven days, and we ain't been to sleep yet

It's going down in the South, (going down in the South)

It's going down in the South, (going down in the South)

[Big Boss]

It all started with a tour of the B.C., to a half of the O.G.
Some dudes still fish swear, in a spot that's low key
You niggaz don't know me, you so baloni
You play in the pig pen, I hang where the folks be
We don't talk to police, leave that to you fonies
Disguised as homies, to get me felonies
I forever be lonely, just me and my coedine
My tech has no beam, my aim is so clean
Been at it since 14, you can't control me
So quit the baloni, 'fore I go where your folks sleep
Hit your block and it's on G, the strap sits cozy
It claps but don't speak, leave flats no slowly
So don't provoke me, I was raised in the struggle
Good kush and kool-aid, so they stay in a huddle
If you call me on the blank runs, the next time it's
double
Fuck stunting but if you want, Boss'll teach you how to
hustle

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

Some of my partnas ride blue, some of my partnas ride
red
And just like I got partnas that's free, I got partnas in
the FED
I got partnas in the state, for killing niggaz or moving
weight
I even got niggaz in the Army, in Baghdad and Kuwait
Every block you pass in H-Town, you gon see a candy
ride
Whoever driving it gon keep a weapon handy, right by
his side
Down here jackers don't hide, they be out all in the
open
Therefo' when I'm in floss mode, I might shoot anybody
that's approaching
Hit a nigga be it a bitch, cause I ain't ready to dig my
ditch
Any given time I look like new money, to somebody that
wanna get rich
Laws harassing as they pass, protect and serve they
never do that
Instead of love they pull out a billy club, and beat us till
we blue black
So fuck the laws except Officer Tony, cause he real
Behind the badge he a Mo City nigga for life, and that's
why we chill

Rest in Peace Big H.A.W.K., I think about you all day all
night
I'll see you again one day, whenever I crap out rolling
the dice of life

[Hook]

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