

## Cam'ron

### "It's Goin' Down"

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Who is it, Killa boo  
Jigga what, jigga who, he a muthafuckin' jigga-boo  
Playahater I don't play them games  
You got beef with Killa, nigga, say my name  
You shy, he snortin' raw, or they reported wrong  
My paper long, I be on any resort ya on  
The muscle muscle tussles I give  
I got homes where you hide, I hustle where you live  
So get the K's, I'm Mr. K, he fish filet  
He only go to Marcy on Christmas Day  
You not Santa fuck clothes from Bertoff  
'Fore you murk off why don't you drop work off  
Or, sign a rapper from the borough, get off Jeezy dick  
And Rick Ross shit, but he a jerk-off  
I done dust and fried him, the fans must oblige him  
Called the sandals slippers, can't justify 'em  
We the Byrdgang, you a bird head  
You do flip-flops, step up, hermes  
I from the rap blocks, the rats, and have knots  
Only G-4 I'm on is a laptop  
Got me over-depressed, nigga HOV is a mess  
It's G-5 minimum or Global Express  
Goddag (dag) we livin' in Baghdad  
You got no style, dip inside the swag bag  
See bad past, Benz's, black Jag  
I'm tremendous, my pants from sack sag  
And the guns are imported and exquisite  
He out of retirement, Jordan on the Wizard

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