

Big Moe

"It's About to Go Down"

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If you thugging in the club
(Thugging in the club)
And you rolling on dubs
(Rolling on dubs)
You ain't tripping, showing love
(And showing love)
Say it's about to go down

You got money in your city
(Money in your city)
And the mamas looking pretty
(Mamas looking pretty)
If you feeling what I'm feeling
(Feeling what I'm feeling)
Say it's about to go down

As I slide down on dubs, moving around on concrete
That G, oh, he and I stays on feet
Heat with hollow clips, ready to bust shots
Glocks, full of heat leaving the situation hot

Plot all day boss hogging for position
Street game all in your face watch the Rolex cushion
Heavy weighter, I'm the champ, Mr. Three-Two
Really though big baby and it's 2002

Wreck a shop with Mo-Yo, I'm boy hard
Boys, want to got to war black them out like tar
Swangers on my guard in a old school
I'm a goddamn fool, start to busting with the two

Fresh braided player made it, deuce out the roof
Rest in peace to my old and in these streets running
loose
Ain't no use, trying to stop it just come and pop it
Loco, big dozer and we still sitting sloppy

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Cash me Gucci coat, slicing a bad bitch
Watch her get a China face-lift
Gear shift, we performing up in the land
Suicide doors, dubs and twin cams

All bitches on the fam heads turning tonight
Watch us be the star traction and a harder night
More than Sprite, plus my neck and wrist are cold
Ice cubes in my watch and the piece is just froze

These hoes, all on a nigga dick 'cause I'm young, fly
and rich
Escorting a bad bitch, doja lit, I ain't worried about the
laws
Hoes whisper to each other girl, I think he played ball
No bitch, I'm just a rapper out the hood

And I'm wrestling with the wood, powered up feeling
good
Little engine that could, beat the block for it's stock
Turn around and swap game for a political job
R.I.P. to Pab aka Mr. Sweets

If you peeping from the south we about to blow you fin
to see
Gucci boots on her feet, Gucci boots on my feet
I'ma pay a lot tonight, shine and have a seat

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When I hit the scene, I'm crispy clean
I got a box of dough nuts from Crispy Creme
Everybody looking at me like Flip you the shit
Hell yeah I'm the shit, look at my wrists

I roll up a philly, roll up a philly
Head to the town and watch Third Ward Billy
Knock a nigga out while pouring up a drank
Got my mind on the bank, in the jail I use a shank

I sip that, flip that, wood grain grip that
Go to the Papa Do's yeah I'm gone tip that
It's Lil' Flip I'm a million dollar star
Blue, black or red don't touch my car, uh

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I'm shook up, I'm looking throwed
Gucci wardrobe to match the Gucci soles
Gucci hoes and hop out the SL
I'm popped up and sliding on Sprewell

We sell, everything you need
Riding through with Pardon Davis and some falling TV's
Moe and me, we have been a lot
Looking for some head in a little bitty shop

On top, on wrist rock it's going down
H-Town, South Side, third ward bound
Pulled up acting and class so they'll know
The south on shine 'cause we ain't broke no more

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