

Erasure

"Its Goin' Down"

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[Young Zee]

I from the place where if your motherfuckin jury gleam
gleamin

Like Jay shit you takin' off your bracelet

My niggas start wilin' I'm gonna let 'em do them

They gonna start shootin, I'ma make sure they take ya
new rims

I'm making it all on zoom lens and tell a story

With a body in my trunk like N.O.R.E. ya tape corny

I push a Porsche like Mike Lorri, what'choo think?

Takin' niggas diamonds like I'm Mister Pink

I doin this to the death 'til I take six in the chest

Bustin that cops ???, resistin arrest

Rob you with no gun, here take yo' Lexus

Trade it with my man for them two CRX's

To my hoes I'm Snoopy, you be Woodchuck

Ya pussy be good luck, I don't let nobody in my hood
fuck

I neva wait or hesitate, there be anotha nigga there
naked

Jumpin outta that bitch wet in ???

Singin...

Hook 1:

Captivated by the sound

Turn it up, play it loud

Steady boys, stand'cha ground

Thats the way its going down

La la la la laaaaa

La la la la laaaaaa

La la la la laaaaa

Thats the way its going down

[Pacewon]

Yo, yo

We write the songs like Biz that got everybody jockin

With Rhymes like Busta we keep the party rockin

OutWorld music tight like your mommies stockings

Our services cost more than Johnny Cockran

I got my hand on my gauge, man on a rage

Wild, push ya man off the stage, he land on his face
Y'all wanna battle with Pace, fan you and say
Might pull a gat from the waist, blast you with eight
Mad slugs, you'll be bleedin from the ass up
Mad blood, enough to fill up any bath tub
If you got street smarts you betta use 'em
I take out a couple like a two-some
Two non-descript kids talkin out loud on how they flip
bricks
Its like we buyin a truck that only fit six
Unheard of, both hands on my burna'
Flesh wound niggas, y'all don't really want murda

[Axe]

Anymore movement, even a slight twitch'll further the
crisis
Trife is a cereal killer, murder with ice picks
Tagged you on ya temple twice kid which left you
lifeless
Hit your honey to hard, with twenty two bars of
precise'ness
Pass the bone and watch how stoned I get
And ain't nothin fuckin with the chrome I grip
Can't atone for the domes I split
The trife is, I'm beatin down cops with they own
nightsticks
Get locked up at four-thirty I'll just phone my chick
Don't matter what the bail is, I'll be home by six
I'm tight, bitches grab my biscuits slap 'em twice with it
Gonna sell more albums than those Spice bitches
I'm nice with it, holy like Christ scriptures
All the mullah, the best yet sendin death threats thru ya
computer
I we got the buddha, copped the ruger
bullets rockin through ya, BOO-YAH
Your brains on the nigga next to ya

Hook 2:

We run your little bitch ass down
You're standin on shaky ground
Paranoid to move around
Thats the way its going down
La la la la laaaaa
La la la la laaaaaa
Lal la la la laaaaa
Thats the way its going down

[Yah Yah]

I'm not to be crossed, your postures soft
I'll dump off ??? and pasta sauce, huh

It took a fellow two beat downs and bullet
For him to understand Outsidaz don't bullshit
I unload a whole clip of Scarecrows four-fifth
I roast ?toe tips? the forceps started to roast shit
So what, your hoe bitch loves to blow dicks
For four sticks she blew me and my whole click
You testin me with certain things I don't want to argue
I'm gonna get you for your chi-chi-chi-change and your
car too
You a DC comic, I'm a Marvel
The black-fire-bill marshall, ill aresenal

Hook 1

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