

## **Boss Hogg Outlawz**

### **"It's Going Down"**

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(\*talking\*)

Houston Texas mayn, it's going down  
Round here mayn, feel me mayn  
It's going down, round here

[Hook - 4x]

It's going down (it's going down)  
It's going down (it's going down)  
It's going down (it's going down)  
And you know, it's going down

[Kyleon]

You can tell by my mouth mayn, I'm so South mayn  
Like Carrol's on Monday night, I'm so South mayn  
Know what I'm tal'n bout mayn, when my clan roll up  
We the ones got your mouth dropping, hollin' man hol'  
up  
We got a fo' po'd up, the dro rolled up  
It's a new Hogg in town, that got the flow sold up  
I got your hoe sewed up, cause the drop is holding  
The bumper kit's reclining, and the top is folding  
I'm a grain gripper, candy paint stain dripper  
84 swang flipper, and a lane to lane switcher  
White cup in my hand, and a gang of chain nigga  
And a fresh banana clip, for orangatang niggaz  
This for them cities in Texas, that swang and bang  
nigga  
All of my ballers, doing they thang with a gang of  
change nigga  
So watch the trunk just pop, and the front end hop  
I'ma swang on these boppers, I'ma clown these knots  
nigga

[Hook - 4x]

[Slim Thug]

It's going down, in that H-Town mayn  
Candy grills and swangs, it's a H-Town thang  
Boss Hogg Outlawz, is my H-Town gang  
Nawf'side is the side of H-Town, that I claim see mayn  
I'm from the land of the playas, even though a few hate

If you ball you play ball, or you moving that weight  
I represent for my city, represent for my state  
I stay on the go, but you better check my place  
I'm a Houston Texan, home of the Rockets  
Hell yeah we country boys, but we got deep pockets  
It's Slim Thug the Boss, and Killa Kyleon  
And C. Ward, representing on the song for home  
Pull out your map, check the bottom of the USA  
Down here in Houston Texas, yep that's where we stay  
Where them Boss Hoggs play, candy blue over gray  
If it's crunk at the club, you gon hear my town say

[Hook - 4x]

[Chris Ward]

It's going down like the Stock Market, after 9-11  
Better yet, like the top on my drop 9-11  
When I step inside the place, I get respect like I'm a  
veteran  
Cause around here playa, I'm the Dude like Devin  
It's the home of the N-Ron, scattered and all that  
If that ain't Crook-ston Texas, what do you call that  
Hmm, I guess it is a H-Town thang  
To be a born city slicker, and have that H-Town game  
It's the birthplace of top droppers, and trunk poppers  
Old school Cheve hoppers, 84's and 4 droppers  
We drop on rise customized, on super sized choppers  
And candy paint make women faint, and turn 'em to  
boppers  
And there's no one that can stop us, or slow us up  
Boyz-N-Blue we holding it down, and blowing shit up  
And you already know, it's C. Wiggity-Weezy baby  
And where I'm from, we off the higgity-heezy baby

[Hook - 4x]

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