

Ace Hood

"Goin' Down"

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Featuring Meek Mill
Prod. by Lee On The Beats

(Intro)
Real niggas came to party,
Ace Hood!
Real niggas came to party,

(Hook)
I say lord have mercy all I wanted was a Beamer
Had no pot to piss in, now I'm living, thank you Jesus
Now my rollie flooded, I'm not talkin bout Katrina
Know I run my city, couple thousands for my sneakers
It's going down, it's going down
Burn the kush, on Ciroc, it's going down
It's going down, it's going down
Bad bitches, bring the whips, it's going down

(Verse)
Ok, happy birthday nigga, every day I'm getting cake
What's today, it's Tuesday, bitch I might blow 100k
Fuck that nigga they sleeping, it's a must I raise the
stakes
Can't play with a nigga, no wait, my drop is white as
mayonnaise
Holy shit, but I watch your bitch,
Free dole, gotta stack them chips,
Keep that tool on depot shit, and I keep two clips if a
nigga do trip
Boy you talk, I get money ridin around in that new 600
We them young niggas on the block who run it
Evil Knievel, bro, we stuntin ok
Millionaire nigga, I got diamonds on my dick
Boy, my swagger dope, I'm talkin 20 kilo bricks
Just bought me an Aston and it came with a spanish
bitch
Diamonds got me froze like a PS3 glitch

(Hook)
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(Verse)

Ok, I go into my beast mode
Rapper niggas, I eat those
I tell a bitch take a deep breath
Then bend a knee like a freethrow
I don't want me no good girl
I fell in love with these freak hoes
In my bedroom, I make a movie
And start me with that Lee Rose
I ball hard like d-rose, my stash on closet
Racks all in my pockets, these racks all on deposits
I got racks all on my conscience, money all on my mind
I got shooters on my team, they got bodies on they
night
Look at that bad bitch right there, see that body on that
dyke
I ain't swimmin in no hoe, you know I'm proolly on that
grind
All these niggas hatin on me, but I ain't on that type
Cause I be in that back nigga, and I ain't talkin bout
clock, whoa!

(Hook)

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(Verse)

Ok, now let's all say a prayer, since my swagger such a
killer, amen
Might just buy your chick and give her that dick filet for
dinner
Nigga don't want no problems pistol pop you'll get this
figure
Lookin' at all my diamonds, it ain't hard to tell a winner
Goin down goin down,
That potato on the barrel, no sound
You see them foreigners?
You see we touring?

Me and Meek Mill the realest niggas born
Pray

(Hook)

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