

Ace Hood

"Its Going Down"

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[Intro]

Real niggas came to party

Ace Hood

Real niggas came to party

[Hook: Ace Hood & Meek Mill]

I say Lord, have mercy, all I wanted was a Beamer

Had no pot to piss in now I'm livin' thankin' Jesus

Now my Rollie flooded I'm not talkin' 'bout Katrina

Know I run my city, couple thousand from my sneakers

It's goin' down (it's goin' down)

It's goin' down (it's goin' down)

Burn the kush, on some rockets, goin' down (it's goin' down)

It's goin' down (it's goin' down)

It's goin' down (it's goin' down)

Bad bitches bring the whips it's goin' down

[Verse 1: Ace Hood]

Okay, happy birthday, nigga, every day I'm getting' cake

What's the day? It's Tuesday, bitch I might blow 100K

Fuck that nigga, they sleepin', it's a must I raise the stakes

Can't play with a nigga, no way - my drop is white as mayonnaise

Holy shit, better watch your bitch - Frito Lay, 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 Kniveel, bro, we stuntin' - okay

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: Ace Hood & Meek Mill]

[Verse 2: Meek Mill]

Okay, I go in in my beast mode - rappin' niggas I eat those
I tell a bitch take a deep breath then bend on knee like a free throw
I don't want me no good girl, 'til I fell in love with these freak hoes
In my bedroom, I'll make a movie, it's starring me with that Li, rogues
I ball hard like D-Rose, my stash on 'posit
Racks all in my pockets, and these rats all at the Pots Inn
I got rats all in my conscious, money all in my mind
I got shooters on my team, and they've got bodies on their nines
Look at that bad bitch right there - see the body on that dime?
I ain't swimmin' in no hole, you know I'm probably on that grind
All these niggas hatin' on me - but I ain't on that time
Stab me in the back, nigga - and I ain't talkin' 'bout Psy
Whoa!

[Hook: Ace Hood & Meek Mill]

[Verse 3: Ace Hood]

Okay, let's all say a prayer since my swagger's such a killer
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' downâ€¦ goin' downâ€¦
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: Ace Hood & Meek Mill]

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