

Ice-T "Where The Shit Goes Down"

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Ice-T, nigga
Representin
Strictly Westside, nigga
South Central in the muthafuckin hiddouse
Check the technique, nigga
Representin for my real niggas out there
Fuck all you buster-ass niggas
Word

[VERSE 1]

Saturday night in L.A., time to play
My peoples hummin like a vibrator, gotta make crime
pay
I'm packin two gats and I wish I could carry more
Might sound crazy, but I ran out of slugs before
Yeah, I know the feds watch me
But my vest clashes hard with the Versace
So I'm just rollin in the black five hun'
I used to lowride, now it's just for fun
I had 5 cars, but now I got one
Hard to keep up ballin when you're on the run
I got two ki's in my trunk and a shovel
Stepped on the one, so now I gots double
The shovel's for drama, need I say more?
Got the fat stash spot under my passenger floor
That's for the other strap, the automatic type
I gotta keep it close in case shit gets hype
Got a bitch in jail, she didn't snitch, she did three
I'ma have to roll solo till they set her free
Cause I got some other crimeys down, true gees
But they got all day, so now it's just me
And I'ma kick this slang until the day I die
I can't go straight, I won't even try
I'm stuck in the game, so don't ask me why
It's life in L.A.

I lowride and I sag and cuss
I cover my face with the rag and bust
Long Beach and Compton are some down-ass towns
But South Central L.A. is where the shit goes down

[VERSE 2]

Now niggas like they credit and they like to get they
loans on
So I hooked up with my boy who turns them phones on
He told me bout this nigga who won't pay
He also said he knew exactly where the muthafucka
stay
So I went and got some homies I hang with
Some crazy muthafuckas who I used to bang with
We took a trip to his crib
I snatched his hoe and his kids, and this is what we did
I tied they punk ass up
I cracked the safe with an axe, and then the phones we
cut
I didn't hurt his wife
But I promised next time that I would take her life
I shot a nigga in his neck for disrespect, caught a body
Got a murder in Miami for a shoot-out at a party
Got blood in my trunk from a punk who squealed
Had a partner tried to play me and his cap I peeled
Now I rest with my finger on my heater
Hand on my beeper, a light sleeper

I lowride and I sag and cuss
I cover my face with the rag and bust
New York and Philly are some down-ass towns
But South Central L.A. is where my shit goes down
I lowride and I sag and cuss
I cover my face with the rag and bust
Frisco and Oakland are some down-ass towns
But South Central L.A. is where my shit goes down

[VERSE 3]

I use to sling enough water you could float a boat
You could ski on the mountains of fuckin coke
But now most niggas serve chronic
So I let em check the bank, and then I'm all up on it
I serve em with a cute hoe
In a week they tell my bitches 'bout all they dough
Then I jack and I kill
The jack's for the money, the kill's for thrills
I got 9'000 blacks that still serve crack
Got a bitch who works the Plaza too on the track
Got a GTA connection and I fence for jewels
Got some little kids that move my fuckin dope in
schools
Got warrants for arrest in about 20 states
Got a bigger body count than fuckin Norman Bates
I'm a killer, jacker, dealer, pimp supreme
I'm livin out the hustler dream

I lowride and I sag and cuss

I cover my face with the rag and bust
Houston and Atlanta are some down-ass towns
But South Central L.A. is where that shit goes down

[VERSE 4]

Tonight I gotta meet this nigga from around the way
Some think he's cool, I think he's DEA
He said he want it bad, he heard that I got it good
I bagged up ten ki's of flour and met him in the hood
I met him at my spot, cause I know it's cool
Pat him down on sight to remove his tool
I made him name 10 niggas he should know
But that still ain't shit in the game of blow
He asked to see the dope, I asked to see the cash
He reached for that briefcase too fast
A fuckin pig, yo, he thought he had the chump
I had my nigga in the closet with a bull pump
And now there's fuckin shot-up body all on the floor
But that's what the shovel's for...

I lowride and I sag and cuss
I cover my face with the rag and bust
Newark and Miami are some down-ass towns
But South Central L.A. is where my shit goes down

I lowride and I sag and cuss
I cover my face with the rag and bust
Detroit and Chicago are some down-ass towns
But South Central L.A. is where that shit goes down

I lowride and I sag and cuss
I cover my face with the rag and bust
D.C. and Cleveland are some down-ass towns
But South Central L.A. is where the shit goes down

I lowride and I sag and cuss
I cover my face with the rag and bust
I know all my niggas live in down-ass towns
But South Central L.A. is where my shit goes down

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