

Cruachan

"Showdown"

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Threats, fighting, and drum loops in background

(Chorus)

Niggas laying down on the ground,

It's a showdown.

Don't you come around trying to clown,

It's a showdown.

Niggas laying down on the ground,

It's a showdown.

Don't you come around trying to clown,

It's a showdown.

Listen up all you damned dare varmint

It's finna be a showdown.

Better flee the scene

That's on the real,

Better keep that head down.

Pick a bigger strap, better come equip

And don't trip cause I'm bout to let it loose.

Pullin' out a pocket knife

Will get you snyped

And you know niggas is gonna have to shoot.

Could it be that I had the loot

In a mood for bustin' chickens

Nigga thought he had him a sweet vic

But he had him a schizophrenic.

Better have that itchy for the homicide

Aint no love, I'ma let it ride

Now it's gonna be a showdown.

On the lowdown,

Better stay inside

Trippin' cause a nigga gonna die

If Billy Joe didn't tell that lie

He would still be in the barn.

Instead, he got buckshots in his right side.

Ms. Hay she cooked as punkin pie.

Gettin' high in the fuckin' barn

The showdown it was all good,

And I came home with that smokey gun.

Chorus

Wait a minute,
Hold up now,
Who want confrontation.
Punk ass nigga, you run with a clique,
Ha, I ride with a nation.
And I'm bustin',
Not to mention I'm cappin' every nigga
On your deck, so don't sleep
To make you stifle.
Got a rifle with a scope,
You can't cope when the Conflict's on the creep.
You came to closed to the style partner
Can't fuck with the rodeo.
Here we go, wild westside,
Gitty up, move em out,
Head for the hills
I'ma let it ride.
The trick didn't know about the gangbang boogie
'til it fell on the floor wit a ass full of lead.
No need for calling out your momma name now
Son-of-a-bitch you dead.
On your mark,
Get ready,
Set trip,
I'm comin' wit a nine millimeter motherfucker
Block bam,
My shit never jam.
Like a hoe you fold
When I stuck you snipin
Off a building
Gangbangin' is an everyday thing.
Runnin' down on a hoe down,
Gotta low down,
It's a showdown,
Nigga bout to go down,
Slow down!

Chorus

I'm just a bogus nigga
Fuck that nigga next to me.
You get that ass dropped quick
Never had no love
Now you wanna challenge me.
Fuck yo chief
We got some beef.
When I die, it's gonna be a gang fight
I'ma be the nigga that take your life
Pop your ass
Say nighty-night.
Born to do some damage

I'll be damned if I let a motherfucker
Even think he rough.
Blaze that bitch
And bust him up.
Pussy motherfucker I'ma take your stuff.
Shit is out of pocket man,
But all this shit is finna change,
Cause when I come this time
I'ma show you a nine aint no joke,
I'ma kill you some more,
And show them fools Wildstyle aint no hoe.
And if I die we all gotta go
Bad thing about it,
I don't give a fuck,
Wondering what I'm livin' for
Face to face with a nigga that I hate.
I'ma meet you on the hellground,
Look you up in your eyes and spray,
Smoke you in the showdown.

Chorus

A motherfucker told me it was gonna be a showdown.
When I came around I was up for breakin'
motherfuckers down.
Fuck it niggas wit it
Let's rock the town,
Flee on the scene,
Now what's up baby.
Car full of niggas straight lookin' shady
Came to loot
Better have what you gone shoot,
Cause we straight actin' crazy.
C-O-N Flict nigga
That's what it is when you tote them triggers
Gangbangalistic father figure.
Daddy to the niggas that think they sucker,
Yeah.
It's a showdown,
Not just my hood, but town from town
Making motherfuckers recognize the flavor
Coming from Chi-Town.
Yee-Haw!
Be quick to draw
Pick a nigga meat up out with a chainsaw.
Make a nigga see what he never saw.
Crucial Conflict comin' at you raw
For a showdown,
We don't play around.
Motherfuckers gone die
We gone kill 'em up pal.

Motherfuckers playing these damn games,
Kill 'em up in the showdown.

Chorus

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