

T Ice

"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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