

## Twisted Tower Dire "Where Itz Goin Down"

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Psychopathic

Twiztid & Blaze runnin' with the muthafuckin' hatchet  
And only the three six can match it  
So uhh..tell me where's it's at..

[x2]

Now where it's goin' down?  
Now where it's at homeboy?  
Whut..whut..whut?

I ain't the type to ask questions  
I'm the type of muthafucka ready to trip  
On anyone for anything or for the fuck of it  
We be the underground, we stay beneath  
And suffocate hoes like you when y'all asleep  
Now where it's goin' down? Right here right now  
And everybody on the north, east, west and south  
Y'all better get it up, y'all better represent this shit  
Twiztid, triple 6, and blaze you can't fuck with it

You know I ride with the tokah  
Quick to make the pappah  
Lift this 10 rollin' dirty police in the road block  
Niggas have to swallow drugs  
Niggas have to fake they mugs  
Niggas put they cideron  
Claimin' they fuckin' cella phone  
All the time we mighta got it  
Say they search us on a hella party  
If you wanna crawl through this  
We separate your soul and body  
Wrap your mouth with duct tape nigga  
We ain't gon' hope you figa  
Where they gonna catch your hidden stash?  
Or I'mma have to pull this trigga

Now where it's goin' down?  
Now where it's at homeboy?  
Thugs and killas, axes and drug dealas

Now where it's goin' down?

Now where it's at homeboy?  
Represent until the day that I die for life boy

Now where it's at?  
Muthafuckas claimin' to be thug  
Can't see me on shit  
Whatcha happen with banana clips  
I've been dead, been back  
Right in the dirty with the bury in a throw away hatch  
back  
Bitch, where ya back sack?  
But any minutes I'm tryna elevate  
Never under estimate the carjack  
I put jail on the map  
Twiztid, triple 6, and blaze now go ask them where it's  
at

I took a zane  
I like to split bitches wigs  
Splittin' to the right fuckin' keepin' up his kids  
Take that nigga wife's sight  
Black you in the trunk  
This so fuckin' ruff nigga  
Gangsta Boo is crumped  
What you niggas know about them calicos and blot  
Shit they go pop nigga burnin' up your plot  
Fuck them fuckin cops callin' I don't giva fuck  
Drag you in a mud muthafucka nigga whut?

Now where it's goin' down?  
Now where it's at homeboy?  
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Now where it's goin' down?  
Now where it's at homeboy?  
Represent until the day that I die for life boy

Play me ghetto on a nigga comin straight  
Were back were back...hey  
Fuckin' up the third word, can't get can't get sprayed  
Niggas eyes wide shut  
They never see me comin' into the back  
But aces is just when I'm gunnin'  
Jiggy jiggy jack jack will be rollin' mad car  
Haters got me on scoop but they can't get me that far  
You gotta try and gotta run or try to head with starts  
Fuckin' nigga be most fuckin' niggas be my heart, hoe

What you lookin' at?  
I can call it from here  
Been underground with the dirt in my eyes for many

years

Do the math muthafucka, you can't see the mix?  
We don't die, we mutiple with the triple 6  
Mersalist territory worldwide  
Ridin' down your bitchass block dumpin' drive bys  
Blowin' up your haugh now  
And leavin' you trapped in the rumble  
Fuckin' with us is just trouble

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Now where it's at homeboy?  
Thugs and killas, axes and drug dealas

Now where it's goin' down?  
Now where it's at homeboy?  
Represent until the day that I die for life boy

Gotta get it quiero  
Drop the flower pierro pot on the plat premiero  
Redrum I'm head up on the miero fuckin' with the devil  
Quote, but they call me lord, copped out very paranoid  
All g's in the mode, triple 6 is in the vocal cord  
Marijuana scores like a choice runnin' intercourse  
You gonna feel the force of the triple 6 is always on  
You don't wanna play in here, if I was I'm dumpin'  
shells  
Tie you to the rail, bitch I'll make you a funky smell

From a gangsta's a point of view  
I'm asking you how does it feel  
To have to will, to rather steal  
And shoot it until you kill  
Anybody Killa spinnin' twiztid with the three six  
Where's it goin' down?  
I guess right here so where it's at?  
Runnin' with the hatchet  
Phamtom swollin' in the back  
We put it down for the psycho muthafuckas, I go  
around  
Bumpin' underground everytime we slip into your town

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