

Yung Joc "Goin' Down"

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This a Nitti beat

Here we go again
Bad Boy South
Ghettoville, USA
Block Entertainment
You know I go by the name Nitti, right?

I gotta introduce y'all to anotha muthafucka in my
squad, right?
This nigga go by the name of Joc
Yung Joc
He resides in College Park, right?
But for right now what we gotta do for y'all
We gotta give y'all a hit

Niggas in my face damn near every day
Ask a million questions like, ?Joc, where you stay??
Tell 'em College Park where they chop cars
Get 20 grand, spend a grand at the bar

Just bought a zone, J's on my feet
I'm on that Patron so get like me
'69 Cutlass wit the bucket seats
Beat in my trunk ballin' just for the freaks

Catch me in the hood, posted at the store
Pistol in my lap on the phone countin' dough
If ya girl choose, let her do her thang
Just like her mama, nice ass, nice brain

Everybody love me, I'm so fly
Niggas throw the deuces every time I ride by
I know you wonder why I'm so cool
Don't ask me, just do what you do

Meet me in the trap, it's goin' down
Meet me in the mall, it's goin' down
Meet me in the club, it's goin' down
Anywhere you meet me, guaranteed to go down

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Verse number two, do the damn thang
Cubes on my neck, pocket fulla Ben Franks
When I'm in the mall, hoes just pause
I pop a few tags, gimme dat on da wall

Time to flip the work, make the block bump
Boys in da hood, call me Black Donald Trump
Dope Boy magic, 7 days a week
Number one record, long as Nitti on the beat

Ooh I think they like me, betta yet, I know
Lights, camera, action when I walk through the door
Niggas know my crew, we certified stars
Valet in the front 'bout 35 cars

Bitches in the back, black Beamer coupes
Girls likin' girls, time to recruit
If you got a problem say it to my face
We can knuckle up anytime, any place

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Time to set it off, let these niggas know
Have ya ever seen a Chevy wit the butterfly doors?
I ride real slow, no need to speed
Gotta make sure ya see the buckets on my feet

Feds on my trail but they don't think I know
I keep my hands clean 'cause I never touch dope
Every time I see 'em, look 'em in they eyes
Ask me how I know, it's me, surprise!

Put it in the air, rep where ya stay
Take a step back blow the kush in they face
Stuntin' is a habit, let 'em see the karats
I'ma make it rain, nigga, I ain't scared to share it

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Yung Joc
Nitti strikes again
This a Nitti beat
Playmaker

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