

Yung Joc "It's Goin' Down"

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This a nitty beat

Here we go again, ghetto ville U.S.A
You know I got by the name nitty right
I gotta introduce you to another motherfucker
Out my squad right

Dis nigga go by the name of Jock
He resides in College Park, right
But for right now what we gotta do for y'all
We gotta give y'all a hit

Niggaz in my face, damn near er' day
Askin' a million questions like, "Jock, where ya stay?"
Tell 'em College Park, where they chop cars
Eat 20 grand spend a grand at the bar

Jest bought a zone, Jay's on my feet
I'm on that patron so get like me
69 cutlass wit' the bucket seat
Beat in my trunk bought it just for the freaks

Catch me in the hood posted at the sto
Pistol in my lap on the phone countin' dough
If a girl choose let her do her thang
Just like her mama and I ain't sayin' the name brain

Everybody love me I'm so fly
Niggaz throw the deuces everytime I ride by
I know ya wonder why, I'm so cool
Don't ask me just do what cha 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
Any where ya meet me guaranteed to go down

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Verse numba 2, do the damn thang
Keeps on my neck pockets full of Ben Franks
When I'm in the mall hoes just pause
As I pop a few tags give me that on the wall

Time to flip the work make the block bump
Boys from the hood call me 'Black Donald Trump'
Dope boi magic seven days a week
Numba one record long as nitty on the beat

Oh, I thank they like me betta yet I know
Lights camera action when I walk through the door
Niggaz know my crew we certified stars
Ready in the front bout 35 cars

Bitches in the back, black beamer coups
Girls like girls, time to recruit
If ya got a problem say it to my face
We can knuckle up any time any place

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Time to set it off let these nigga know
Have ya every 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 now thank I don't know
I keep my hands clean 'cause I never touch dope
Every time I see 'em look 'em in the eye
Ask 'em how? I know its 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, nitty strikes again
This a Nitty beat, Playmaker

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