

Yung Joc

"It's Going Down Remix"

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Rick Ross:

See it go like dis started what is
Made it to a burb now im da shit
Nigga thats my word pull up in da whip
See us on da curb hands on the grip
Call me Rick Ross smokin on the good
Posted in the hood n i wish a nigga would
SK on the seat filt to the tip
Phantom ridin to da beach with a grill like Dips'
Vans on my trill n i dont really care
Busting down L they'll smell it in the air
Bouncin on dem 24's makin hoes ovadose
Floss all across da coast get blowed by the Los
With my nigga Bloc in good fo a block
Let's go to his trap all i gotta do is knock
When deal with Ross you dealing with the best
Hataz sprinkle salt just jealous im da chef
Lemme see what on ya plate neva no steak
Just alot beans and its eva so late
Ridin' show room clean pullin up estates
Got hoes on my team in 20 different states

Chorus (x2)

meet me in the Trill
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

Slim Thug:

Slim Thug Ya'll
Boss of da South blue boy game
In da drop top candy candy on swangs
Box on bop when dey see fly by
Pick up Yung Joc told dem put it in da sky
Cup fulla purple golf fulla green

See a bad bitch and recruit 'er for da team
Represent da H gotta stay true
Still gotta spot in da A what it do
Dis da Magic City see us gettin cloudy
Bottles is poppin' ballas gettin rowdy
Ima mill plus might as well do my thang
10 G stacks ima goin make it rain
Body so icy lips on chill
Girls in da club sayin lemme see ya grill
Ima damn fool up out dat H-town
Anywhere ya meet me guaranteed it goin down

Chorus (x2)

Yung Joc:

Shorty dis da remix its still goin down
If ya think im lyin take da time and look around
I got em poppin wheelies jocking to my sound
Tell em where im from i rep da A-town
I head for home da hataz long gone
I keep that cougar connected to my hip bone
But its ok its alright i grind all day and i play all night

Nitty:

Got what ya need shorty what ya want
Holla at breez i can get ya what ya want
Call ya self a hustla wouldnt put me on
Now i got da customers go n get ya own
I aint gotta flex i aint gotta floss
Still in da trap with the gun in my draws
Somebody hit ya bitch i can till it in ya eyes
Ask me how i know it was me suprise
HAA...

Chorus (x2)

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

Man these are some evil mothafuckas

