

## **Another Name Lyrics by Dion Celine**

### **"It's About to Go Down"**

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[Chorus: (Big Moe) & Toon]

If you thugging in the club (thugging in the club)  
And you rolling on dubs (rolling on dubs)  
You ain't tripping, showing love (and showing love)  
Say it's about to go down  
You got money in your city (money in your city)  
And the mamas looking pretty (mamas looking pretty)  
If you feeling what I'm feeling (feeling what I'm feeling)  
Say it's about to go down

[Mr. 3-2]

As I slide down on dubs, moving around on concrete  
That g, oh he and I stays on feet  
Heat with hollow clips, ready to bust shots  
Glocks, full of heat leaving the situation hot  
Plot all day boss hogging for position  
Street game all in your face watch the rolex cushion  
Heavy weighter, I'm the champ, Mr. 3-2  
Really though big baby and it's 2002  
Wreck a shop with Mo-Yo I'm boy hard  
Boys, want to got to war black them out like tar  
Swangers, on my guard, in a old school  
I'm a god damn fool, start to busting with the two  
Fresh braided, player made it, deuce out the roof  
Rest in peace to my old and in these streets running  
loose  
Ain't no use, trying to stop it just come and pop it  
Loco, big dozer and we still sitting sloppy

[Chorus]

[D-Gotti]

Cash me gucci coat, slicing a bad bitch  
Watch her get a china facelift  
Gear shift, we performing up in the land  
Suicide doors, dubs and twin cams  
All bitches on the fam heads turning tonight  
Watch us be the star traction and a harder night  
More than Sprite, plus my neck and wrist are cold  
Ice cubes in my watch and the piece is just froze  
These hoes, all on a nigga dick cause I'm young, fly

and rich  
Escorting a bad bitch, doja lit, I ain't worried about the laws  
Hoes whisper to each other girl I think he played ball  
No bitch, I'm just a rapper out the hood  
And I'm wrestling with the wood, powered up feeling good  
Little engine that could, beat the block for it's stock  
Turn around and swap game for a political job  
R.I.P. to Pab aka Mr. Sweets  
If you peeping from the south we about to blow you fin to see  
Gucci boots on her feet, gucci boots on my feet  
I'ma pay a lot tonight, shine and have a seat

[Chorus]

[Lil' Flip]

When I hit the scene, I'm crispy clean  
I got a box of doughnuts from Crispy Creme  
Everybody looking at me like Flip you the shit  
Hell yeah I'm the shit, look at my wrists  
I roll up a Philly, roll up a Philly  
Head to the town and watch 3rd Ward Billy  
Knock a nigga out while pouring up a drank  
Got my mind on the bank, in the jail I use a shank  
I sip that, flip that, wood grain grip that  
Go to the Papa Do's yeah I'm gone tip that  
It's Lil' Flip I'm a million dollar star  
Blue, black or red don't touch my car, uh

[Chorus]

[Noke D]

I'm shook up, I'm looking throwed  
Gucci wardrobe to match the gucci soles  
Gucci hoes and hop out the SL  
I'm popped up and sliding on Sprewell  
We sell, everything you need  
Riding through with Pardon Davis and some falling t.v.s  
Moe and me, we have been a lot  
Looking for some head in a little bitty shop  
On top, on wrist rock it's going down  
H-Town southside 3rd Ward bound  
Pulled up acting and class so they'll know  
The south on shine cause we ain't broke no more

[Chorus]

