

South Circle

"It's Going Down"

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[VERSE 1: Mr. Mike] Now it's reserved for niggas with big dicks, so flip As I kicks from coast to coast when the wind blows I'll be servin these niggas like this is it As I flips that raw shit on the tenth I be gettin blitzed I be the master of you all, I'll Be the six million dollar man but you'll never see me fall guy Now let's assume that it's late one night A trunk full of Tec9s, comin on yo set, it's that nigga (Mike) As I expose of my ex-hoes Cause flows of others be comin and jockin a brother Now let's protest cause you niggas tryina hate this But you ziggas is some b-i-t-c-h-es The time has come for evaluation, ejaculation Me and Jada Pinkett durin masturbation How do rumors get started? By these busta-ass niggas tryina be like Humphrey so they Bogartin Tryina be up in my busi-ness, isn't this mystical That a brother could be so damn pitiful? Best to stay in line Cause you'll get broke off and forgot about tryina fuck with mine It's goin down [CHORUS] It's goin down, down, down [VERSE 2: Thorough] It goes once-twice-three times should make 'em swing The swiftest man alive is back on the scene Mean-muggin comin out a speaker near you It's that two man crew, Mr. Mike and uh... Who that nigga there? Thorough, that's his name Same game, different swang but maintain Main thang I'm a hustler, never lazy With so much flavor that you fools can taste me Take the joint and then give me the blunt Cause what I got is what you want, so don't front Not a stunt, do a movie and fuck a actor A hungry rapper just doin what he has to Make, strip you ass-naked off your manhood Cause I know that your ego can't stand good So I test your limits, take you to the boundary There's so many weak niggas around me Found a remedy to rid me of you rudy-poohs Said fuck y'all and keep on stackin loot Break a bitch cause MJ said so And yeah, it's goin down on your traitin-ass hoes [CHORUS] [VERSE 3: Thorough] So now it's goin down and like crown I be royal Slick as baby oil, heat it up, watch it boil From the soil of the ghetto to the planes in the sky Tell me why, why would the next man lie? About who he know, where he been, what he did Do the math like (?), take yo ass

to the crib Cause you phoney and you fake, makin my
clique look bad Now you lookin sad, your brother say
he mad But you see, I just laugh, I knew you was a front
I show no love, not cause I had none from the jump
Pump our tape in yo jeep, watch yo gal wanna freak Get
lyrically molested by the way that I speak It's the elite
crystal clear to the ear, I'm out of sight Airtight after
night when I start to take flight So right about now on
the 1 and 2 Mr. Mike, show 'em how we do [CHORUS] [
VERSE 4: Mr. Mike] I stacks my croker sacks, then I sit
back with the Mac Black Cesar, let me please ya with
my contact So now I'm high with the Superfly Takes a
bath after watchin Shaft as my silk draws hang dry
Let's throw the dice, me and Dolemite, hold on tight
None of you niggas wants to fuck with Mr. Mike I packs
a Glock up that block if I have to Blast non-stop if I have
to Dash through yo set, but never let 'em see me sweat
Let's bet that Left-Eye wouldn'ta never burned up my
shit But still I'm Rison like Andre, and all day I smokes
that ganjay from H-Town to Zimbabwe
Youknowwhatmsayin? It's goin down like that for the
nine-fizzive South Circle up in here [CHORUS]

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