

Franceska

"It's Going Down Tonite"

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Hook: Pastor Troy

You ain't ready boy
Let's set the record straight
You ain't ready boy
Half you niggas fake
(Recite 4x)

Verse 1: MGD

I'm sick and tired off this shit
I got to set the record straight
I'm the rapper you hate to love
And the thug you love to hate
These buster's claim they trapping on my street
I ain't never see you there
I ain't never heard about no charge that you caught
from there
(Broh you know this muthafucker)
I don't know that muthafucker
None of my Godby Road vets know that muthafucker
Ain't no soulja's on G-Road
We don't take order's dawg
We ain't bout that military bullshit, hell naw
Now I got these busters thinking, Who the hell is MGD?
What the hell he talking bout?
Is he really talking bout me?
Now when we find out y'all gone hate
I'm a set the trap wit the fire bait
Lock the doors so y'all can't escape
Go outside and put chains on the gate
Now won't get scured cause you say you got a gun
Boy I ain't no punk, ain't gone run
Y'all lame ass cats really don't want none
I'm a git up in yo face like her shake her thong
A blaze that blunt, jump down in the hole wit it
Ain't nobody smiling like H2O
I'm a let you in on a little something' that you know
Cause you gone git gone when you hear the ???

Hook

Verse 2: Lil' Blac

Now believe when I tell you
I ain't the average nigga that you heard of
Cause I'm dead fo' real about getting mine, committing
murder
Make you feel lost, strange, like Cameo you feel me
(Word Up)
Now trying the Pastor and MGD you getting hurt up
Now last Mace track I was throwing Georgia bows
This Mace track, I'm kicking down do's
Know we clique deep, VIP, H2O
Getting straight D, jumping down on hoes
Now when you spot a hater tell on 'em
We gone bring the hell on 'em
Make them busters fell like they 12 shawty, bail on 'em
I'm a move in quick, but penetrate slow like Weezy
Put from the top of the roof
Show you the real meaning of "Off the Heezy"
Y'all boys ain't no pimps, you and yo folk the holic
Well make ya self get gone, like that big block thang
Caprice
I got thugs on the left of me, gangster's on the right of
me
Warriors in the back of me
Soldiers get sprayed

Hook

Verse 3: Pastor Troy

Now they done let the wrong nigga bring church to a
close
All I'm thinking bout is money, muthafuck some hoes
And I chose to snatch up the paper before it vanished
Georgia Boy, I represent it a got damn it
Use to walk around, head down looking sick
Fuck looking eye to eye, half these niggas talking shit
They quick to brag about the niggas they done smoked
You want to go to war, come fucking with my folk
A joke, just like a fucking Laffy Taffy wrapper
But nope, cause it ain't nann day with the Pastor
So after you die guess who you got to come and see
I'm chilling in hell, D.S.G.B.
I got Little Peter ready to bust ya head
We ain't playing wit ya nigga, we leaving ya dead
Heard you scared, claiming Godby Road that's mine
I'll be rocking on these niggas until the sun shine

Hook

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