

JT The Bigga Figga "It's Going Down"

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Well what do ya know I'm ready to flow to tell a storie
the caper
About the time I tried to get tha paper ya feel me
1989 in the cut on the grind
Cause I'm fresh outta school wit my nickel plated 9
I hit a cut or two from the T the A the S the K ya see
Me up they beat up players on the street up
Creepin' in jack mode smooth we hit the back row
4 deep in a astro van ready to tax those
Unexpected players on the boulevard
14 years old, rocks in a stolen car
And I thought I had it going on
But my momma always told me it wouldn't last to long
A hard head make a soft ass
Wit a pocket full of rocks and a sock full of dirty cash
It's like I trip down a one-way street
Wit nowhere to turn and hard knocks to meet
A young G about the situation
Take the good wit the bad as I turn another page and
Set it up going pound for pound
Cause I knew one day, man, that the game was going
down

Chorus:

You know it's going down, man
Cause I knew one day that the players will get paid
One my way to the T.O.P.
Wit the rest of the players from the GLP
It's going down

Can't cope wit the streetlife

Two years done passed and two homies done lost they
life
And now I grew a few inches taller
No more dreams of being a big time baller
No more cracks sacks, coke and knife straps
Thinking about the Get Low, man and the G stacks
Kicking facts when I'm in your town
Cause I'm lettin' it be known man, that the game is
going down

Chorus

Representing to the fullest I can pull this shit
completely

You can't meet me toe-to-toe, at these hits I got the
gift, G

...

Foul from the start, so I'm sick wit my stidnyle

Take it from me, I'm just a G about my paper

Turnin' show out, I rose out I got much clout

So bust a shot when I flow, coming through the door

I let ya know I'm just a player representing Get Low

I thought you knew me, you cannot do me, you ain't no
player, punk

Trippin' up off that shit, man, that bombed out Cali
stomp

Funk wit the cleverness I can settle this

It be a destiny it has to be smooth like a masterpiece

Ya hit tha track quickly to get ya money on

So I hit the Labb, to make this shit gone

Settin' it up, player, when I'm in your town

Cause I'm lettin' it be known, man, that the game is
going down

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