

## **Puff Daddy F/ Kelly Price, Mase**

### **"Showdown"**

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\*Threats, fighting, and drum loops in background\*  
(Chorus)

Niggas laying down on the ground,  
it's a showdown.  
Don't you come around trying to clown,  
it's a showdown.  
Niggas laying down on the ground,  
it's a showdown.  
Don't you come around trying to clown,  
it's a showdown.

Listen up all you damned dare varmints  
it's finna be a showdown.  
Better flee the scene  
that's on the real,  
better keep that head down.  
Pick a bigger strap, better come equip  
and don't trip cause I'm bout to let it loose.  
Pullin' out a pocket knife  
will get you snyped  
and you know niggas is gonna have to shoot.  
Could it be that I had the loot  
in a mood for bustin' chickens  
nigga thought he had him a sweet vic  
but he had him a schizophrenic.  
Better have that itchy for the homicide  
aint no love, I'ma let it ride  
now it's gonna be a showdown.  
On the lowdown,  
better stay inside  
trippin' cause a nigga gonna die  
if Billy Joe didn't tell that lie  
he would still be in the barn.  
Instead, he got buckshots in his right side.  
Ms. Hay she cooked as punkin pie.  
Gettin' high in the fuckin' barn  
the showdown it was all good,  
and I came home with that smokey gun.

Chorus

Wait a minute,  
hold up now,  
who want confrontation.  
Punk ass nigga, you run with a clique,  
ha, I ride with a nation.  
And I'm bustin',  
not to mention I'm cappin' every nigga  
on your deck, so don't sleep  
to make you stifle.  
Got a rifle with a scope,  
you can't cope when the Conflict's on the creep.  
You came to closed to the style partner  
can't fuck with the rodeo.  
Here we go, wild westside,  
gitty up, move em out,  
head for the hills  
I'ma let it ride.  
The trick didn't know about the gangbang boogie  
'til it fell on the floor wit a ass full of lead.  
No need for calling out your momma name now  
son-of-a-bitch you dead.  
On your mark,  
get ready,  
set trip,  
I'm comin' wit a nine millimeter motherfucker  
block bam,  
my shit never jam.  
Like a hoe you fold  
when I stuck you snipin  
off a building  
gangbangin' is an everyday thing.  
Runnin' down on a hoe down,  
gotta low down,  
it's a showdown,  
nigga bout to go down,  
slow down!

#### Chorus

I'm just a bogus nigga  
fuck that nigga next to me.  
You get that ass dropped quick  
never had no love  
now you wanna challenge me.  
Fuck yo chief  
we got some beef.  
When I die, it's gonna be a gang fight  
I'ma be the nigga that take your life  
pop your ass  
say nighty-night.  
Born to do some damage

I'll be damned if I let a motherfucker  
even think he rough.  
Blaze that bitch  
and bust him up.  
Pussy motherfucker I'ma take your stuff.  
Shit is out of pocket man,  
but all this shit is finna change,  
cause when I come this time  
I'ma show you a nine aint no joke,  
I'ma kill you some more,  
and show them fools Wildstyle aint no hoe.  
And if I die we all gotta go  
bad thing about it,  
I don't give a fuck,  
wondering what I'm livin' for  
face to face with a nigga that I hate.  
I'ma meet you on the hellground,  
look you up in your eyes and spray,  
smoke you in the showdown.

#### Chorus

A motherfucker told me it was gonna be a showdown.  
When I came around I was up for breakin'  
motherfuckers down.  
Fuck it niggas wit it  
let's rock the town,  
flee on the scene,  
now what's up baby.  
Car full of niggas straight lookin' shady  
came to loot  
better have what you gone shoot,  
cause we straight actin' crazy.  
C-O-N Flict nigga  
that's what it is when you tote them triggers  
gangbangalistic father figure.  
Daddy to the niggas that think they sucker,  
yeah.  
It's a showdown,  
not just my hood, but town from town  
making motherfuckers recognize the flavor  
coming from Chi-Town.  
Yee-Haw!  
Be quick to draw  
pick a nigga meat up out with a chainsaw.  
Make a nigga see what he never saw.  
Crucial Conflict comin' at you raw  
for a showdown,  
we don't play around.  
Motherfuckers gone die  
we gone kill 'em up pal.

Motherfuckers playing these damn games,  
kill 'em up in the showdown.

Chorus

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