

## **Mr. 3-2 f/ D.Z., Cro\$\$**

### **"Go Down"**

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(\*talking\*)

What's up with you girl, (what's up daddy  
What's up with you), we gon do this or what  
(Can you handle this, do you think you can handle this)  
You going hard as fuck, (I don't think you ready)  
Some shit what to do, (you got to do this)  
Get your ass in girl, (can you handle this)  
Yeah that's what's up let's do it, (let's go baby)

[Mr. 3-2]

I'm in the zone on Patrone, back in this bar  
Say a dude up in here, but I really don't bar  
Going hard, barely on my ninth of tenth shot  
Anybody got problems, meet me in the parking lot  
No doubt, me and my thugs in here deep  
Don't bump into me, or step on my feet  
DJ, playing my favorite song  
So I start getting crunk, on the microphone  
It's on, lil' mama's taking it off  
Shaking they thang, to bone the Big Boss  
Last call, for alcohol  
Only thing I wanna get into, is them drawas  
Y'all, better not play with me  
Just hit the exit do', with the G-O-V  
See every week, it go down at the club  
Broads showing love, table dance for a thug

[Hook - 2x]

It go down, for real at the after set  
Baby girl going hard, and we just met  
Have a couple drinks, and she don't know my name  
Every weekend, we could do it again

[D.Z.]

36 karats on shine, when I fold up in the club  
Lil' mamas on dick, and they all showing me love  
Cause I'ma cut her up, the motherfucking average  
In the streets a known savage, my lifestyle is lavish  
In the V.I.P. sipping Remmy, at the bar  
Surrounded by sugar brown, and yellow bone stars  
And it's understood, that they all wanna fuck

Let's hit the parking lot, for a little head in the truck  
Then it's back to spot, pop a lil' scooby snack  
Put the X in her life, and see how that hoe act  
I'm a mack slash P-I-M-P, to the heart  
If you ain't talking bout nothing, then bitch don't even start  
The conversating, about the moves that I'm making  
D.Z., yes I believe in hoe breaking  
Your bitch I may be taking, if she give me the sign  
Don't hate the playa hate the game, and keep her ass in line nigga

[Hook - 2x]

[Cro\$\$]

The weekend's here, freaks come out at night  
Tre-Deuce in the Harley, I pull up on my bike  
We at the after H, in the parking lot  
I'm staying strapped, I know that the sharks are out  
Fall up in the club, strippers taking it off  
To keep the scrilla, for Cro\$\$ no cost  
So Cro\$\$ gon floss, peep the scene broads acting a fool  
They all choose, but the three fuck rule got me rude  
I'm clean as a whistle, swift with the pistol  
Dimes all over me, trying to make it official  
Hey little pretty, you leaving with me  
Brown Texas scrilla boy, M-D-C  
Five shots of Henny, got her feeling woozy  
At the bar going hard, brights on ice on  
Slip out the exit window, was no lights on  
Cuz be tripping, realize that his wife gone  
I get my pipe on, while she get her dyke on  
X'd out won't stop, that's what I'm tal'n bout  
She a fool with it, she a fool with it  
X'd out won't stop, that's what I'm tal'n bout

[Hook - 2x]

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