[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]