

Goin' Down

DJ Drama

Y'all ready?
This what it's all about right?
The quality
The streets
The music
Quality street music, nice

Quality shit, they holla we it
These fake niggas who rich, we checkin' every dollar we get
I'm oh so flyer than a pilot be, shit, why you want some more
Tryna' figure out who stylin' me, shit
Women only cheat for a reason, I probably be it
Molly she want, Molly she get
Out in LA at the day party, Saturday at colony shit
Sorry niggas that-away with your apology shit
You lame niggas make me break out, ology shit
We was leaders before they knew how many follows we get
Ridin' to some Wu-Tang, while I be lit
Maybe put shoes on the Ghost, Wallaby shit
You little niggas don't get it do you?
And if you got it I'm one of the few that get it to you
Drama said it's goin' down, so I brought some loot out
Racked up like the balls at the 3-point shootout

Man it's goin' down, get at me
I do it for my town, because they love me
I came from the ground, down in my blessings
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Drama niggas don't understand you, other shit that man do
Quality street music, the fed's will try to ban you
I'm on my rapper shit, tryna' get out my trappa' shit
Got it with my computer shit, should have been on my Apple shit
Runnin' from squad cars, givin' them crack bars
I dropped that gangsta grills, now I'm a hood star, now I'm a hood star
That mean I push cocaine, or show a whole thang
In my hood I got an alias, don't say my whole name, I'm a hood star
Homie they gon' lock me up, I'm still gon' make it to the top nigga
Paid off violence, they sayin' we parish
This is quality music, from the hood to the alleys
They indicted my nigga, haters want him to fail
Who thought quality street music could save him from jail

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Hey, hey, I'm just tryin' to get some bread
Quality street music
They sayin' hip hop dead,
Just got a text from Drama and this is what it read
This that cocaine music, and we do this shit with quality

That's why nobody hot as me
DJ, DJ, Bring that shit back for me
I told you so, DJ Drama made a sec for me
Now I'm secced up and I'm wrecked up
When I hit the club I'mma act up
And I'm goin' down and I'm macked up
And I'm doubtin I come back up
I'm bottle poppin', I'm hole poppin'
I'm pullin up and I'm show stoppin'
12 Pack of that rolls, 6 pack of that gold
And I'm goin so hard, my
Took my first million dollars, went and spent them on cars
65 for the Rollie watch, 80 pointers and they head up
30 shots in the semi-clock, and I ain't never been scared of
DJ Drama we the realest nigga, street music make em' feelin equal

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It go gram right, man right
Only if I could see this shit in hindsight
Put me on the scale, make sure I'm weighin' right
And put a couple grams on my Sony mic
Quality street music nigga