

# 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  
Man it's goin down, get at me  
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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