

## Down Down Baby (nelly Diss)

Huey

First things first, I don't like y'all niggas talkin' shit (me neither)

I'm Going Down, Down Baby

Blow Your motherfuckin' speakers up  
Let's get it in  
blow your motherfuckin' speakers up

I'm Going Down, Down Baby

This ol' bitch-ass nigga  
Blow Your mother fuckin' speakers up

Bang, bang, it's your game, go fuck wit' ya,  
Choppin' hits, you and that motherfucka' next to ya.  
City Spud was the closest to a lunatic,  
Y'all just some crazy ass who ain't shootin' shit.  
Got your damn nerve, dissin' Huey records,  
You mad, you a fag, and my nigga Huey rappin'  
I'm the real definition of hip-hop,  
Lost your whole pocket when that Vokal shit flopped.  
Might as well kill two birds with one stone,  
I'm'a murder J-Kwon on this same song.  
In the club with the Cristal poppin,  
Only derryty I like is when DJ Crisstyle poppin'  
Bitch, if it ain't Crysstyle, it betta be young gipp,  
Make grands when I hustle, they callin' me young tip.  
It's suicide-just spray you' own self,  
Happiness, boy, here's something, You can save your own self.

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Nelly, who you think you kiddin', you niggas ain't no killas,  
And thug niggas you fuckin' with the realist and drug dealas.  
Drug Ali outside, stuff him in the trunk,  
Put a bullet in ya' head, leave ya' smelling like a skunk, punk bitch.  
Thinkin' you can get outta the way from some the bum shit,  
Bullets sprayed, leavin' ya slumped quick. So quick, with all that,  
thinkin' your frontin' before ya mamma had eggs in her stomach from all men  
that she froggin'  
Hey, I pray for ya dummies cuz your skatin' on thin ice and steady, playin'  
with thunder,  
See, see me and uh-oh, trouble, don't say nothing.  
Your boy so soft got heat and still won't spray nothing.  
What's wrong, Nelly, nervous because you see you got competition?  
Glad your responding, now we know we got your attention,  
Nigga listen, this is our town now, and cross the Cap, Nigga best believe yo  
u goin' down south.

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and I'm just St. Louis, baby, St. Louis crazy.

I ain't travelin' no where, I've been in St. Louis lately.

Dude sittin' on top of the Joint, and I don't act like I'm rich,

Ery'one still stoppin' and pointin', like 'ya thurr it is.'

We make gangsta music, we just tell it how it is, and how the gangstas do sh  
it.

I whip game, fire, and the shoes' exclusive,

And I love that people think the other dude is useless.

I gained 20 inches of canarian blue shit,

We're fresh like a pimp, and every day is a new fit.

We so heavy, and the mafia so ready,

Got a head on our shoulder but it's hard to hold steady.

Pick and roll, I hold for a room in a hotel-y,

Then Oh, hit a night on the phones and an' old Chevy.