Downtown Swinga '98

C'mon! Yeah! International! Downtown Swinga!

Ayo what up cobra, it's me (prime time!) PD, I get better with time like a fine wine You see, ever since I was a youth I promised to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth I never been accused, of perjury I will clap gats at them cats if they try to murder me You heard of me, (Hilfigga!) Oh you better know it baby (ill legit!) Yeah but I try not to show it baby Cuz if I got to show skill, I will I'm comin from Brownsville, (Downtown) Swingin this ? bump bill ? , bringin it so ill (you niggas been warned) If I get to side steppin and grippin my weapon it's on Once I stretch 'em I'm gone, the old thug way (no need to stress him he gone) The no love way Fuck him, cocksucker I'm lettin you know You lookin for Brook, you went to Fizzy Ro, we Downtown

Ref 2x: Lil Fame and Billy Danze Who bringin this? Downtown Swinga! Swingin this Down here we be the kings of this Never gassed to do, what I have to do Splashin you, blastin you, international!

Stand back when this nigga kick off, the black stallion I'm all American slash Trinidadian I make a dummy fold, dig him for his money roll Take the dummy's soul, blast shots in your skully yo Mister fizzy ro gettin busy yo Make motherfuckers ask, "what the fuck is he yo?" I tote the 4 5 when I feel I'm doomed Fuck them cassettes I don't plan to die no time soon Down, Down town swinga Mash 'em out (no doubt) blast 'em out (no doubt) When it's hammer time we crash the house, (no doubt) Regulate and clear the punk bastards out (no doubt) Yo I illustrate and design for those doin crimes Totin heat and, in the streets like yellow lines And I'm, here to represent for 'em So bow down, to them cats that swing Downtown

Ref 2x

Oh shit! It's on nigga Pack your shit, and get gone nigga Here come Fame, Bill Danze and them, (right!) Aint no tame to handle 'em, (true) Cuz when I'm on a mission duke, grippin a pistol duke Hot slugs be twistin you, it's traditional (let's cock back the chrome) And wreck the party And I'm that one nigga that fuck it up for everybody

Get em up, clak clak! Hit 'em up, bookah bookah! Whet 'em up, bucka buck bucka! Shut 'em up, for good We regulate this hood Downtown soldier And we will lay your ass down, told ya In a heartbeat, this is our streets, we're divided in crews Bet' not nann one of you motherfuckers move, speak to me (make moves) Wrong nigga to cross Alot of niggas found theyself lost, and tossed in the fire