

# It's Goin Down

Mad Skillz

It's goin' down baby,  
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I be that nigga bringing fat funk freestyle perspectives  
Rappers couldn't see me, they hide it fucking detectives  
Check this when I flex this, put it on point  
That nigga Skillz dropping founcers in your local due joint  
I'm still paying deuce and saying cruise  
Still getting up at niggaz asses  
Like that little brothers Underudce  
Shoes haotatin' in ya air, it ain't news I stay on bitches  
Like Dano Kariges  
At parties I retaits and make niggaz wanna fight  
So when they play some reggae keep happerseein' to the right  
Right outta my life you and ya hoddie bitch  
Seein' thous of body, whitin no infron of me  
V.A running shit, you best be believe it  
If I'm up and commin, all ya niggaz is down and leavin'  
Hit me with a tound when I come to ya town  
When you see my face, you know it's about to go down

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Now if I told one time. I told you before child  
You can't touch one kid, who got two billons styles  
Mean wild, when it comes to mics I be cheeting  
I'm destined to find new ways so ill MC's  
And I'm real with this, I come of like a scat  
It's the dread heads checking for representing north add  
Kids pack tacs, I pack technics  
Lyricol contact, now I'm strapped on the streetz  
Freezby aient, niggaz be trying  
But standing next to me kin but so in lyricele dyin  
I wrote the rhyme n' wrote the next rappers back  
So before you run up in my face, foe, remember that  
And dance in the art n' main tain  
A rapper speaking for real like ban-jis when it's swinging  
Not yo bond MC's, don't aim to ever round  
And bust off like four pound  
Now bust how they go down

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Yo, my sex and be mic checking and MC decking  
You can buck me I ain't contry  
I never said I wreck it (true)  
So wack MC's chill with defesistnts  
Cause the minist that I freestyle  
Can probably shoop n' your entistnts  
I make beats to stort  
Rappers be getting court  
I swear all MC's be sampling my fucking thoughts  
It's on when I hit the metchinon, beat acsin' at your show  
Na, nigga I boo be check your microphone  
Dropping rappers and black hole, hell and head n',  
Pull n' girls of smore  
Like Pam Grier, seveny seven  
You can't work a verse, pass it  
When I come in niggaz start wrecking win like Din Jackins  
Thinking they asking, lyricle breaking backs  
My shit is hot, my reggae come,  
Shouldn't be fucking prengsing wacks  
(You don't repesent nigga)  
Nigga hide that sound  
Check your battle stats, cause it's about to go down

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