

# Yung Joc, Its Goin Down

Lil Boi)

This a nitty beat (boing)

(Nitti)

Here we go again

Bad boy south

Ghettoville U.S.A. (uh Oh

Block entertainment

You know I go by the name Nitti right (uh huh)

i gotta introduce ya'll to another motherfucker out my squad right (who is dis nigga, who dis nigga n

Dis nigga go by the name of joc (joc?)

He resides in collegepark (collegepark cp)

But for right now what we gotta do for y'all (what we gonna do)

We gotta give y'all a hit (huh)

(Verse 1)

Niggaz in my face

Damn near erry day

Ask a million questions like

Joc where ya stay

Tell 'em collegepark

Where they chop cars

get 20 grand spend a grand at the bar

Just bought a zone J's on my feet

I'm on that patrone so hit like me

69 cutlass wit the bucket seats

Beat in my trunk ballin just for the freaks

Catch me in the hood posted at the sto

Pistol in my lap on the phone countin dough

If a girl choose let her do her thang

Just like her mama nice ass, nice brain

Er'body love me I'm so fly

Niggaz throw the duces er'time I ride by

I know ya wonder why

I'm so cool

Don't ask me just do what cha do (ok, ok)

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

Meet me in the trap its goin down

Meet me in the mall its goin down

Meet me in the club its goin down

Any where ya meet me guaranteed to go down

(verse 2)

Verse numba 2 do the damn thang

Cubes on my neck pocket full of ben franks

When I'm in the mall hoes just pause

I pop a few tags give me that on the wall

Time to flip the work make the block bump

Boys in the hood call me black Donald Trump

Dope boi magic seven days a week

Numba one record long as Nitti on the beat

Oh I thank they like me betta yet I know

Lights camera action when I walk through the door

Niggaz know my crew we certified stars

Valet in the front 'bout 35 cars

Bitches in the back

Black beamer coups

Girls likin girls time to recruit

If ya got a problem say it to my face

We can knuckle up any time any place

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Time to set it off let these niggas know  
Have ya ever seen a Chevy wit the butterfly doors?  
I ride real slow no need to speed  
Gotta make sure ya see the buckets on my feet  
Feds on my trail they don't thank I know  
I keep my hands clean 'cause I never touch dope  
Every time I see 'em look 'em in they eyes  
Ask 'em how I know its me, surprise!  
Put it in the air rep where ya stay  
Take a step back blow the kush in they face  
Stuntin is a habit let 'em see the karats  
I'ma make it rain nigga I ain't scared to share it

(Chorus)

(Outro)

Yung Joc?!  
Nitti strikes again  
This a Nitti beat  
Playmaker  
so so deaf motherfucker