

Make Sure It All Goes Down

What's goin' down?
All that business nobody wants hanging 'round our town
If you know what's good for you
Make sure it all goes down

I came home from work kinda late the other night
Opened my front door and turned on the light
When I saw the shadow of a man
As I heard the back door slam

I ran over to the window just to have a look
And saw my stereo in the arms of a fleein' crook
So I shot back out the front door
And I musta chased him for a mile or more

I finally ran him down and called the cops on my cell
Thinkin' I'm gonna make this punk's life one livin' hell
Then I looked him in the eye
And said, "I hope you got a good alibi."

CHORUS

The police arrived and as they slapped on the cuffs
I pointed to the perp standing next to my stuff
And said, "He's your man, Officer."
I caught him with my own bare hands."

Then the cop ask, "By the way, did you actually see the suspect in your place?"
"I didn't see his mug," I replied, "till the end of the chase."
"well, then," he said, "I guess the best we can do is
Possession of stolen goods."

I walked back home a defeated man
Put my stereo back and headed straight for the can
And what did I find
But somethin' my uninvited guest left behind

CHORUS

So I called the precinct and told them what I found
Sayin', "He didn't even have the courtesy to flush it down!"
And the cop said, "So much for his defense.
You got yourself some excellent evidence."

When forensics came 'round and zip-locked the DNA
I remembered what my mama always used to say
"If you know what's good for you
Make sure it all goes down."

CHORUS

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