

(And meanwhile, on the Southside of town...)

Now when you're rollin' through yo' muthafuckin' hood,
what do you see?

(I see some muthafuckin' G's)

Now when you're rollin' through yo' muthafuckin' hood,
tell me what you see?

(Some muthafuckin' G's)

Roamin' in my muthafuckin' hood and thangs
Seems to me my mutherfuckin' hood done changed
Cause niggas used to kick it with the rival gangs
But now we gots to deal with them survival thangs
.45 in my lap when I'm on the creep
Niggas livin' shife, so I roll one deep
Cause now they see me flippin' in the 1-9-9-4
C.S.I. nigga, black 850
And now they lookin' at me crazy
But off-brand niggas can suck a dick because they can't fade me
And if it came down to the gun, black
I never cracked up on the pressure, cause I was trained for combat
So get yo' muthafuckin' boys together
I represent S.A., nigga, and we makin' noise forever
And gettin' paid at the same time
So you respect a muthafucka when a muthafucka claim mine
Cause if you disrespect, you ass out
And they we rolling through yo' shit in the glasshouse
Actin' bad with the flashers on
Makin' niggas get they asses on
Cause ain't no mutherfuckin' love for fools
Who come around this muthafucka trying to scrub, you fools
It ain't no haps on it, hops
We snaps on the cops
And straps on the glocks
And take the law into our own hands
Cause you ain't fucking with a rookin, nigga, you fucking with a grown man
And we gon' show you what we mean by funk
Muthafucka, you ain't see my trunk
I got a (SK) and a (AK)
And a (12 gauge) that'll fuck a nigga whole day
So recognize a real nigga from the streets
When you rolling through yo' mutherfuckin' hood, what do you see?

Now when you're rollin' through yo' muthafuckin' hood,
what do you see?

(I see some muthafuckin' G's)

Now when you're rollin' through yo' muthafuckin' hood,
tell me what you see?

(Some muthafuckin' G's)

Hollerin at my homie at the swisher house
Scope a 40 bag and we hit the spot
Put my shit in park and got up under the tree
Pull the swishers out and gave the ganja to 3
Rapped us up a fattie and we started to smoke
Eyes gettin' red cause we higher than coke
A nigga chillin' cause it's all good

And we ain't trippin' on the bullshit, nigga, because we all hood
But other niggas don't wanna see it that way
But all I got to say is: you don't wanna see that S.A.
Because we're all upon a mission
Killin' don't make us no different
And dyin' don't make it no different
Cause I done been to mo' wakes in this past year
Than the muthafuckin' Bingos lost last year
So ain't no muthafuckin' thang for me
To kill a nigga who ain't fuckin' with the gang with me

Now when you're rollin' through yo' muthafuckin' hood,
what do you see?

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Now when you're rollin' through yo' muthafuckin' hood,
tell me what you see?

(Some muthafuckin' G's)

Formaldehyde smokin, niggas gettin' loc'ed and
Ready to pull your coat and leave your stomach open
Scoping, hoping for you to fuck up and slip
So we can have a reason for fuckin' up your shit
(It ain't no muthafuckin' peace when they see me)
Cause we never had a muthafuckin' peace treaty
So I know I got to get em with game
And when I hit em with the game I gotta hit em with this damn thang
Cause it's kill or be killed, never cut slack
And if you cut slack, they bust back, fuck that
I never give a second chance to pull the first gun
Cause if they bust one time, that be the worst one
And that's the one that can close the shop
So you gotta stand and hold the glock
Cause in my muthafuckin' hood, that's how it be
But when you're rollin' through your muthafucking hood, what do YOU see?

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