

Bring It On

South Central Cartel

I pled allegiance to the muthafuckin streets of South Central
And for the gangsta shit for which is there
7 criminals under guard with a fuckin A-K
For no justice is served
So it's spray-day
N gatz we trust muthafuckas

19-19-199 muthafuckin 3
Yeah on your muthafuckin ass nigga
Takin 'em to the other muthafuckin level nigga
To you PROD'

I'm from a hood where the niggas never fuck around
They kick your muthafuckin ass if you try to clown
The Cartel got the moves of a muthafuckin gangsta
So run up and get bankrupt
I tried to flip my last shit
But other brothers started trippin on my click bitch
And you know I don't play that
Homies doin drive-byes for the payback
Yeah, you didn't think I knew my shit yes
You never saw me
And figured I was fakin on the G-ness
But bring it on and I'ma flip your monkey ass into a coma
With shitty-ass drawers all on ya
in tha 9-3
Rollin deep as the figure hoes cock on the one way
Comin up for a rowdy
Slangin these thangs cause the nigga live foully
Snipin one time from my roof cause I hate parks pigs
On the slap pullin off One time for a O.G.
The 87's gettin down with the S.C.
90's, 60's break peace
East Coast and the block G's, Hoover Crips and the 40's
School Yard, Shotgun, Averline too
Won't sleep on the S.C.C. crew
And if the D.L.'s, Pueblos and Nic's wanna choose this
The Bounty Hunters and the Roose, bitch
Wanna rock with the show-no
Let 'em know South Central jumpin off with a new touch
The Cartel still funky
Kickin more ass than a pissed-off donkey
All about the truece if you ain't down nigga shut the fuck up and listen
And let a true nigga keep pinchin
Rhymes on the real while you weak-weaks drop like a pebble
We take it to another damn level

Bring it on, bring it on, we take it to the other level
Bring it on, bring it on, muthafucka

Locs still rollin deep niggaro so here we go
Crease the khakis hit the muthafuckin Figuero
I'm from a city muthafuckas better bring it on
And mafiatic muthafuckas get the clown on
Cause that gangsta rhyme has got you goin in circles
The Grape Street spoke purple
Chillin in the hood with the 90's

The Front Streets, Back Streets and the 30's
Santanas got the shit muthafuckas can't fuck with
So in the Kitchen Roads yo it's all about truece bitch
Hoes jock cause I'm jockable
Try to ride the Havikkal dick but my dick's not ridable
P.J.'s, 43's don't trip, comin G cool
Keep a glock for a dumb fool
The 64's drop low
The Fruit Town Villains and the Swans actin loc'd
Long Beach, Main Street, ????????, Inglewood and don't forget Compton
Tragniew, they keep stompin
S.C.C. bail deep, 18's get they mob on
The Broadways don't sleep homes
Kelly Park, Lime Hood be down with the real shit
And Tree Top don't play bitch
And if you figure I'm a so-so
Bring your ass to my hood: 92nd Street in Figuero
In the hood's packed Glockes
Swans gettin licked on the Compton blocks
99's down for the kill, one time muthafuckers can't creep
83'll put that ass on sleep
The 87 gangstas, the West Coast headbangers
East Side wallstreet slangers
And Jordan Downs wanna rock with my crew
Let's bring the shit together with the red and the blue (peace)
Cause Lantana, Atlantic Drivers breakin niggas off quick G
They gettin funky with the S.C.

Muthafuckin Rhimeson is here
And I wanna say peace to all the Crips and Bloods all over the muthafuckin world

All you muthafuckas down with the truece
All the Ese's, all the muthafuckin Cholos down with South Central

To all you true ass gangstas, stay together
Cause the S.C.C. has got peace and love for ya

Yeah I wanna give a shout to the Front Street, the Back Street,
The Bluegate Mafia and the Hustler Nation
Peace out from the Murder Squad

Straight out
Yo I wanna give a shout out to all my niggas in the pen