

# It Don't Stop

South Central Cartel

The C-a-r-t-e-l's been here for ages  
And ain't not one of them trick-ass radio stations played us  
But that didn't fade us because we still gettin it on  
I put the heat up under my seat and I'm gone  
Bumpin the tape as I let the sun hit my Daytons  
Fuck your ratings cause this gangsta shit make ends  
I begins hittin them corners on the block  
Servin the B.G.'s the double up on the rock  
I shake the spot because my face comes with fame  
And it's a shame the way them rats scream my name  
And I'm fashionable, I'm hittin corners international  
14 I'm on my phone to see if Rhime Son's at home  
(I'm in the back polishin my chrome)  
I be there in a minute so we can hit the zones  
To let the U.S.C. know it's still on, it's on

Gees still on the move  
Westside and Eastside finna act a fool  
You know it's all to the gees  
Hittin switches with the S.C.C.  
Radio don't give us props  
It don't stop till the gangsta drop  
So we gotta do it for the streets  
And all the gees bumpin gangsta beats

85 Cutlass on the creep from block to block on deep dish  
Killin the radio, I'm turnin it off, I'm bumpin that Bushwick  
I gets my skate on, I'm flossin through the neighborhood  
It's Mr. Rhime Son to the good  
as I swerve to the curb in the seat  
Gone off that herb and the word is I'm a gee  
As we another block I lets the trunk vibrate  
18's droppin them bombs like Kuwait  
I put it on the Richter as the 9.2, puttin the heater in my lap  
Craps - yo, what they hittin fo'? Snap  
Daps is what I give to Big Prod  
Cartel Gang is finna hoo-bang when we ride  
Check the rear-view cause you know bustas, them muthafuckas  
Are sneaky as hell might as well  
Dip with the clip tucked, snug for the funk  
B-l-u-n-t, let the system thump  
And it's like that

How many of you busters...  
Are thinkin about servin us? Proceed with caution  
Pin him in a turnin lane before he bend Slauson  
The 85 Cutlass cuffed on d's, at ease...  
Up off my nut sacks, like I said ain't no get back  
Trump tight as we slide on  
In a Cut and Young Prod, time to get your ride on  
(Locsters) Cartel ridin Rolls in the '96, unfadable  
Cause we don't need no damn radio  
Prod and Rhime Son on triple gold d's  
Checkin out the frequencies  
In a hour they ain't played the S.C.C.  
But I'm a gee regardless how many marks gon' ride  
On the S.C.G.'s from the Evil Side, Big Prod

(And I, Mr. Rhime Son comin with the nine gun)  
In the cut slugs get bucked, so what the fuck  
Is really goin down, it ain't no changing faces  
The man in the mirror is a gangster  
Fo' life