

Sowhatusayin

South Central Cartel

[Havoc]

It's a motherfuckin shame.
Everytime I look at the goddamn news, or read a motherfuckin
paper, some motherfuckin bitch or nigga tryin to dis gangsta rap.
But um, check this shit out.
Gangsta rap is here to motherfuckin stay.
All you hoes and bitches out there tryin to put a bag on this
shit, this shit is here to motherfuckin stay.

[Havoc]

Bailin up outta the cut, I'm breakin em off for this 95 G thang
Jumpin up outta that Mustang, gonna let these nuts hang
Cannibalistic flow snatchin your neck off
Grabin a fuckin tech, lettin this bit takin your chest off
Morgify a nigga with the quickness, pissin on brain sites
Magnify your heart with this beam, and stomp it like a street light
We blow motherfuckas, kickin up dust, droppin that bomb shit
Glock cocked on your block, ready to rock it all time
Bitch I sack, SCC be that click, Treach and Hav
Felony, Prod, H-A-V the OC, you can't see me
Pump pump that Havoc'll have it crazy motherfucka
Bewitched and brain dead, leavin you headless motherfucka

[Jayo Felony]

The original from the block, ready to pop and drop
Glock on cock, Felony's the locest as I focus like a mug shot
Hot like rocks, nah fuck that, like boilin lava
I'm wicked, sit back and kick it, as I saliva
How I took in your eyeball, I call all shots for the GNC
Nigga close your eyes cuz you ain't seeing me
Five eight, seven fifteen, Bullet Loco still
Pissin in a cup, and I'm not givin a fuck
It's on, fuck Oliver Stone, he made Colors
Gettin paid off gangbangin, I want my money motherfucka
I'm a bump ya, pluck ya like a chicken and cut your head off
Housin with a hundred thousand, ready to let em
Go to the pen, or make ends, that was my option
Now R-A-P gon put me up like adoption
I'm shoppin for brains and thangs, so marks jet
I'm addictive, like double nicotine in cigarettes
Let's take this demon to the head loc, you scared loc?
I met my fuckin last smoke, leavin these bustas dead broke
Pass me the rap on the track and Bullet Loc gon come sick
Cuz at the end of the world there's gon be gangstas
Cockroaches, and sherm sticks

[Prodeje]

Yeah, headbangas in the house yo.
You playa hatas can't stop this gangsta shit.
You know what I'm sayin? Haha

[Hook1:]

Step up, step off punk ass niggas
I flow real soft, soft as medicated cotton
Cuz I put my foot up your ass before you pass gas
Or even before you're thikin bout farting

[Hook2: x2]

So what you saying? So what you saying?
I'm lettin my gat bust
You bustas and you marks know I just don't trust

[Prodeje]

Back on that flow, don't you know
It's that Prod from that sqaud
Kickin up in that dust as I bust as I mob
Metamorphisize from that BG to OG
All I see is G's but you bustas can't see me
Smokin motherfuckas so they bodies are cold
I'm kickin up on your ass till you crumble and fold
I'm on the creeps on them vouges
Droppin 6 to them 4's
Makin records, going gold
That's my story in Vouge
Still try to break me but you're broke
As I spoke, loc
Suckas hate the gunsmoke
Act I peel your cap like a cantaloupe
You think it's settled when we knuckle up
I got insane like Saddam
And wreck your posse with my finger fuck

[Young Prod?]

Five four three two um
Here it comes, one more time
Pistol whip dump when I'm packin up mine
Y'all don't wanna do nothin, I'ma keep on bustin
[?]
G's need to ease on back, or catch a cap in they knapsack
I sprayed your ass with a gauge and leave you dazed for days
So why must you drive my G flow
I swallow your ass up like Cujo
And I got em, hollow point for the gaffle
Seventeen [?] in your ass like a raffle
So respect me, the Young P-R-O-D
I be that nigga that kill you for nineteen ninety G

[MC Eiht]

I takes two to your jaw motherfucka you slip
I take two more and watch the swelling of your fat lip
Nigga, how'd you figga like a bitch I let you get away
Westside, CPT G's that don't play
I throws that CPT up, blaze up the blunt
Then I steps back and sits down my fuckin cup
My nigga Bird got my back when we square off
Toe to toe, don't ya know surprise here comes the left blow
You get the steel toed boot, to your chin
You can't win, oops it splits out your front tooth
Now you squirm like a worm in the dirt
You get hurt motherfucker cuz we puts in much work
You look up to see the barrel of my fuckin strap, playa
Eiht Hype best to get ready for a long night
I hit your block cuz I don't care
Let the glock go tick tock and I hit you what with, geah

[Hook2 x2]

[Treach]

I heard niggas had beef with SCC
And he was headed for the airport

Landed ass branded way up north
From Ill Town Eiht called me, said leaving with tech nine releases
Torches porched and piss out the pieces
Nigga wasn't witty nor fuckin worthy
Cuz he had beef with Ant Banks, Boss, Spice 1, they tried to
hide in Jersey
That was the wrong fuckin move, the wrong alley
To think the Murder Squad only had connections in Cali
Yes, with the murder, I said it flex
West coast to east coast quicker than Federal Express
Cuz we strike and we don't lack for the wack
The T to the R to the E to the A to the C to the H is back!

[Sh'Killa]

Break yoself, it's Sh'Killa, make way while I spray
Murder Squad spit out claim, my hood is the bay
Nine glock glock, ready to pop or stop
While those who rank high in might ride on top
Retaliation a must when I bust or blast
Retaliation and blank gun in hand with my mask
Can't stop me I'm sick and I gives a fuck
See a nigga slippin, aim my shit then I bust
Break yoself, once again it's on
I'm takin all, pump pump, drop gun, head up, hut one
Murder Squad, gangsta made beat be the shit
Murder Squad, gangstas for life and we sick

[Spice 1]

Niggas playa hate ya but I'm Naughty by Nature
Eiht ya got these niggas on the run, so let's go get the guns
Takin they shit, gankin they riches, [?] so a nigga can't sew
up your spot
I'm leavin your shit up in stitches, gotta decapitate motherfuckas
Can't see me like Ray Charles
Kill em all, stick an ice pick in your shit and have ya HAAA!
Stabbin up shit like OJ, shoot em up with the motherfuckin AK
It's that nigga from the east bay
Killin off shit when the gat spray
Motherfuckin hustler, fuck a busta
High billers we makin a nigga fry
Let's all die, murder up some niggas call "Can I?"
With the infrared up on the nutsac, man blouw blouw!
With the infrared up on them throats, man go blouw blouw!

[Hook1]

[Hook2]