

# 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