

# Concrete Jungle

## South Central Cartel

Nigga what (jungle)  
South Central  
You have heard of that  
Real shit, nigga (jungle)  
That Cartel shit (Cartel - jungle)

I jumped in this - I handle business  
You can't get rid of this  
You feelin' this?  
Nigga what ?!  
It's something about bein' affiliated  
Hate this, hate it  
I peep him while I'm fade it - laid back, cock the gage  
React the blaze in  
Let him feel like hot buck shots - close range  
Keep it movin' all, nigga stop  
Money got this dummies, gunnin' at me, eyes close  
Bitch's runnin' his mouth too much, he wanna High Roll  
I know only I know, where the dough?  
Hold the heat, blast with the dome, lay him low  
Nigga know how to do that deal  
Vietnam warfare like the Staples but take you there  
Should to middle with the South Central blocks  
Where everybody snorts herb, shoot up and smoke up rocks  
But that's home  
And I'll - roam in till I'm gone  
In a zone from them herb clouds comin' straight out the bone

Welcome to the concrete jungle  
Where money more important than living your life humble  
Where bitches treat you like gumbo  
And niggas steady tryin' to gun you  
cause they hate it what you stand for  
It's the concrete jungle...

Full Clipp quick to pull it  
Pull out them verbalize bullets  
Hollow points that ain't got to, what I'm gonna pull it?  
The concrete jungle where niggas rumble over weak raid  
Tear it up, park  
A hollow hold through your heart  
It's the live death become ???  
Pourin' 40 dips around, that's won't you gon' be  
That you realize I wanna baptize in your chest with some of this  
And some of these  
All of these niggas nuthin' but cheese

...bastards  
Niggas transformer like a mixture  
I'm comin' way to punk you like the quickster  
Pop you like a blister  
Load the hollow heads give 'em to ya  
Treat you like my do ya  
The homie to ya  
But I'ma run through you, want smoke  
You'll recognize the real before you hit the front door  
You fuckin' with the Prodigal

By elevatin' game got ya  
Through a wick laugh and still cocked ya

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You make me hit the back door  
Duck the floor hits  
Hit the school gates in a hurry  
Lay my mom But now I'm ghetto fab in a half  
Count low money with my style  
Niggas make me laugh  
But me and Young Prod knows the math  
Make 'em bow down, feel the wrath  
Acts 'em like the craft  
Makin' nigga's tongue hit the floor  
The S.C. through the gun smoke  
We doin' for the paid and the ???  
That sucker-ass nigga ain't a playas  
We livin' got the game for the haters  
Stompin' in my black Chucks  
Servin' cavi to the clucks  
For me the bumper fuck  
Having bad look nigga  
Sticky fingers all in my twist  
Cause they use the nigga like this  
I bring you how I love it  
Gangsta Prod nigga how you love it  
This shit to make the other niggas  
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