

Da Bomb

South Central Cartel

Every since we dropped down
We noticed radio didn't wanna swing with the locs
So like riders we swung with the gees
From Jesse Owens to Manchester Park
From Will Rodgers to Green Meadows Park
S.C.C. put it down for them 10% of real niggas
Keep droppin em, from the shoulders
What's up Treach?
West coast for life
Yeah

As I jumps up thinkin to myself it's another day
Find myself reminiscin on the 1970s
Had the swimming pool and at the park on deck
Even if you gangbanged it didn't matter what set
Doin flips, hittin dips, mobbin to the sto' later
Grabs the Bubble Yum, Jolly Ranchers, Now-Laters
Jesse Owens Park was the spot to hang
Retaliation from the shoulders is the name of the game
Didn't need to pack the fo', put the nine on your hipster
Bang and gettin high, slap-boxin, yeah, a g-ster
Manchester Park, I remember summer school lunches
Mobbin to the park off in bunches
Mom's chillin out with her sister and pops
Kaos in the front gettin sweated by cops
Shootin hoops at the [?], take the bus to the movies
With yo gees, damn I miss the 1970s

Time after time
I know we can change your mind
(Ain't nothin goin on but the bomb)
Kickin game with the S.C.C.
(Ain't nothin goin on but the bomb rap song)
I know we can break it down
(Ain't nothin goin on but the bomb)
It's the bomb, so won't you swing it with me

It's one for the hoods all across the ghettos
From Will Rodgers Park all the way to Green Meadows
The Cartel's back, put the gats in the stash, gee
Let your sounds bounce as we mob through the '90s
Like we used to roll 40 deep in the '80s
30 O.G.'s and about 10 ladies
Chillin at the park with the loud conversation
Homies gettin blazed and the Mr. Prod's from the S.C.
Hittin dips through your hood in my '86 Caddy
I used to roll a 64 on gold d's
But everywhere I went I had to have some O.G.'s
Leanin to the side in a gangster lean
Mad-doggin player-haters cause they quick to scheme
So i sold it got a Coupe De Ville, now I'm dippin forever
And yeah, the Cartel still together

Summertime goes and comes, it's the '90s
6-4's drop and the tops chop, trunk got that bump
Gold d's cause the gees got it poppin
From S.C. to L.B. to Compton

Chip Motorola, 'yac and herb
It gets crucial drive-by's jumpin off daily
And your lady might be your lady for a minute
But once you slip, gee, your homeboy's all up in it
And I'ma keep movin through the six and the seven
Motivatin hoods cause it's all to the good
As we circle every hood like the solar system
Droppin dialect on the rhythm
The wisdom leavin pink panties marinatin
Escapin the 95 L Coupe skatin
Cause though I'm still g-ed I'm a player for life
It's '96 and Cartel still bringin the hits

Are you ready
for the time of your life
Everybody stand up
stand up

Are you ready
for the time of your life
stand up
stand up

Are you ready
for the time of your life
stand up, yeah
then stand up

Are you ready
(are you ready)
said are you ready
(are you ready)
are you ready
(are you ready)
for the ride of your life
ready
(ready)
I said are you ready
(are you ready)
ready for the time of your life