

## Do It Sc Style

### South Central Cartel

1st S.C.C. came at your ass with 'South Central Madness'  
Some of them muthafuckas didn't wanna give us our side respect  
Now S.C.C. doin they shit South Central style

Biggedy-bang!  
I let your fuckin brain hit the concrete  
And jiggedy-jock your fuckin ass into dog meat  
South Central Cartel gives a fuck so it's mayhem  
A laceration of your ass limp  
7 bold muthafuckas with a G-swing  
A G-thang on your ass like a dawg, mayn  
Playback-nigga chalk that  
Get your ass rat-packed  
With Glock lead in your nutt sacks  
I'm Hoo-ridin like Tyson -I guess it's on  
To brake a muthafuckin bone straight towards your dome  
Niggas thought I was a no-no a fuckin so-so  
Tryin to float -oh no, you better duck loc  
Hoes jock real niggas, I guess they figure  
Real niggas take notes,shit,get the picture  
9-3 is the terrior callin a ?Paul-bearin?  
I'm khaki-suited and your bitch is tearin  
Put your ass in a skillet  
Peel your fuckin cap back  
Pull out my dick and piss all in it  
I got a scoap that'll buck a muthafucka from a mile bitch  
And I do it South Central Style

Do it S.C.  
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Muthafucka do it South Central style (muthafucka)

Brakin muthafuckas off quicker  
S.C.'s back bitch  
But now it's time to paint another picture  
I'm killin a nigga with my Nina  
Buck to your damn dome  
I told you muthafuckas 'bring it on!'  
Cause real niggas ain't sleeping  
And O.G.'s don't die and only poof-butt muthafuckas cry  
The other level of a Die Hard  
Duckin the buckshots and pull them muthafuckas like a Hoe-card  
Played pussy, get fucked up  
Knocked out in a hood where my homeboys roll tough  
Weak niggas can't fade this  
A born killer the shit you be seein in a thriller  
But 'Chucky' won't die 'Chucky' won't die bitch  
A find a poor muthafucka and I kill it  
And while you die I survive  
Then creep on another hoe  
And drop his ass like a '64  
It's just a G-thang niggas straight street-bang  
You either hang with a gang or you dope slang  
Bandanas on my ass and a Nine G  
That's how I do it in the S.C.

We do it like a G cause we're loc'd

And nigga's outta line  
??? to get they punk-ass smoked  
I give 'em the backs cause it's like this  
In '93 I'm brak'in the niggas off with a new twist  
The Cartel ain't for bustas  
Stinky cock bitches  
Who only want a nigga for the riches  
Only the real know the deal  
So the real niggas stay down  
And let the punk niggas get clowned  
The county blues never stop shit  
Eastside Hoo-ridin muthafuckas on load clips  
Rat-a-tat muthafuck 'em  
I can't wait to cross 'em  
A G on a set 'Prod buck 'em  
Put a nigga deep in a whole where it's cold as a freezer  
And body-bag them muthafuckin skeezer  
Yeah, I told you stupid muthafuckas I was rollin  
I'm on your ass like a cancer on a colon  
Put niggas in a meat wagon  
My pants keep saggin  
187 on the grand dragon  
Khakied up with my fingers on the muthafuckin trigger  
I do it S.C. style nigga