

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 scoop 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 brakín 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