

## Funk U Up

## South Central Cartel

(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)  
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)  
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)  
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)  
(Get down)  
(Wessyde)

I'm posted up in a Cutlass, hoo-bangin in a bucket  
Hennessy got a nigga mind shifted, so fuck it  
Told you muthafuckas we was back droppin amity  
Riders on deck, Chuck T's my calamity  
Servin any niggas tryin to dip on them whips  
100 spokes gold thangs so I bangs with the clip  
Out of the cut like a I slides like a Klingon  
hit the switch and leave that ass froze like freon  
It's them mad-ass Cartel gangsters  
Throwin bolos so fuck what Bo knows cause I'ma bank ya  
Put your ass on some crutches  
Stackin ends like the Dutches  
Counterreact for the attack like Marcus Allen rushes  
It's that Westside rider Rhime Son, like that  
In a 'burban still swervin sippin on a cognac  
With my tag team, Prode'je, nigga, you couldn't fuck with the realest  
We get in that ass like Bruce Willis  
Bitch

(Funk you right on up  
we gonna funk you right on up)  
Westside  
(Funk you right on up  
we gonna funk you right on up)  
Eastside rider  
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)  
Yeah  
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)  
Nigga  
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)  
Peep game  
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)  
Well, sit your punk-ass down  
(..down)  
Eastside rider

Predatory like the Terminator, mo' game than Sega  
How many muthafuckas wanna step to this omega  
Supreme, the .44 cocked for the cream  
I fiend for the green so the gee's on the scene  
My diamond's in the back but your diamond's in my pocket  
I knock your jaws loose flyin things like a rocket  
You couldn't stop it cause 6-4's, yeah, we drops it  
Comin for your ( ? ) slingin muthafuckin toxic  
Niggas never loc unless you worry S.C.  
Cause many muthafuckas I can bury O.G.  
But when you close your eyes it's the gees comin atcha  
Khakis, Chuck T's, Beefy-Tee's, I'ma gatcha  
Steady dippin, things whippin, am I crippin  
Niggas hate a player so the playa-hatas trippin

When the Rhime Son ridin shotgun niggas see the blues  
And we don't give a fuck about yo crews

(Funk you right on up  
we gonna funk you right on up)  
Eastside rider  
(Funk you right on up  
we gonna funk you right on up)  
Wessyde  
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)  
Haha  
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)  
Geah  
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)  
1996  
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)  
Sit yo ass down  
(...down)  
Cartel riders

I'm dippin back to the hood ragged up too deep  
Extended clips, hollow tips, Murder Squad don't sleep  
I'm terrorizin a terroist, fuck Hussein and his posse  
Expanded flows, hot .44's, khaki saggin, fuck a Nazi  
I'm mobbin block to block, chronic got a nigga on twist  
I gets deeper than the death, so muthafuck the \_Abyss\_  
It's the S.C. O.G. (Who I be?) H-a-v  
96 in your shit, Rhime Son and Prode'je  
Cause we be swingin 17, makin muthafuckas over  
Comin through your hoods like a muthafuckin soldier  
Gangsta rap is over, muthafuckas, how you figure?  
Cause bein anti-gee is like bein anti-nigga  
They try to put to bed but the gee is never sleepin  
I'm down with TLC cause the nigga sho' creepin  
The chronic flows, as it grows you'se a witness  
So sit the fuck down and let the gees handle business

(Funk you right on up  
we gonna funk you right on up)  
Westside  
(Funk you right on up  
we gonna funk you right on up)  
Eastside rider  
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)  
Yeah  
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)  
Nigga  
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)  
Busters  
(Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up)  
Sit your punk-ass down  
(..down)  
Nigga right  
Westside and Eastside on a mission, nigga

199-c-c, muthafuckas  
South Central Cartel beatin yo ass since '91  
And it don't stop  
Never that, never that, nigga  
199... to infinity  
Prode'je and Rhime Son, fool