

# Lil Knucklehead

## South Central Cartel

South Central's back in this muthaf\*\*ka for the big Nine-Three  
Dedicatin this to all you little young niggas  
Used to be my little homie from the hood when I came up  
Chillin with the gee's, slinging ki's, tryin to clock bucks  
Be a role-model when the locs wear the nine strapped  
Didn't even think about the fact you were bum-rapped  
Livin in the S-C 12 tryin to figure it out  
Should I go to school, learn the rules, or should I drop out?  
Maybe I was blind, in a way I was ignorant  
Little knucklehead from my hood was still innocent  
Coulda said, "Loc, what I'm doin ain't the way for you  
You should go to school, get a job and you'll make it through"  
But I didn't do it, I was flippin tryin to be the one  
Rollin in a 6-4 plushed on them things with bumps  
Used to kick you down everyday, cause I had it, loc  
Let you hit the bud' now and then, it was like a joke  
You were goin down, then your mother tried to talk to me  
But I was playin dumb and said I didn't even know you, gee  
6 months later after doin 2 in county blues  
Saw you at the park, khaki'd down, hanging with the fools  
Smokin E.T., talkin about some drive-by  
Lil knucklehead from my hood on a hoo-ride  
A little knucklehead nigga  
Just a knucklehead nigga from my hood, loc  
Yeah a little nigga from my hood  
Little niggas  
Slow your roll, soldiers  
Word up  
Now you're from the hood and you're running with the baby locs  
Claimin rap-mob, slingin dope, and you're never broke  
Got your own 9, and it's smokin every single night  
Now I got the word from the streets, and it's nighty-night  
Lil knucklehead from my hood on the downslide  
Tryin to be the one, my nigga tryin to make it up high  
Coulda told him this is nothing, coulda said him straight then  
Now he's tryin to bang, and somebody's gonna smoke him  
6 months later 13, and a menace now  
Got a little juice as we chill with the pot crowd  
Gettin f\*\*ked up off the E.T. and St. Ides  
Tellin me that I'm the nigga that he used to idolize  
Now you're like me ,little nigga  
Better keep your finger on the trigger  
Or it's 6 feet, little nigga  
Cause on the slab it's a trip, and if you slip, you're a sleeper  
But I'ma be my little brother's keeper  
Put him in the spot, let him clock notch  
Tryin to keep him safe from the 9s and the 12-gauge buckshots  
But one day my nigga tripped  
I caught him with a pipe in his mouth, and I flipped  
Knucklehead nigga goin down in the hood, and it's bad for my business  
So I had to just dismiss  
Now he's back on the block  
2 months later little loc got shot  
2 in the dome by a fool that he jacked for a muthaf\*\*kin quarter  
I guess times got harder  
My little knucklehead nigga  
Just a knucklehead nigga from my hood

What's up with all that shit, nigga?  
Slow your roll  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
From my hood  
My little niggas from the hood