

# No Get Bacc

South Central Cartel

If any crew wanna mad-dog, if you look it's on  
I got this .44 chrome spittin at your dome  
Comin from the shoulders, droppin muthafuckas like boulders  
Rollin with my chip Motorola  
Blazer all fucked but I ain't walkin  
Head feelin light cause my stomach startin to talkin  
As I roll by hoes yellin out: "Star!"  
But I yell back: "Bitch, look at the car!"  
You seen me in a video, don't think that I hustle  
Stressin so bad, make me wanna jack Russell  
I dropped outta high school askin where the money at  
'Man, it's in the rap game' - now it ain't no get back  
'Homie fuck that, where y'all from, loc, you bangin?  
I thought the Cartel were some 87 gangsters'  
Look homie, I'm a player and I ain't got time  
Two steps back, buck you dead in your eye, eye, eye...

If you trip off your mouth and my strap's in my lap  
It ain't no get-back, prepare for your casket  
Nutshell Nazi, the S.C.C.  
Persist to get pissed on, get yo buster ass on

Should I bomb? Yo, let's commence to kill a  
Pussy-ass niggas talkin bout they pullin triggers  
We got the back streets sowed up  
Live on luck will leave your ass fucked, nigga, hold up  
You pickanannies be talkin plenty bullshit  
But you ain't shit when it's time to get with  
Real niggas from the S.C.  
I peel your cap off  
Nigga, now turn that muthafuckin rap off  
5'8" with a big stick  
Muthafuckas try to run but I'm comin at that ass quick  
I'm so bad I kick my own ass  
You disrespect me and I be gettin wreck just like a plane crash  
Dash, I have your ass burnin like some hash  
Ash, you see a mash, then you hear the blast  
Ask the Prod what that be like  
I tell you gangster, now you know it's all to the g right

It's ninety-muthafuckin-six, gees finna ride and slide  
Cartel Gang down to hoo-bang in a five  
Niggas gettin twisted but I don't give a fuck about a buster  
Cartel till I die, muthafucka  
A nigga dressed thuggish, postin with the heater  
Decapitate yo dome with this nine millimeter  
'draulics on amp, the ass is on call  
Hit the second switch, bitch, post my d's on the wall  
Chuck T's posted on the curb  
'yac in my palm and I'm chokin off that herb  
I swerve back to the 9 block, pager goin wicked  
Check my phone book for a bitch who wanna kick it  
Diarrhea-at-the-mouth muthafuckas better ease up  
S.C.G.'s regulatin fools g's up  
Rhime Son, nigga, on deck puttin it down for the set, loc  
Mobbin murder deep with my kinfolk