

# Rollin' Down Da Block

South Central Cartel

Oh man, where my keys at man?  
I can't find my keys  
We're havin a problem with these old bustas out in the Central  
Oh, here they go  
Let's roll

Bow to the wow yippie-yo into the yeain  
I can swing my sack really though I ain't playin  
It's Young Prod with the S.C.C.  
Breakin 'em off like a G.E. from the S.C. flee  
(We're on a mission this is how we do it  
Grey 6-4 on gold D's we them bluest)  
Partner been crossed slippin in the hood where it's good  
All good for me cause I got him for a G  
(It's that fool with the chrome .9 Beretta)  
(9-3 jetter - I.O.U. letter)  
I don't give a mother-mad (huh) like a 17 switches  
Gettin riches and gettin rid of bitches  
Prod what you hittin for  
(Two Tec-9's a safe full of money and a life of hard times)  
Trigga-happy-pappy yo it's me  
So never fade the better from a young-ass G  
Oh, here I come as I swing with the gangstas  
Suckas step up and he slip when I bank ya  
The homie don't try to fade  
If you can't hang with a young-ass G  
From the hood where the yay' slangs flee

Rollin down the block  
Rollin non-stop  
Rollin in my '64 and I keep it drop...

Mobbin' down the block with the Glock  
Got the 16 shots for the crooked-ass cop  
Gots to be a true G see me later as I creep  
Mausberg pump (jump) I put that ass on sleep  
So tippy-tippy-toe as I float through the hood in my 4  
Job-top-D's punk please (oh no)  
G slidin' down tha block with the Glock cocked  
Feelin' bigger picture Rhimeson droppin non-stop  
Hits for the streets as I groove like a G  
Hollow point tips in the cut playin' low key  
You got the (1-2-3) for the set  
Bend that ass over I'ma stuff it with the jet  
Yeah, I hang around like herpes and tricks wanna slurp me  
The Glock 10 is puttin in work G  
Havikk from the C be a G with this N-U-T's  
Hangin strong like a tree  
Fool, so flee from, it's a C thang a G thang  
Chronic all day (AK) goin insane  
Droppin punks in the mud make his blood die the rug  
In the hood where it's good cause I gets love

Yeah this is how the S.C.C. do they shit  
In the '94  
Yeah, 'In-Gatz-We-Trust-Style' on your ass  
Murder Squad 4 life, fools

Break 'em off quicker with the trigger  
Throw 'em in the river  
Dip thru the hood while you figure  
Why must I be like this  
Is it cause I'm ruthless  
Naw, gotta show 'em how I do this  
Up in the mornin  
Everybody sleep  
While you countin sheep Prodeje is on the creep  
Because I got the fever for the flavour  
I got to get my wage to keep my car phone and my pager  
I'm hittin' licks on the backstreets  
Gotta get some gold thangs cause I wanna get fat freaks  
Not the fat like a fat but the fat like a popper  
That take ya to the 'tel for the popper  
In the hood's where it's good  
Let's make it understood I love the damned hood like my wood  
G's hangin long like my family jewels  
On the corners with the Ides mad-doggin the fools  
Yeah, that gangsta rhyme has got me goin in circles  
So you should be awakin like hearshal  
It ain't nuthin goin on but the buck life bang  
But in the good's where the G's hang  
L.V.  
'S.C.THANG', IT AIN'T THE SAME THANG