

Servin' Em Heat

South Central Cartel

199-muthafuckin'4: South Central Cartel is back in the house
Prodeje, Havikk the Rhyme Son and the Mouthpiece
And we straight servin your ass heat

Muthafuckas gettin clowned like I said in the 9-1
But 94 is in effect if you want some
Funk fo' yo' trunk, bring it on if it's on then it's poppin
And only for the real car droppin
G shit, nigga through the hood's in the S-C
P da R da O da D da E da J da Comin I don't think so, niggas gotta float sty
le
This lil' nigga still loco
8-9's where the hustlers dwell
You wanna know where I'm from: S-C Cartel
TO the Crips and the Bloods, I'm a homie
Many niggas talk shit
And get banked with the O-E
Regulatin off petitions, calling on the D-L
That's where the real O.G.'s bail
Down low in a short Coupe
Knock knock for the hoes in the hood tryin to be suited
It's all good when I'm creepin
Back street lights on and muthafuckas done slipping
I know my city so I'm rollin, niggas tried to swang with this
But South Central's kinda dangerous

S-C nigga kickin gangsta shit
Cartel gonna get my back
S-C nigga kickin gangsta shit, fool
Run up and I'ma serve you heat

Breakin muthafuckas off, nigga for the hoo-ride
A true G from the C finna G-slide
Strapped cause it's on if them niggas runnin up play the back in
Cause I'ma clown with my Mac-10
Big G's in the hood stay down for a nigga
Hoes ride dicks cause we got bigger
90 muthafuckin 2 street
S-C Cartel bailin through the mist servin much hell
Niggas fronted on a nigga in the 93
The little loc's bustin caps for the bigger G
Peelin niggas cap quick
I let the khakis hang get ripped for the niggas wanna set trip
Surely loc's with the Locs
Glock in my drawers fuckin with the old folks
Knuckle headed nigga in the hood gettin ???? off the E.T. and O.E
Layin in the cut for the police
H-A to the V-I double muthafuckin K
Creepin on yo' ass with an AK
At the park shootin' hoops
And finna get my strap on
Smokin niggas cause I'm jail pro

I'm from a hood where the real niggas come-up
Some gang bang, some slang but I'm dealin in the rap game
You try to figure who I run with
The S-C to the muthafuckin C, that's all bitch

And in the end I'ma maintain
Muthafuckas hittin deep try to main but I'm insane
So I wouldn't trip nigga cause I got a clip
For the 9, hanging on my muthafuckin hip
You need to kick it in the city with me
And Rhyme Son's peeling caps on the suckers actin shitty with me
And muthafuckas still flossin, still tryin to O.G.
On the slap smokin E.T.

Hangin on the muthafuckin deuce
I saw my cousin Prod hit the floor with a muthafuckin' small Coupe
Mouthpiece got the Tec for yo' ass and it's over
And En Vogue couldn't hold ya
Niggas yellin I'ma a 8-7 gangsta
Thin what you want, I keep one in the chamber
A real Cartel nigga
Finger on the trigger if you step I'ma put yo' ass in the river
Shootin dice in the hood buckin niggas for their last end
In a mood to get my blastin
Hittin dips cause I'm down with the Crips and THE Bloods G
And muthafuckas can't fade me