

South Central Madness

South Central Cartel

Yo, this Havoc the Mouthpiece from the S.C.C.
I only got three words to say:
South - Central - Madness

Hoo-ridin in the Central, yeah, the gangsters mob for life
The Cartel's gonna roll the dice
One time for the mind of the niggas strollin deep
Watch your back, I'm about to creep
It's not Compton, it's South Central like a bitch
Another gee with a gaffled gangster pitch
If your game is weak, you speak straight punk
If funk jump you're soft and try to punk
Cause I'ma hit you in the face with it
I got a posse of crews to serve blues if you fuck with it
Yo, the Prode'je spoke and choke and choke
Who croak when the guns smoke, ?broke, you're half-loc'ed?
But I'ma break it down for those who know
Be real when you claim South Central
Cause on the Central tip you get pistol-whipped
And if the pistol slip, you get Uzi-clipped
211's in progress
Here comes the 187 if a sucker tries to fess
Kaos, Gripp, the ringleader is rip shit
And when I'm grippin the mic or when I flip shit

It's not Compton, what's up punk, it's South Central
A crime wave of gangster-made criminals
Liftin a skit to your dome, I'm relentless, shit
Cock the nine and laugh when I blast this shit
Cause your ass got tossed
By the mafia king, you were hung by the boss
Havikk, my felonous pitch will lynch a bitch
Smoke and choke any punk on a off-stroke
Cause I provide the funk and it's homicide
Suckers collide with my drum and get hung
Gaffle, swarm and alarm and drop a storm of death
Eat your brain and watch your ass melt
In the Central I roam, I'm close to home
The dangerzone, muthafucka, get your head flown
By a loc, I'ma smoke, I'm no joke
Drop the floor on a noose and watch your ass choke
Feel the lyrics that blow, how it detonate
Hide your dome, the Cartel will penetrate
Your damn cranium, punk, who's the baddest?
You can't escape the South Central Madness

Yo, this is the hype of all hypes
Hype-up track for '92
For South Central
Cold droppin gangsta

Yo, I got a gat, I'm tryin to deal with the Madness
Mexican gangsta, born with a badness
So I drink forties like a wino
And let me get it straight, don't give a fuck about a five-o
Cause I live on the edge like every nigga
A nine for a nine, get fly with a trigger

And man, I gat, so I guess I'm a rider
Bitches know I'm paid, so I guess that's why they strive for
I sling like the Cartel bang
Scorpio is ???? but you ain't gonna hang
My AK is fully automatic
If you wanna live, chump, then don't get dramatic
Cause the jail's got a goddamn mafia
Wanna scrap, punk? Ace'll be droppin ya
When we're done you're gonna be feelin blue
Sleepin on the floor like a muthafuckin ????
Just because you thought you that crazy
Try to rush hard but your shit couldn't phase me
Cause I'm more than a brother that's mental
I'm the one Mexican that roam South Central

A city with so much credential
Livin in Central is strictly all mental
Coincidental, let me tell you what I'm into
Gamin on the niggas who think they can step to
A pretty seditty lady from the city
Looks are deceiving but my attitude is shitty
And don't try to step to me quick
Cause a 9mm in your mouth I will stick
And make you lookin like a popsicle
Hear the blast, and I see your blood trickle
Yeah, exactly what I figured
A bitch-made nigga that's scared to pull the trigger
On a lady that's got you feelin smaller
Shorter than short, I'm the lady shot caller
The boss that 24 is dissin
Any muthafucka who think they can fade this
S.C.C. is comin out slayin
It's not a gang when no Uzi is sprayin
A lady that's pullin all the cards
I smoke ya and leave ya dead with your dick on hard

Malibu beaches and everyday sunshine
Bullshit - my city's full of one-time
Rollin on a hunt for they favorite toy
Any gangsta nigga wearin khakis and Curduroys
House shoes or a pair of Nikeys
And you talkin 'bout you wanna come and sight-see?
Fool, you better stay where you're at and keep your health
Cause where I'm from every nigga's for hisself
Or his set with the vest and a Tec
So if you've never been here, then channel 7 is your best bet
Me, I was raised in Watts after the riots
So I was taught: see the head, fly it
And one-time, I know they name and they faces
Because I see em on a everyday basis
Niggas claim hard cause of a warrant or a bounty
Others try to claim L.A. from Orange County
But ain't even close to claim hard knocks
That's why they dyin of a overdose of buckshots
I can't take it, my mic, somebody grab this
And keep flowin to the South Central Madness

For all you muthafuckas out there don't know how we livin in South Central
Fuck y'all!

(Shit, goddamn
Get off yo ass and jam!) (2x)

Westside, hoo-ride, let me kick a pimpin slide
Weak niggas straight trip when I ride
Young Westworld trippin on another flow
And yeah nigga, I still got my .44
In the front seat tryin to fuck with me?
And get sprayed, fool, this the S.C.
In the house, puttin niggas' heads out
Workin em out, trippin em out without a doubt
And still stuffin big dick in your hoe mouth
Westworld kick a grip on a flow
And yo, right after this I get to fuck yo hoe
Young nigga, don't sweat that
Cause if you do, Andy Mac get the muthafuckin AK strapped
On your back with a goddamn slug in your head
Now you know the O.G. meaning of 'dead'
And right after I proved the point
Kick back and smoke a fat joint
Of green funky Indo
Then kick back and let a fine hoe
Suck my dick, bitch trick, when I say so
Westside, killin up niggaroos