

West Coast Gangstas

South Central Cartel

4 deep on the creep, I gots the Tecs on prraahh..
Take the safety off lock, exterminate your block
Leavin' do' holes with .44's and 20-gauge rifles and Tecs
And breakin' niggas' necks like bad checks
Outrageous with 12 gauges, 'L.A. Times' front pages
Leaving mingled bodies hangin' on stages
Collapse niggas with raps, caps niggas with straps
Smoking on the bomb, eyes tighter than Japs
Rollin' evil with the Desert Eagle, schemin' Young Prod
When the squad's in the house: oh my God, a homicide
Is 'bout to committed, admit it
You seen the Tec and you shifted
Nickel-plate in your face, a .38
Competin, strangle the evil with low blows
I dips fo' low with bad hoes, the saga unfolds
The S.C. script had to design shit to wreck your mental
Bitch, and plant a fuckin' slug in your temple
Yeah

The West Coast Gangstas still O.G.'s
Sportin' khakis and Chucks and B.V.T's.
Swervin through your hood in a blue low-low
Sportin' Carhartt jeans with a chrome 4-4

G maneouvres, increasin my retaliation
Shob niggas provoke could equal to your devastation
My motivation is lyrication, the philosophation
Acquired by the gangsta's inspiration
Mentally loc'd I'm smokin' tracks like it's blunted
I'm frontin' 'bout .44 mags and G rags
My khakis, t-shirt and Chucks stun ya
I zap you like a genie
You try to escape like Whodini
You plastic
I'm boombastic like that muthafucka Shaggy
The Cartel keeps the groove nasty
You tried to fade, but got eliminated, tried the differential
But couldn't fade the fuckin' instrumental
My mental compound exploitin' the hoods and towns
Breakin' it down, and if you trippin', yo' ass is clowned
It's Mr. Prod comin' cutthroat, live through the wire
The West Coast G's is on fire

Freestylin' to a instrumental in a rental
Q-fo'-fever, evil side finna leave a
Nigga leakin, blood seekin' for the weekend
Headhuntin like a dome-servin' freak and
Mental scheme we G's this, we locs like that
We grab Macs and reacts to open niggas' backs
Welcome to the dome of terror, the era of the evil side
Take niggas out the run like drive-by's
Come come, test this, let's just
See yo' face taste just this
No mistakin, we're money-makin'
We grab the g's, get the ki's and we shake it
It ain't too easy to find me
Young Prod run games like _Jumanji_

My 9 blow minds everytime I dump
Takin' niggas' chests out and lump
Evil Side, servin' muthafuckas from the back to the front
Don't front, so where ya at?
In the back of the homie's 'Lac
Cockin' a strap, finna take a muthafucka off the mat
I got your back - back at ya, nigga
Pull the triggers, slugs to niggas' mugs
Forever Evil Side, straight gangsta