

# 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 E is me  
Comin' [Incomprehensible] I don't think so, niggas gotta float style  
This lil' nigga still loco  
89 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, callin' 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 suit  
It's all good when I'm creepin'  
Back street lights on and muthafuckas done sleepin'  
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' lit 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  
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  
Cartel's gonna get my back  
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, hangin' on my muthafuckin' hip  
You need to kick it in the city with me  
And Rhyme Son's peelin' caps on the suckers actin' shitty with me  
And muthafuckas still flossin', still tryna 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  
Think 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  
S-C nigga kickin' gangsta shit  
Cartel gonna get my back  
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