

# West Coast Gangstas

## South Central Cartel

[HAVIKK:]4 deep on the creep, I gots the Tec on prraahh.

Take the safety off lock, exterminate your block  
Leavin do' holes with .44's and 20-gauge rifles and Tec  
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 shitted  
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

[Chorus: L.V. & PRODEJE]

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  
[PRODEJE:]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  
[Chorus...]  
[? & YOUNG PROD:]  
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  
[Chorus...]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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