Ya Want Sum a Dis

South Central Cartel

[VERSE 1: Prodeje]
You start to sway as the story begins to flow
Another solo, no, but it's another duo
Prodeje hit the map, so zap your back up
Another tale of how a gangsta came up
When I was adolescent my mother tried to school me
But I was wild and acted unruly
So told me, "Yo Prodeje, you could die," but I said, "So?"
Cause sooner or later we all gotta go
I hit the streets and it was on, like Al Capone
I let my khakis hang low when I roam
I come from the heart of South Central
It ain't no joke, and if you choke, it's on the gunsmoke
Now broke as a muthafucka I started to serve
Hangin on the corners gettin on the people's nerves
And when the cops tried to catch me
They don't get shit because a nigga's too slick
I run in an alley and throw my nine in the trees
Jumpin over fences until I couldn't breathe
The other level of walkin the streets
Is way deeper than a nigga bullshittin over beats
The breaks are hard times and county is a pitstop
Before your ass is smoked, another hardknock
Spittin the dope shit, punk, protect yourself
I started with a nine, now I fear for health
I got a .38 scar, reminder of my first slip
I had a job, but see, some niggas still trip
Call me a sucker, but yo, I'm down for some scrappin
I socked one in the head, then the other started cappin
It left the Prodeje scarred for life
Now I'm doin drive-by's and takin niggas' life
It's deeper than death, in the hood it's even deeper still
The cops hate me, they want my cap peeled
Another brother you hate to see
Gettin paid, cause some fear young niggas like me
(Boom-boom-boom on your black ass)
(You want some of this?)
(Then you're a stupid muthafucka)
[VERSE 2: Havikk]

Another flow, nigga move slow or get your ass kicked
Another gangsta with the shit you can't fuck with
I got a heart of steel and a fist of hell
A couple .44, I'm backed by the Cartel
I got a bitch that will kick you in the ass a little
I let the khakis hang low like a criminal
Prodeje said, "Yo Havikk, nigga, kick the real shit
In case a nigga try to ride on your dick"
They call me low-key cause I roam and I pump lead
And put the chrome to the dome of a nigga's head
And then the bodies start to calculate
On the corner I stand with the gees from upstate
The people don't know but I'm a loco
Hey yo, I been on the run for a year in South Central
The five-o's roll, they got my name and age ready, yo
I may be Jonathan, James or (?)
I get away, laugh and say fuck em all
Get the spraypaint and strike upon the people's wall
Deep in the Central it's hell, so when you stroll through
Watch your ass, muthafucka, or you die too
The sun don't shine in my city
Cause you get smoked, broked and choked, it's crazy, no joke
Cause I run game and I slang lley
And I pimp hoes and keepin dough with high-priced clothes
My moms didn't know how I was livin
Cause I told lies to keep the tears out her sad brown eyes
I kept a nine handy for a drive-by
In case I had to sing a punk fool a lullaby
Yo, another day, another dead-ass muthafucka
Caught slippin, now he's six feet under
Cause crime don't pay but crime is life, death and pain
So duck low when my nine goes bang(Boom-boom-boom on your black ass)
(You want some of this?)
(Then you're a stupid muthafucka)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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