

# 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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