

Da Bomb

South Central Cartel

[INTRO: Young Prod]

Every since we dropped down
We noticed radio didn't want to swing with the locs
So like riders we swung with the gees
From Jesse Owens to Manchester Park
From Will Rodgers to Green Meadows Park
S.C.C. put it down for them 10% of real niggas
Keep droppin em, from the shoulders
What's up Treach?
West coast for life

Yeah[VERSE 1: Havikk the Rhime Son]

As I jumps up thinkin to myself it's another day
Find myself reminiscin on the 1970s
Had the swimming pool and at the park on deck
Even if you gangbanged it didn't matter what set
Doin flips, hittin dips, mobbin to the sto' later
Grabs the Bubble Yum, Jolly Ranchers, Now-Laters
Jesse Owens Park was the spot to hang
Retaliation from the shoulders is the name of the game
Didn't need to pack the fo', put the nine on your hipster
Bang and gettin high, slap-boxin, yeah, a g-ster
Manchester Park, I remember summer school lunches
Mobbin to the park off in bunches
Mom's chillin out with her sister and pops
Kaos in the front gettin sweated by cops
Shootin hoops at the (?), take the bus to the movies
With yo gees, damn I miss the 1970s[CHORUS: L.V.]

Time after time

I know we can change your mind
(Ain't nothin goin on but the bomb)

Kickin game with the S.C.C.
(Ain't nothin goin on but the bomb rap song)

I know we can break it down
(Ain't nothin goin on but the bomb)

It's the bomb, so won't you swing it with me[VERSE 2: Prode'je]

It's one for the hoods all across the ghettos
From Will Rodgers Park all the way to Green Meadows
The Cartel's back, put the gats in the stash, gee
Let your sounds bounce as we mob through the '90s

Like we used to roll 40 deep in the '80s
 30 O.G.'s and about 10 ladies
 Chillin at the park with the loud conversation
 Homies gettin blazed and the (?) givin (?)
 Mr. Prod's from the S.C.
 Hittin dips through your hood in my '86 Caddy
 I used to roll a 64 on gold d's
 But everywhere I went I had to have some O.G.'s
 Leanin to the side in a gangster lean
 Mad-doggin player-haters cause they quick to scheme
 So i sold it got a Coupe De Ville, now I'm dippin forever
 And yeah, the Cartel still together[CHORUS][VERSE 3: Havikk the Rhime Son]
 Summertime goes and comes, it's the '90s
 6-4's drop and the tops chop, trunk got that bump
 Gold d's cause the gees got it poppin
 From S.C. to L.B. to Compton
 Chip Motorola, 'yac and herb
 It gets crucial drive-by's jumpin off daily
 And your lady might be your lady for a minute
 But once you slip, gee, your homeboy's all up in it
 [Prode'je]
 And I'ma keep movin through the six and the seven
 Motivatin hoods cause it's all to the good
 As we circle every hood like the solar system
 Droppin dialect on the rhythm
 The wisdom leavin pink panties marinatin
 Escapin the 95 L Coupe skatin
 Cause though I'm still g-ed I'm a player for life
 It's '96 and Cartel still bringin the hits[CHORUS]Are you ready
 for the time of your life
 Everybody stand up
 stand upAre you ready
 for the time of your life
 stand up
 stand upAre you ready
 for the time of your life
 stand up, yeah
 then stand upAre you ready
 (are you ready)
 said are you ready
 (are you ready)
 are you ready
 (are you ready)
 for the ride of your life
 ready

(ready)
I said are you ready
(are you ready)
ready for the time of your life

Songwriters

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