

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

AUSTIN PATTERSON, BRIAN WEST, GREGORY JOEL ABBOTT

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