W.C. Rocks

South Central Cartel

[Young Prod]
What's up
Cartel representin for all the real niggas that represent from both coasts
East and west, nigga, like that
To all you bitch-ass niggas dissin this gangsta shit
Fuck y'all, no love
What's up, Treach, Kay Gee, Vin-Rock
Youknowmsayin, puttin it down
Ill and Al Skratch
All the west coast homies
Knowmsayin?
Let's rock[Young Prod]
I felt the slaughter and thought I oughta rip off niggas' faces
Interphase my razorblades, cause this is gangsta
Collapse perhaps when a strap split you between your eyes
40mm infrared beams, homicides
.45's, .44 Desert Eagles to the skies
Tec-9s, Mac-10s, the biggest to the smallest size
And I ride these ghetto streets when I'm high
L.A.C., S.C.C. d.o.g. and that's right
I put that on my mama, I hears the drama from the bitch coast
Killer, better feel a realer nigga from the west coast
Now just suppose you was on the west coast
And you got caught up in the drama with the baby locs
You say it ain't real, but now you're feelin like a hoe
Cause a nigga 13 done knocked yo ass to the flo'
[Rhimeson]
Now nigga, what's happenin, it's the cavi and the gee that see-ride
My chest full of that doja, finna slug, hittin the thai
The Hen got a nigga brain cells on nutty
Come with a Tec, roll in a bucket, broke as fuck, yellin "Fuck it!"
I'm hittin niggas up as I swerve down your block
Yellin "Cartel", yo westside rider, it don't stop
Put a slug in a nigga's ass like a see
Knock him off like a d, beatin his ass like a tree
Rhimeson regulatin more blocks than Fort Knox
I'm the baddest batter parlayin clippin up yo blocks
Drop-top storin glocks, and if the battery's hot, it's on
Brigades that ice-skates and put marks in funeral homes

The g shit won't quit, loc, as we dip through
Loadin clips, fool, for your whole crew, yellin "Fuck you!"
Gangstas, teams leavin hoes and toes frozen
Tags in teams rollin and casket doors closin[CHORUS]
[Young Prod]
West coast niggas don't give a fuck
So when you hear that milimeter bust, it be us
Peepin how you're dissin, sayin our missions ain't real
But when the Cartel's through, you bitch-ass niggas we gon' still...(Eastside niggas, Westside niggas)
Now we finna show you how the west coast rocks
(Westside niggas, Eastside niggas)
Now we finna show you how the west coast rocks[Prode'je]
Like Cube I'ma show you how the west coast rocks
Put the clips in the glocks and let em go pop-pop
Eastsider, S.C.G.'s, the representers of the gory
Keep talkin that shit, you catch a flurry
I bury muthafuckas, they call me Buckus, not Fuckus
But I'm quick to put a rush on all you bustas
Enough is enough is, now who's the fuckin roughest
The toughest, and in the end, who's gonna need the crutches?
I said it once before, and I respect the realer niggas
The realer niggas pullin killer-triggas on the iggas
It figures, cause who's the bigger niggas when it's payday?
We parlay and give the props to niggas and what they say
It's okay, cause gangstas movin deeper to the masses
Others kissin asses, we comin with the blastes
We smashes, and kickin at your asses like some stress is
The gangstas puttin it down for the pound where the west is
[Young Prod]
When I'm in a low-low rollin slow mo' to the east
I be a thief like Coolio and roll with 40 Thevz
Gees in the backseat, clippin up the heat
I'm leanin out the window, dumpin niggas yellin "Peace!"
Release hollow-points, splittin between your joints
Shots explode, eyes close, niggas get my point
West coast niggas don't give a fuck
So when you hear that milimeter bust, it be us
Peepin how you're dissin, sayin our missions ain't real
But when the Cartel's through, you bitch-ass niggas we gon' still...(Eastside niggas, Westside niggas)
Now we finna show you how the west coast rocks
(Westside niggas, Eastside niggas)
Now we finna show you how the west coast rocks[?]
Now I came through the do', I said it befo'
It's all about that west coast flow and the .44
So get a grip, niggas dissin best to listen

Fuck all you hooks, and I ain't talkin about fishin
Got this mission that I'm completin, and niggas that I'm deletin
And I'm heatin up your block with the Tec and the infrared glock
Servin niggas with Mac-10 triggers
The bigger the nigga size, the bigger the hole he lies in
Cause that's the lifestyle I'm livin, so I express it in my raps
For snaps and collapse fools with the straps
Perhaps the west coast is too hardcore
Kickin down your front do' with the infrared .44
Like [name], but on a mission for props
Everybody hit the flo', no beef no mo'
[?]
Nigga, don't expect for us to let that shit ride on this side
Yeah, you're safe at home, but over here you best to hide
I'm capable of servin niggas problems with my heater
I'm down to put the strap down to let my fist met ya
Niggas don't want no problems now, nigga, you will get broke down
Nigga, you find yourself dead on the ??? bound
Cause I get so hot, niggas, you cannot stop me
West coast comin hard, so your ass best to copy
Sloppy-ass marks, y'all don't want to see me
I throw heat on your ass and bust a cap, cause it's easy
Keep it real[CHORUS]

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