

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 roughest, 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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