

Box Car Racer

"4 Yo Ear"

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[CHORUS]

S.C. Cartel bumpin fat tracks in your ear
Rollin in your hood and you know it's all good
Rollin down the 'Shaw in my Lexus
(?) rims and my Alpine bumpin
The 808 is thumpin

[VERSE 1: Havikk the Rhime Son]

Dippin down yo block, battery's hot in a rag deuce
Flossin on threes, gold d's for my gees
Slidin (?) dub skatin evil as I swerve
Hit the switch on a bitch, post my Daytons on the curb
Easin through the hood, scope the scenery
Fiendin for the greenery
Gotta stack a end as I bend
North on the 'Shaw past the one-time flossin
Catch a fool slippin on them 100 spokes, he's walkin
Home like a buster, let the Alpine crank
Switch the CD as I fire up the dank
Oh thank God I'm a rider, Rhime Son be
Yo, that gee from the Carte...
With pockets on swoll' and the caviar's callin me
And niggas mad-doggin me bringin out the hog in me
Punk-ass busters wanna show me, they flexin
Parks my six-deuce as I jumps in my Lexus

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[VERSE 2: Prodje'je]

Once again it's on, polish up the chrome on my coupe d
Open up a new (?)
The (?) is in my deck and it's rockin
Shockin, hoes wanna pose but I'm knockin
Boots as I swoops down the 91 West
Yes, I gots to wear a bullet-proof vest
Fools wanna trip so I trip back on em
Fuck they ass up till they hoes don't want em
I'm on em, the Eastside gees and the P
At ease, you don't wanna fuck with these

And we'se the malice, careless muthafuckas
Puttin pooh-puts in a jammie like Smuckers
My knockers holdin shit down like the underground
(We'll make you go round and round)
So now I'm callin up my crew
And what you gonna do
When you see the niggas in blue

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[VERSE 3: Droop & Twin]

One mo' time through yo hood and mines
You're walkin thin lines on these bomb-ass rhymes
And verses, sleepin off in hearses
Niggas on the run cause my flows cause curses
With verses, we ain't in this game for the fame
We just like servin hoods like a muthafuckin hurricane
Muthafuckin busters, me and Twin puttin it down in '96
Tossin up tricks and crossin niggas like chop sticks
Shit I spit hits your ears and cause pain
Stressin out your frame like you got Slim-Fast on your
brain
It ain't no thing to be a in-the-cut rider
And it ain't no thing to be a black godfather
Think of a nigga standin 5 foot 6
With some baggy-ass pants and some bomb-ass kicks
Twin gives a fuck, loc, cause I'm a rider
With my nigga Droop be O.G. Westsider

[OUTRO: Havoc the Mouthpiece]

Rollin through your hood is another nigga from the
Cartel
who done earned his stripes
bumpin "Flashlight"
tryin to get rich like Richie
[] through my city

[CHORUS (repeated till fade)]

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