

## **Box Car Racer**

### **"Do it S.C. Style"**

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(Havoc)

1st S.C.C. came at your ass with 'South Central  
Madness'

Some of them muthafuckas didn't wanna give us our  
side respect

Now S.C.C. doin they shit South Central style

(Havikk The Rhime Son)

Biggedy-bang!

I let your fuckin brain hit the concrete

And jiggedy-jock your fuckin ass into dog meat

South Central Cartel gives a fuck so it's mayhem

A laceration of your ass limp

7 bold muthafuckas with a G-swing

A G-thang on your ass like a dawg, mayn

Playback-nigga chalk that

Get your ass rat-packed

With Glock lead in your nutt sacks

I'm Hoo-ridin like Tyson -I guess it's on

To brake a muthafuckin bone straight towards your  
dome

Niggas thought I was a no-no a fuckin so-so

Tryin to float -oh no, you better duck loc

Hoes jock real niggas, I guess they figure

Real niggas take notes,shit,get the picture

9-3 is the terror callin a ?Paul-bearin?

I'm khaki-suited and your bitch is tearin

Put your ass in a skillet

Peel your fuckin cap back

Pull out my dick and piss all in it

I got a scoap that'll buck a muthafucka from a mile  
bitch

And I do it South Central Style

(Chorus) 2x

Do it S.C.

Do it S.C.

Muthafucka do it South Central style (muthafucka)

(Prodeje)

Brakin muthafuckas off quicker

S.C.'s back bitch  
But now it's time to paint another picture  
I'm killin a nigga with my Nina  
Buck to your damn dome  
I told you muthafuckas 'bring it on!'  
Cause real niggas ain't sleeping  
And O.G.'s don't die and only poof-butt muthafuckas  
cry  
The other level of a Die Hard  
Duckin the buckshots and pull them muthafuckas like a  
Hoe-card  
Played pussy, get fucked up  
Knocked out in a hood where my homeboys roll tough  
Weak niggas can't fade this  
A born killer the shit you be seein in a thriller  
But 'Chucky' won't die 'Chucky' won't die bitch  
A find a poor muthafucka and I kill it  
And while you die I survive  
Then creep on another hoe  
And drop his ass like a '64  
It's just a G-thang niggas straight street-bang  
You either hang with a gang or you dope slang  
Bandanas on my ass ??? and a Nine G  
That's how I do it in the S.C.

(Chorus) 2x

(L.V.speakin)

(Havikk The Rhime Son)  
We do it like a G cause we're loc'd  
And nigga's outta line  
??? to get they punk-ass smoked  
I give 'em the backs cause it's like this  
In '93 I'm brakin the niggas off with a new twist  
The Cartel ain't for bustas  
Stinky cock bitches  
Who only want a nigga for the riches  
Only the real know the deal  
So the real niggas stay down  
And let the punk niggas get clowned  
The county blues never stop shit  
Eastside Hoo-ridin mutahfuckas on load clips  
Rat-a-tat muthafuck 'em  
I can't wait to cross 'em  
A G on a set 'Prod buck 'em  
Put a nigga deep in a whole where it's cold as a freezer  
And body-bag them muthafuckin skeezer  
Yeah, I told you stupid muthafuckas I was rollin  
I'm on your ass like a cancer on a colon  
Put niggas in a meat wagon

My pants keep saggin  
187 on the grand dragon  
Khakied up with my fingers on the muthafuckin trigger  
I do it S.C. style nigga

(Chorus) 2x

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