

## Box Car Racer

### "S.C.G.'Z"

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Check it out  
All don't G like we G  
Evil side on the cut thang S.C.C.  
Y'all don't G...

[HAVIKK]

4 deep on the creep, I gots the heat on -  
We swervin' whip to set trip, regulate your block  
Turn the 6-4's to low-low's, bangin' for the West Coast  
What's next? Breakin fools necks like bad checks  
Outrageous with 12 gauges, L.A. Times front pages  
Leavin' mingled bodies hangin' on stages  
Collapse fools with raps, peeelin' caps with straps  
Twistin' off the bomb, my eyes are tighter than Japs  
Rollin' evil with the evil side schemin', Young Prod  
Clipp's the house, oh my God, a homicide!  
Is about to be committed, admit it, we run thangs  
Full Clipp from S.C., ready to ride and hoo-bang  
Competin', strangle the evil with low blows  
Low low's stay juiced on thick with hell of heat exposed  
The S.C. script have a design to serve anydody  
Yeah, West Coast is more feared than John Gotti

Chorus...

So what you gon' do when you see  
Them West Coast G's mobbin' 4 and 5 deep  
And flossin' whips  
Shake it, shake it babe, West Coast Gangstas 5 deep  
And that's killa...

[PRODEJE]

G manouvres, increasin' my retaliation  
Real killers provoked could equal to your devastation  
My motivation is lyrication, this philosophation  
Acquired by the gangsta's inspiration  
Ready to loc, I'm smokin' tracks like it's (blunted)  
I'm frontin' 'bout .44 mags and G rags  
My khakis, t-shirt and Chucks stun ya  
I zap you like a genie  
You try to escape like Whodini

You plastic  
I'm boombastic like that mutha... Shaggy  
The Cartel keeps the groove nasty  
You tried to fade, but got eliminated, tried the  
differential  
But couldn't fade the gangstas gettin' mental  
Credential, compound exploding through hoods and  
towns  
Breakin' it down, the G's is makin' the world go round  
It's Mr. Prod comin' cutthroat, live like a wire  
The West Coast G's is on fire

Chorus...

[??? & YOUNG PROD]

Freestylin' to a instrumental, in a rental  
Q-fo'-fever, evil side finna leave ya  
Whole hood leakin, blood seekin' for the weekend  
Headhuntin like a dome-servin' freak and  
Mental scheme we G's this, we locs like that  
We grab Macs and reacts to open marks' backs  
Welcome to the dome of terror, the era of the Evil Side  
Lay fools out in rhymes like drive-by's  
Come, come, test this, let's just  
See yo' face taste ??? then just this  
No mistakin, not fakin in the field, we're money-makin'  
We grab the g's, get the ki's and we shake it  
It ain't too easy to find me  
Young Prod run games like Jumanji  
My 9 blow minds everytime I dump  
Takin' bastards' chests out and lump  
Evil Side, serve a whole click from the back to the front  
Don't front, so where ya at?  
In the back of the homie's 'Lac  
Cockin' a strap, finna take the funny style off the mat  
I got your back - back at ya, gangsta  
Pull the triggers, slugs to bastards' mugs  
Forever Evil Side, straight bangers

Chorus...

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