

## Box Car Racer

### "South Central Madness"

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[ Havoc ]

Yo, this Havoc the Mouthpiece from the S.C.C.  
I only got three words to say:  
South - Central - Madness

[ Prode'je ]

Hoo-ridin in the Central, yeah, the gangsters mob for  
life  
The Cartel's gonna roll the dice  
One time for the mind of the niggas strollin deep  
Watch your back, I'm about to creep  
It's not Compton, it's South Central like a bitch  
Another gee with a gaffled gangster pitch  
If your game is weak, you speak straight punk  
If funk jump you're soft and try to punk  
Cause I'ma hit you in the face with it  
I got a posse of crews to serve blues if you fuck with it  
Yo, the Prode'je spoke and choke and choke  
Who croak when the guns smoke, ?broke, you're half-  
loc'ed?  
But I'ma break it down for those who know  
Be real when you claim South Central  
Cause on the Central tip you get pistol-whipped  
And if the pistol slip, you get Uzi-clipped  
211's in progress  
Here comes the 187 if a sucker tries to fess  
Kaos, Gripp, the ringleader is rip shit  
And when I'm grippin the mic or when I flip shit

[ Havikk ]

It's not Compton, what's up punk, it's South Central  
A crime wave of gangster-made criminals  
Liftin a skit to your dome, I'm relentless, shit  
Cock the nine and laugh when I blast this shit  
Cause your ass got tossed  
By the mafia king, you were hung by the boss  
Havikk, my felonous pitch will lynch a bitch  
Smoke and choke any punk on a off-stroke  
Cause I provide the funk and it's homicide  
Suckers collide with my drum and get hung  
Gaffle, swarm and alarm and drop a storm of death

Eat your brain and watch your ass melt  
In the Central I roam, I'm close to home  
The dangerzone, muthafucka, get your head flown  
By a loc, I'ma smoke, I'm no joke  
Drop the floor on a noose and watch your ass choke  
Feel the lyrics that blow, how it detonate  
Hide your dome, the Cartel will penetrate  
Your damn cranium, punk, who's the baddest?  
You can't escape the South Central Madness

[ Havoc ]

Yo, this is the hype of all hypes  
Hype-up track for '92  
For South Central  
Cold droppin gangsta

[ uncredited guest rapper #1 ]

Yo, I got a gat, I'm tryin to deal with the Madness  
Mexican gangsta, born with a badness  
So I drink forties like a wino  
And let me get it straight, don't give a fuck about a  
five-o  
Cause I live on the edge like every nigga  
A nine for a nine, get fly with a trigger  
And man, I gat, so I guess I'm a rider  
Bitches know I'm paid, so I guess that's why they strive  
for  
I sling like the Cartel bang  
Scorpio is ???? but you ain't gonna hang  
My AK is fully automatic  
If you wanna live, chump, then don't get dramatic  
Cause the jail's got a goddamn mafia  
Wanna scrap, punk? Ace'll be droppin ya  
When we're done you're gonna be feelin blue  
Sleepin on the floor like a muthafuckin ????  
Just because you thought you that crazy  
Try to rush hard but your shit couldn't phase me  
Cause I'm more than a brother that's mental  
I'm the one Mexican that roam South Central

[ uncredited guest rapper #2 ]

A city with so much credential  
Livin in Central is strictly all mental  
Coincidental, let me tell you what I'm into  
Gamin on the niggas who think they can step to  
A pretty seditty lady from the city  
Looks are deceiving but my attitude is shitty  
And don't try to step to me quick  
Cause a 9mm in your mouth I will stick  
And make you lookin like a popsicle  
Hear the blast, and I see your blood trickle

Yeah, exactly what I figured  
A bitch-made nigga that's scared to pull the trigger  
On a lady that's got you feelin smaller  
Shorter than short, I'm the lady shot caller  
The boss that 24 is dissin  
Any muthafucka who think they can fade this  
S.C.C. is comin out slayin  
It's not a gang when no Uzi is sprayin  
A lady that's pullin all the cards  
I smoke ya and leave ya dead with your dick on hard

[ uncredited guest rapper #3 ]  
Malibu beaches and everyday sunshine  
Bullshit - my city's full of one-time  
Rollin on a hunt for they favorite toy  
Any gangsta nigga wearin khakis and Curduroys  
House shoes or a pair of Nikeys  
And you talkin 'bout you wanna come and sight-see?  
Fool, you better stay where you're at and keep your  
health  
Cause where I'm from every nigga's for hisself  
Or his set with the vest and a Tec  
So if you've never been here, then channel 7 is your  
best bet  
Me, I was raised in Watts after the riots  
So I was taught: see the head, fly it  
And one-time, I know they name and they faces  
Because I see em on a everyday basis  
Niggas claim hard cause of a warrant or a bounty  
Others try to claim L.A. from Orange County  
But ain't even close to claim hard knocks  
That's why they dyin of a overdose of buckshots  
I can't take it, my mic, somebody grab this  
And keep flowin to the South Central Madness

[ Havoc ]  
For all you muthafuckas out there don't know how we  
livin in South Central  
Fuck y'all!

(Shit, goddamn  
Get off yo ass and jam!) (2x)

[ uncredited guest rapper #4 ]  
Westside, hoo-ride, let me kick a pimpin slide  
Weak niggas straight trip when I ride  
Young Westworld trippin on another flow  
And yeah nigga, I still got my .44  
In the front seat tryin to fuck with me?  
And get sprayed, fool, this the S.C.  
In the house, puttin niggas' heads out

Workin em out, trippin em out without a doubt  
And still stuffin big dick in your hoe mouth  
Westworld kick a grip on a flow  
And yo, right after this I get to fuck yo hoe  
Young nigga, don't sweat that  
Cause if you do, Andy Mac get the muthafuckin AK  
strapped  
On your back with a goddamn slug in your head  
Now you know the O.G. meaning of 'dead'  
And right after I proved the point  
Kick back and smoke a fat joint  
Of green funky Indo  
Then kick back and let a fine hoe  
Suck my dick, bitch trick, when I say so  
Westside, killin up niggaroes

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