

## Scar Symmetry

### "G's"

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(and meanwhile, on the southside of town...)

Chorus:

Now when you're rollin' through yo' muthafuckin' hood,  
What do you see?  
(I see some muthafuckin' g's)  
Now when you're rollin' through yo' muthafuckin' hood,  
Tell me what you see?  
(some muthafuckin' g's)

(verse 1)

Roamin' in my muthafuckin' hood and thangs  
Seems to me my mutherfuckin' hood done changed  
Cause niggas used to kick it with the rival gangs  
But now we gots to deal with them survival thangs  
.45 in my lap when I'm on the creep  
Niggas livin' shife, so I roll one deep  
Cause now they see me flippin' in the 1-9-9-4  
C.s.i. nigga, black 850  
And now they lookin' at me crazy  
But off-brand niggas can suck a dick because they  
can't fade me  
And if it came down to the gun, black  
I never cracked up on the pressure, cause I was trained  
for combat  
So get yo' muthafuckin' boys together  
I represent s.a., nigga, and we makin' noise forever  
And gettin' paid at the same time  
So you respect a muthafucka when a muthafucka claim  
mine  
Cause if you disrespect, you ass out  
And they we rolling through yo' shit in the glasshouse  
Actin' bad with the flashers on  
Makin' niggas get they asses on  
Cause ain't no mutherfuckin' love for fools  
Who come around this muthafucka trying to scrub, you  
fools  
It ain't no haps on it, hops  
We snaps on the cops  
And straps on the glocks

And take the law into our own hands  
Cause you ain't fucking with a rookin, nigga, you  
fucking with a grown man  
And we gon' show you what we mean by funk  
Muthafucka, you ain't see my trunk  
I got a (sk) and a (ak)  
And a (12 gauge) that'll fuck a nigga whole day  
So recognize a real nigga from the streets  
When you rolling through yo' mutherfuckin' hood, what  
do you see?

Chorus...

(verse 2)

Hollerin at my homie at the swisher house  
Scope a 40 bag and we hit the spot  
Put my shit in park and got up under the tree  
Pull the swishers out and gave the ganja to 3  
Rapped us up a fattie and we started to smoke  
Eyes gettin' red cause we higher than coke  
A nigga chillin' cause it's all good  
And we ain't trippin' on the bullshit, nigga, because we  
all hood  
But other niggas don't wanna see it that way  
But all I got to say is: you don't wanna see that s.a.  
Because we're all upon a mission  
Killin don't make us no different  
And dyin don't make it no different  
Cause I done been to mo' wakes in this past year  
Than the muthafuckin bingos lost last year  
So ain't no muthafuckin' thang for me  
To kill a nigga who ain't fuckin' with the gang with me

Chorus...

(verse 3)

Formaldehyde smokin, niggas gettin' loc'ed and  
Ready to pull your coat and leave your stomach open  
Scoping, hoping for you to fuck up and slip  
So we can have a reason for fuckin' up your shit  
(it ain't no muthafuckin' peace when they see me)  
Cause we never had a muthafuckin' peace treaty  
So I know I got to get em with game  
And when I hit em with the game I gotta hit em with this  
damn thang  
Cause it's kill or be killed, never cut slack  
And if you cut slack, they bust back, fuck that  
I never give a second chance to pull the first gun  
Cause if they bust one time, that be the worst one  
And that's the one that can close the shop  
So you gotta stand and hold the glock

Cause in my muthafuckin' hood, that's how it be  
But when you're rollin' through your muthafucking  
hood, what do you see?

Chorus...

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