

## South Circle

### "Ghetto Madness"

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Shh, shh, shh shh  
Gra-grammar like a sledgehammer  
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Shh, shh, shh, shh  
Stackin' pennies like Hardaway  
It's hard to play with the M. Child  
Ha ha

[Verse 1]

It be some evil that these men do  
I spit game so cold, playas froze coming to my kin do  
Gangsta hats and trench coats, I pimp notes with  
quotes  
Like playa haters takin' guns to they throats  
Oh no, I'm walking down the strip, poppin' clips  
I see O.J., sliced her from her clit to her vertebrae  
Murder mayday, it's a third degree slaughter  
I aint trying to be broke, I need diapers for my  
daughter  
Further up the strip it's some sisters prostituting,  
dealers looting  
Grabbed my bulletproof too and started shooting  
No half steps, I blast techs, homie you can ask Rex  
Get twisted with mister, I'll leave dripping like a tampex  
Tampon, strap on, the whole, entire  
Shooting cocaine through my veins and now it feels like  
I'm on fire  
But still I wanna get higher  
Double crosses get double crossed, lost, get caught up  
in the crossfire  
Still down to serve a fiend, partner you done heard of  
me  
Cock this 4-4 and make the snitch come out of  
Hercules  
Hurting these bustas with my murder threats  
The murder reps, swirving a 9 fif candied out  
converted Lex  
And you don't wanna flex with me, you better off on  
LSD  
Well let's see, who's joking around like Bill Bellamy

[Verse 2]

Speak of the uniqueness, freakiness like Jodeci  
Mister murder poetry, mack is on the low key  
Slow moving, grooving like a sidewinder  
Ripping fools for thinking y'all's a liva rhymer (Tricks)  
I signed a contract in blood, took a playas oath  
Now I'm smoking blunts, making toasts coast to coast  
I know for ways of acting stank and stuck up  
I'm back like Tyson so you better get your guns up.  
I'm in the 7-5-0 riding t-genuine  
Me and Mike drunk off tequila and gin  
Spin the bottle, hit the throttle, y'all can't stop us  
Fools will drop like shocks when the shots bust  
Must make stacks, made a batch of bomb hits

With my click, no the whole nation's on it

[Verse 3]

B-b-b-bomb the glock, it's hot rocks on your block  
From Pittsburgh to Texas they compose it like Frank  
Sinat-tra  
I see you brah it's murder on your mind  
I downs the Crown and now it's murder with my nine  
I am superior, inferior higher than Cooley  
Done choked and smoked get done up like some  
doobies  
Who me, the playa from the SC  
Busta, no doubt we pout, I wear you out like some  
Guess jeans  
Redeem yourself from all of this madness  
Back up in your uh is that playa wearing glasses

[Verse 4]

Calling the troops like Saudi, it's an all out attack  
I'm strapped with black gats, and rough raps, to break  
your back, jack  
Cataracts is what they call me cause I can't be seen  
Mean is dope ya know, as I fiend for the green (For the  
green)  
Guillotine, sharp on point like a bullseye  
Cause nothing is short of super in my mental hoo-ride  
Who's died, yeah y'all know that I went for none  
Them said bring the drama so I had to bring them  
some  
From the crib Suave House, same address  
Contest or confess when it hits you in the chest  
Rest assured that it's pure when I kick it  
Best mature and handle your business  
Tricks, so now I got bustas in handcuffs  
On a manhunt, I'm staying tough, rolling up the next

blunt  
Y'all cannot see me on your tip-toes  
I got killers that will kill from Mr. Mike where the wind  
blows  
Benzos get burnt Lexs and Verts get took  
Now who's the crook, I'm superfly like Jimmy Snook  
My crew will jump on you like crickets  
Handle they business, and now I must come wicked  
Tape you, the young Steven Speilberg  
They wanna mob with me, cause I be smoking real herb  
That doja pushing more crystals than Folger's  
Hold ya breath it's going down trick I told ya

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