

South Central Cartel

"Concrete Jungle"

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[YOUNG PROD:]

Nigga what (jungle)
South Central
You have heard of that
Real shit, nigga (jungle)
That Cartel shit (Cartel - jungle)

I jumped in this - I handle business
You can't get rid of this
You feelin' this?
Nigga what!
It's something about bein' affiliated
Hate this, hate it
I peep him while I'm fade it - laid back, cock the gage
React the blaze in
Let him feel like hot buck shots - close range
Keep it movin' all, nigga stop
Money got this dummies, gunnin' at me, eyes close
Bitch's runnin' his mouth too much, he wanna High Roll
I know only I know, where the dough?
Hold the heat, blast with the dome, lay him low
Nigga know how to do that deal
Vietnam warfare like the Staples but take you there
Should to middle with the South Central blocks
Where everybody snorts herb, shoot up and smoke up
rocks
But that's home
And I'll - roam in till I'm gone
In a zone from them herb clouds comin' straight out the
bone

Welcome to the concrete jungle
Where money more important than living your life
humble
Where bitches treat you like gumbo
And niggas steady tryin' to gun you
Cause they hate it what you stand for
It's the concrete jungle...

[YOUNG PROD:]

Full Clipp quick to pull it
Pull out them verbalize bullets
Hollow points that ain't got to, what I'm gonna pull it?
The concrete jungle where niggas rumble over weak
raid
Tear it up, park
A hollow hold through your heart
It's the live death become?
Pourin' 40 dips around, that's won't you gon' be
That you realize I wanna baptize in your chest with
some of this
And some of these
All of these niggas nuthin' but cheese

[PRODEJE:]

... bastards

Niggas transformer like a mixture
I'm comin' way to punk you like the quickster
Pop you like a blister
Load the hollow heads give 'em to ya
Treat you like my [?] do ya
The homie [?] to ya
But I'ma run through you, want smoke
You'll recognize the real before you hit the front door
You fuckin' with the Prodigal
By elevatin' game got ya
Through a wick laugh and still cocked ya

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[PRODEJE:]

You make [?] me hit the back door
Duck the floor hits
Hit the school gates in a hurry
Lay my mom [?]
But now I'm ghetto fab in a half
Count low money with my style
Niggas make me laugh
But me and Young Prod knows the math
Make 'em bow down, feel the wrath
Acts 'em like the craft

Makin' nigga's tongue hit the floor
The S.C. through the gun smoke
We doin' for the paid and the?
That sucker-ass nigga ain't a playas
We livin' got the game for the haters
Stompin' in my black Chucks
Servin' cavi to the clucks
For me [?] the bumper fuck
Having bad look nigga
Sticky fingers all in my twist
Cause they use the nigga like this
I bring you how I love it
Gangsta Prod nigga how you love it
This shit to make the other niggas [?]

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