

South Central Cartel "Family Thang"

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(Intro)

Nigga

Who a real rider is?

My family fool!

That's right

Puts it down on any hood or clique

That's real trick

(Verse 1)

It's the young mackola, slangin crack to stackola

The chip motorola holds the .44 to blow ya

Dohja smoke ignites the fire like lighters

The drop 64's catch the hoes on sighta

Let's take a trip to where the homies puts it down

They get (?) and say I never come around

But I'm in traffic, tryna make a proper come up

Livin in this hell hole makes me wanna blow my dome

up

My baby mama is more righteous than they come

The hood's on my back, the child support don't help me

none

So now I'm on a mission, niggas in my rear view

Damn it's the homie, what the fuck them niggas up to

I bust a U. and still the homies on my backside

I grab the .44 hit the petrol in a G-O metro

And damn, I still got payments on this muthafucka

I lost all the hub caps and the homies I don't trust 'em

(Chorus)

Well Young Prod if these niggas start trippin

And Twin I got your back too if it's mo' than two

And if it's mo' than three they gotta fuck with me

And that's how it's gon swing with this family thang

(Verse 2)

Y'all niggas kill me, feel me down when you up around

Clown me, down me when your ass not up around me

Now tell me G who's the fuckin playa hata

Mad 'cause I put my family up on some paper

My homie Joe gave me the 'fo on your bitch-ass

Hey troop I got your back loc, so won't you put the

smash

Down, clowns like you I call haters

Mad 'cause you jock us but still can't fade us

It's young trip on a creep as I tips down, man

They got nothin to lose but 50 G's to gain-acap

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