

South Central Cartel

"Gangsta Luv Pt. 2"

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(Verse 1)

It's 1996 and I'm dippin with my G
I'm claimin Cartel till I die, sippin hennessey
Got the rolex on my neck and my wrist
Dis a hoe that's all I know as the 100 spoke twist
G's rollin tighter than a G-string hoes wanna playa hate
The conversation's stupid 'cause forever I'ma celebrate
And aim with my homies finger clutched on a Tec.9
Yo bitch, you walk a thin line
Buggin 'cause I'm rockin videos in they eyes, buggin
me
Packin up your shit and leavin me while I'm in Italy
So let the dog hit you where the dog shoulda porched
on
In other words get the fuck on
Tryna stack a mill ticket
But you always get mad when my G's kick it
But on the road it's us against the world
For my G I would take a slug
'Cause it's gangsta luv

(Chorus)

It's that gangsta love from the S.C.C.
Talkin 'bout these bitches and rollin with my G's
It's that gangsta love from the S.C.C.
Can't get no peace because these hoes keep sweatin
me

(Verse 2)

I'ma be a G from the nighttime to the break of dawnin
'N the morning I clip the .9 mill when I'm yawnin
Performin days'n days but you be trippin on my status
Buggin me with family matters
I'm a gangster when I mention that's the way I kick it
Now that you addicted you tryna make me switch it
I picture me and you holdin, blue 64
Baby locs in the back seat hittin dips hoe
(Bonnie)

