

South Central Cartel

"Had To Be Loc'd"

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Ay wassup Nathan?
Ay wassup?
Wassup of you and your brother new shit
Oh, all I can say is to all those muthafuckas out there
That didn't wanna give my brothers props
... FUCK YOU

Yo Prod hit the muthafuckin hood and get a clown on G
A nine a clip the Uzi for the punks that wanna beef
Down for the underground but niggas wanna front
It's the 1990's Havikk sent to poppin trunks
Hit the damned parks all the niggas gettin loc
Smokin that endo brawlin on a coke
Crips huggin Bloods Bloods huggin on a Crip G
Niggas got the AK stash for the PD ohh
I guess the felon has to rock it nigga don't stop
Or either wake ya drop it
SCC's in the house to the ho's you
Better hide that ass cause these niggas wanna do you
uhh
I guess it's time for a drive-by
You wanna die nigga why nigga if you try
I might smoke cause I'm loc'd off the endo
South central style brake 'em like a window
Huhh, who gives a damn nigga run up
Get your ass beat in the street muthafucka
Lighter than the lightest muthafucka cause I'm ruthless
Come into my hood and your ass is leavin toothless

[Chorus:]

Had to be loc'd cause I claim south central
Wassup punk this is south central

Strollin thru the hood with the quickness
Gunshots rippin niggas in the hood still trippin
Gotta pack a Gat yo when I'm steppin with the fellas
Cause 1 outta 10 in a crowd will get jealous
And wanna get his smoke on cause he packs chrome
But tryna flex and catch a.9 to your damned dome
So fuck-fuck-fuck-fuck the bullshit
I stay Geed and my attitude is kill bitch

I roll a 4 drop low on a twisters
A.380 in my labb for the jackers
South to the muthafuckin central call a jail pro
A young black muthafucka is on the way from home

Locked down ain't shit G
I'm in and outta jail like a man and not a pussy
Give me 5 years yo I'm outta in 2
Back on the streets slangin yea it's nuttin new
But this is how we live and the shit we get with
A hardcore gangsta a four-time criminal
Don't give a damn damn what they all say
I go to street and wake up with my AK

[Chorus:]
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[Hook:]
Huh, yeah we gon re-zip your ez-ass
In the?
You're talkin about the thrizzy
Nigga just listen to the muthafuckin V
It's all about the? millameter

Rhimeson's takin shit to the climax
A muthafuckin G I'm puttin suckas on they back
I'm back with the burnin sensation to infliction
Jam my fuckin brick up your ass you little misfit
Steppin from the S.C., H., L.V.'n Prodeje
Nuttin but locs in the hood fuck the police
Niggas still shit kill shit and get licked
South central madness muthafucka we're the hit
Of hardcore flow buck-buck bang it up fool
Spit your fuckin brains in ya labb and peel your cap
Niggas wanna bail with the locs on the claim shit
Get your fuckin ass lift fuckin with a lunatic
Prode'je nigga is it on?
Yeah it's on, get the fuckin Glock later rip to the dome
Load the fuckin Glock as I rott to a temple
Shoot a nigga zippo then call me a criminal
Hit the fuckin corner let the Uzi flow swift
Spit your fuckin mouth cause I heard you wanna rift
The muthafuckin pen yo it's dearly as a cancer
Think you can fade me nigga the NO is the answer

[Chorus:]
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