

South Central Cartel "Lil' Knucklehead"

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[Prode'je]

South Central's back in this muthafucka for the big
Nine-Three
Dedicatin this to all you little young niggas

[VERSE 1: Prode'je]

Used to be my little homie from the hood when I came
up
Chillin with the gee's, slinging ki's, tryin to clock bucks
Be a role-model when the locs wear the nine strapped
Didn't even think about the fact you were bum-rapped
Livin in the S-C 12 tryin to figure it out
Should I go to school, learn the rules, or should I drop
out?
Maybe I was blind, in a way I was ignorant
Little knucklehead from my hood was still innocent
Coulda said, "Loc, what I'm doin ain't the way for you
You should go to school, get a job and you'll make it
through"
But I didn't do it, I was flippin tryin to be the one
Rollin in a 6-4 pushed on them things with bumps
Used to kick you down everyday, cause I had it, loc
Let you hit the bud' now and then, it was like a joke
You were goin down, then your mother tried to talk to
me
But I was playin dumb and said I didn't even know you,
gee
6 months later after doin 2 in county blues
Saw you at the park, khaki'd down, hanging with the
fools
Smokin E.T., talkin about some drive-by
Lil knucklehead from my hood on a hoo-ride

A little knucklehead nigga
Just a knucklehead nigga from my hood, loc
Yeah a little nigga from my hood
Little niggas
Slow your roll, soldiers
Word up

[VERSE 2: Prode'je]

Now you're from the hood and you're running with the

baby locs
Claimin rap-mob, slingin dope, and you're never broke
Got your own 9, and it's smokin every single night
Now I got the word from the streets, and it's nighty-
night
Lil knucklehead from my hood on the downslide
Tryin to be the one, my nigga tryin to make it up high
Coulda told him this is nothing, coulda said him
straight then
Now he's tryin to bang, and somebody's gonna smoke
him
6 months later 13, and a menace now
Got a little juice as we chill with the pot crowd
Gettin fucked up off the E.T. and St. Ides
Tellin me that I'm the nigga that he used to idolize
Now you're like me ,little nigga
Better keep your finger on the trigger
Or it's 6 feet, little nigga
Cause on the slab it's a trip, and if you slip, you're a
sleeper
But I'ma be my little brother's keeper
Put him in the spot, let him clock notch
Tryin to keep him safe from the 9s and the 12-gauge
buckshots
But one day my nigga tripped
I caught him with a pipe in his mouth, and I flipped
Knucklehead nigga goin down in the hood, and it's bad
for my business
So I had to just dismiss
Now he's back on the block
2 months later little loc got shot
2 in the dome by a fool that he jacked for a
muthafuckin quarter
I guess times got harder

My little knucklehead nigga
Just a knucklehead nigga from my hood
What's up with all that shit, nigga?
Slow your roll
Yeah, yeah, yeah
>From my hood
My little niggas from the hood

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