

South Central Cartel "Niggas Git Dealt Wit"

Visit "[Niggas Git Dealt Wit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Young Prod]

Yeah

Puttin it down like this, bitch

S.C.C. back at yo ass, nigga

Fuck everybody

That's real

[VERSE 1: Young Prod]

Rides, from my six-fo' to my Lex-o

Bumpin, what would you do if you knew, loc

How to put a lick down? Busta, you'se a amateur

You get scared when I glare, imagine if I stare at ya

Then you would have to test yo Pro-Keds

Cause I done drew down and bust a cap at your forehead

So go 'head and jet, but let your big homie know

If he got static the automatics is ready-go

And what I bang I claim real to the gee

The Cartel's cavi, so can we calculate the C

As we be dumpin, locin as we slide on the d's

And we slip the clips to the B.G.

Young P puts it down and ain't nothing changin

I'm aimin heat at your dome cause it's gangsta

Bustas better raise up off the blocks when we ride

Cause glocks leave niggas shell-shocked and they die

[CHORUS]

O.G.'s get smoked

B.B.'s get loced

With straps

So perhaps

Niggas get dealt with

If caps get peeled and niggas get served

With straps

So perhaps

Niggas get dealt with

[VERSE 2: Havikk the Rhime Son]

I'm up early in the mornin, creasin my Karl Kani's, I'm saggin

I reach for my heat, yeah, that .44 magnum

It's time to regulate your block, you get twisted

I'm easin through your ass like a dick, now it's on, bitch
Welcome to the I'll shit where niggas collapse in anger
Provokes the Rhime Son to release one out of the
chamber

Crossin out our shit in the studio, foolio, you panic
And get your ass sunk like the Titanic
(?) up the cavi, proceedin to cause the ruckus
Meditate with the evil and the devil couldn't touch us
It's Prode'je and Rhime Son, Rhime Son and Prode'je
Extendin like a clip, hittin dips, no sense in tryin me
Ain't no love, focus on the realest
No future in your frontin cause you muthafuckas feel
this
It's S.C.C. and Mouthpiece, so behold another coma
I'm in your fuckin lung like pneumonia

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Prode'je]

Fuckin with the realer body-bag-filler-type of niggas
Killers that have you niggas chockin on your livers
S.C. could never play the back so the wack I confronted
Cocked the 12-guage and head-hunted
Had to be a flea cause you fuckin with that gee
Hav's got the S, Prod's got the C.C.
Gettin wreck, fools, you get dealth with
Like them niggas Mobb Deep said: you be 'shook' like a
earthquake
Studio gees I refuse to see
When 87 times niggas was accused to g
Of bein foulish, but I'ma leave you swoll' like a callous
Cancelled like Dallas, knock yo ass off balance
I put my foot up in that ass, bro, you didn't know
That I can bust your shit like a pimple
And when it's over you be dead, gee
I got your number
And sucker-ass niggas goin under

[CHORUS]

[Prode'je]

That's right, muthafucka
Nineteen-muthafuckin-ninety-six
That S with them 2 C's is gettin wreck on that ass
Finna dig a foot off in yo muthafuckin ass, nigga
Punk muthafuckas thought we couldn't come back with
that real shit
With that shoot-to-kill shit
Havikk the muthafuckin Rhime Son, Mouthpiece and
Prode'je
Finna break all you muthafuckas down

That's right
Finna break all you muthafuckas down
Cause you punk-ass niggas get dealt with

Visit [South Central Cartel](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.