

South Central Cartel "No Get Bacc"

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[VERSE 1: Young Prod]

If any crew wanna mad-dog, if you look it's on
I got this .44 chrome spittin at your dome
Comin from the shoulders, droppin muthafuckas like
boulders
Rollin with my chip Motorola
Blazer all fucked but I ain't walkin
Head feelin light cause my stomach startin to talkin
As I roll by hoes yellin out: "Star!"
But I yell back: "Bitch, look at the car!"
You seen me in a video, don't think that I hustle
Stressin so bad, make me wanna jack Russell
I dropped outta high school askin where the money at
'Man, it's in the rap game' - now it ain't no get back
'Homie fuck that, where y'all from, loc, you bangin?
I thought the Cartel were some 87 gangsters'
Look homie, I'm a player and I ain't got time
Two steps back, buck you dead in your eye, eye, eye...

[CHORUS: Young Prod]

If you trip off your mouth and my strap's in my lap
It ain't no get-back, prepare for your casket
Nutshell Nazi, the S.C.C.
Persist to get pissed on, get yo buster ass on

[VERSE 2: Prode'je]

Should I bomb? Yo, let's commence to kill a
Pussy-ass niggas talkin bout they pullin triggers
We got the back streets sowed up
Live on luck will leave your ass fucked, nigga, hold up
You pickanannies be talkin plenty bullshit
But you ain't shit when it's time to get with
Real niggas from the S.C.
I peel your cap off
Nigga, now turn that muthafuckin rap off
5'8" with a big stick
Muthafuckas try to run but I'm comin at that ass quick
I'm so bad I kick my own ass
You disrespect me and I be gettin wreck just like a
plane crash
Dash, I have your ass burnin like some hash
Ash, you see a mash, then you hear the blast

Ask the Prod what that be like
I tell you gangster, now you know it's all to the g right

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Havikk the Rhime Son]
It's ninety-muthafuckin-six, gees finna ride and slide
Cartel Gang down to hoo-bang in a five
Niggas gettin twisted but I don't give a fuck about a
buster
Cartel till I die, muthafucka
A nigga dressed thuggish, postin with the heater
Decapitate yo dome with this nine millimeter
'draulics on amp, the ass is on call
Hit the second switch, bitch, post my d's on the wall
Chuck T's posted on the curb
'yac in my palm and I'm chokin off that herb
I swerve back to the 9 block, pager goin wicked
Check my phone book for a bitch who wanna kick it
Diarrhea-at-the-mouth muthafuckas better ease up
S.C.G.'s regulatin fools g's up
Rhime Son, nigga, on deck puttin it down for the set,
loc
Mobbin murder deep with my kinfolk

[CHORUS (repeated till end)]

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