

South Central Cartel "Rollin' Down Da Block"

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HAVOC:

Oh man, where my keys at man?
I can't find my keys
We're havin a problem with these old bustas out in the
Central
Oh, here they go
Let's roll

YOUNG PROD:

Bow to the wow yippie-yo into the yeain
I can swing my sack really though I ain't playin
It's Young Prod with the S.C.C.
Breakin 'em off like a G.E. from the S.C. flee
(We're on a mission this is how we do it
Grey 6-4 on gold D's we them bluest)
Partner been crossed slippin in the hood where it's
good
All good for me cause I got him for a G
(It's that fool with the chrome .9 Beretta)
(9-3 jetter - I.O.U. letter)
I don't give a mother-mad (huh) like a 17 switches
Gettin riches and gettin rid of bitches
Prod what you hittin for
(Two Tec-9's a safe full of money and a life of hard
times)
Trigga-happy-pappy yo it's me
So never fade the better from a young-ass G
Oh, here I come as I swing with the gangstas
Suckas step up and he slip when I bank ya
The homie don't try to fade
If you can't hang with a young-ass G
From the hood where the yay' slangs flee

Rollin down the block
Rollin non-stop
Rollin in my '64 and I keep it drop...

Mobbin' down the block with the Glock
Got the 16 shots for the crooked-ass cop
Gots to be a true G see me later as I creep

Mausberg pump (jump) I put that ass on sleep
So tippy-tippy-toe as I float through the hood in my 4
Job-top-D's punk please (oh no)
G slidin' down tha block with the Glock cocked
Feelin' bigger picture Rhimeson droppin non-stop
Hits for the streets as I groove like a G
Hollow point tips in the cut playin' low key
You got the (1-2-3) for the set
Bend that ass over I'ma stuff it with the jet
Yeah, I hang around like herpes and tricks wanna slurp
me
The Glock 10 is puttin in work G
Havikk from the C be a G with this N-U-T's
Hangin strong like a tree
Fool, so flee from, it's a C thang a G thang
Chronic all day (AK) goin insane
Droppin punks in the mud make his blood die the rug
In the hood where it's good cause I gets love

Chorus...

HAVOC:

Yeah this is how the S.C.C. do they shit
In the '94
Yeah, 'In-Gatz-We-Trust-Style' on your ass
Murder Squad 4 life, fools

PRODEJE:

Break 'em off quicker with the trigger
Throw 'em in the river
Dip thru the hood while you figure
Why must I be like this
Is it cause I'm ruthless
Naw, gotta show 'em how I do this
Up in the mornin
Everybody sleep
While you countin sheep Prodeje is on the creep
Because I got the fever for the flavour
I got to get my wage to keep my car phone and my
pager
I'm hittin' licks on the backstreets
Gotta get some gold thangs cause I wanna get fat
freaks
Not the fat like a fat but the fat like a popper
That take ya to the 'tel for the popper
In the hood's where it's good
Let's make it understood I love the damned hood like
my wood
G's hangin long like my family jewels

On the corners with the Ides mad-doggin the fools
Yeah, that gangsta rhyme has got me goin in circles
So you should be awakin like hearshal
It ain't nuthin goin on but the buck life bang
But in the hood's where the G's hang

Chorus...

L.V.

'S.C.THANG', IT AIN'T THE SAME THANG

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