

## South Central Cartel

### "Say Goodbye To The Badd Guyz"

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[VERSE 1: Prodeje]

Cold in the city, I stroll like a damn fool  
Smokin your ass on the strip, you're not cool  
You beat up my homie but didn't kill him, you wish you did  
Cause this murder rap will leave you dead and rid  
Of indecision, I got to Uzi to buck it off of a clocker  
Called up Havoc, he said, "Let's roll on the muthafucka"  
Put up the four, four niggas with hot heads  
Gee got the AK and loaded the shit dead  
It's fucked for the nigga but he didn't know  
Yo, the Mouthpiece got up and aimed and he ducked low  
Fool, you wanna dance with the devil?  
So I'm sendin you home, you better get you a shovel  
Havikk hit the corner, Luva Gee got the AK  
We spotted the gang and then we started to spray  
A nigga spotted the move and said, "Duck!"  
The dumb fuck is dead  
I shot him in his goddamn head

[CHORUS]

(Open fire like a lunatic from Vietnam)  
[Scarface] (Fuck that, say goodbye to the bad guy)  
[Ice Cube] (Another nigga dead)

[VERSE 2: Havikk]

12 on the nose, I hit a corner with a tense pose  
Shootin niggas, gettin blood on my damn clothes  
A nigga slippin on the dark streets  
I put they ass to sleep and leave they blood on the concrete  
Yo, I'm from the hood shootin punks from the rooftop  
Snipin your ass, I'm givin a fuck about a damn cop  
Leavin notes on your window pane  
As you step out your door I'm blowin out your brain  
Fool, my alias Havikk, a damn gee from the dark side

A lyrical psycho who laughs in homicide  
Cause through the night I creep, swarm and terrorize

Knock on your door and put a bullet between your eyes  
Drag your body in a alley  
As your corpse deteriorates like a damn cavity  
My piece rolls to unload the reign of terror  
Dead as fuck, hard as hell, then your brain fails

[CHORUS]

[Havoc]

Yo, this Havoc The Mouthpiece from the S.C.C.  
That was only phase two of a muthafuckin massacre  
So sit the fuck down because phase three is a  
muthafucka

[VERSE 3: Prodeje]

It was like the wild west in South Central  
I jumped out the car and shot a fool in the window  
The nemesis wrecks this in the premises  
I mean business and you could be the goddamn  
witness  
A nigga will die hard and kill up a few punks  
The busters will scatter and I stepped on a dead hunk  
Of flesh, open fire on a goddamn house  
And three hoes butt-naked try to break out south  
I shot a bitch in her ass, Rhimeson got her neck  
Havoc got her in the head, now she shook for a sec  
Cause they [?] and started to set-trip  
Prodeje laughed, I said, "Give me a fresh clip"  
I tell you muthafuckas who to fuck with  
Niggas let out a pit, I had to blow him to shit  
It was a mission, a vision of parallelism, we did em  
And got ghost, but yo, who's next to play close?

[CHORUS]

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