

South Central Cartel

"Think'n Bout My Brotha"

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[HAVIKK]

Lookin through a window, thinkin' of a mission
Hear gunshots, another homeboy missin
The streets, crazy as hell but what a brother know?
A drive-by in a black 6-4
Who did it and why? Another gang cause they hate him
The person they killed, he wasn't even gangbangin
Comin' from school, mindin his own alone
But it's the homeboy's brother, so I guess it's on
16 - dead, missin' half his face
His family screams and he dream of a better place
You're either down or out
I'ma stay down and talk loud
Put on my khakis and still walk proud
It's either do do or die or get done for nuthin'
I won't run from a gun, nigga, shoot me some
I'ma die a?full? death, it's ignorant still
But it's I'll cause sometimes people have to kill
You put your flags on, Locs on, claims the?
And get your jack on, sometimes you get blown away
You wanna live in fear but it's tragic
An innocent child in another closed casket

[L.V.]

I'm thinkin' about my brother
Been thinkin' about my future
I got to get off the streets and work it out
And face reality...

[HAVIKK]

A closed casket because he didn't have no face
Lost in space and his brother has the only trace
Say, brethren, is you simply get a Uzi and blast?
Are you sure to get away, or does it matter to ask?

[PRODEJE]

I know you feel kinda guilty cause they thought he was
you
And everybody in the hood makes you wanna pursuit
The others brothers from the gang that you shot at first
And now you roll in limousines and your brother a

hearse

[HAVIKK]

I couldn't doubt if it was me, I wouldn't wanna do a murder

[PRODEJE]

Yeah, I might slip just a lil' bit further

[HAVIKK]

We livin' in a ghetto and the ghetto is a kettle
Sittin' on the furnace and it won't let go

[PRODEJE]

You feel guilty so you shoot back and you hit black
And they hit back, another black's?

[HAVIKK]

Another mother in tears, another kid in the grave

[PRODEJE]

The Lord gave us the freedom but till death we're enslaved

[L.V.]

I'm thinkin' about my brother
And thinkin' about my future
I got to get off the streets and work it out
And face reality

Cause I know one day I will see a vision
Of the other side, oh no no...

[PRODEJE]

And what a mother, because you wanna gee, she face danger
Shootin' at the house and she just a stranger to a banger
The brother of the brother you shot
Now your brother was got, your boy, you're ready to pop
At the park you look gee'd, mad, even notorious
You carry your rag, your reputation, it embroils
Yeah, you can murder and you won't be phased
But when the death hits home to the death you a slave
Boy, your grave will take a Uzi and retaliate
Are you afraid of the fact that it might be bait?
Because I heard a lil' rumour on the L.A. streets
That tell the price on your head, can you face the G?
Your homeboys might help, but maybe they won't
Maybe they can use dollars, are you gettin the point?

Cause it's straight game and death's no joke
You better get out of the fire or you smell the smoke
It's no jokin', I became a G because I had to
(So the streets took control of you)
I'm a gangsta, a gangsta on a new L.P.
A closed casket, a mother and the S.C.C.

[Chorus...]

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