

South Central Cartel "West Coast Gangstas"

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HAVIKK:

4 deep on the creep, I gots the Tec on prraahh..
Take the safety off lock, exterminate your block
Leavin do' holes with .44's and 20-gauge rifles and
Tecs
And breakin' niggas' necks like bad checks
Outrageous with 12 gauges, 'L.A. Times' front pages
Leaving mingled bodies hangin' on stages
Collapse niggas with raps, caps niggas with straps
Smoking on the bomb, eyes tighter than Japs
Rollin' evil with the Desert Eagle, schemin' Young Prod
When the squad's in the house: oh my God, a homicide
Is 'bout to committed, admit it
You seen the Tec and you shitted
Nickel-plate in your face, a .38
Competin, strangle the evil with low blows
I dips fo' low with bad hoes, the saga unfolds
The S.C. script had to design shit to wreck your mental
Bitch, and plant a fuckin' slug in your temple
Yeah
Chorus: L.V.

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