

South Central Cartel

"Ya Getz Clowned"

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[VERSE 1: Prodeje]

Now when I stroll through the streets you wonder will
you see me
I keep it low cause the girls wanna gee me
Had to be loc'ed cause I claim South Central
If I get mental I flow slow tempo
Nah punk, I can't get gaffled
Try to catch me on the streets and you might get
gaffled
Prod got a Uzi, straight up, punk
Cold strap in the trunk if you pull a stunt
I get loc'ed and you get smoked cause it's like that
The Cartel's gonna get my back
Cause on the streets if the tone of your voice is weak
you're beat
So run up and I'ma serve you heat
Puttin on brass knuckles to bust you in your cranium
You dislike my clique but can't change em
S.C.C., P-r-o-d
e the j to the e from the L.A.C.
Can get looney, run up duck and get bucked down
In South Central, fool, you gets clowned

[CHORUS]

(Brother, brother, brother, how you make em get
down?) --> Professor X
(Brother, brother, brother, how you make em get
down?)
(Streets of South Central) --> Cold 187um
(Brother, brother, brother, how you make em get
down?)
(Now I'm lookin dead at you) --> MC Breed

[VERSE 2: Prodeje]

Fool, you get clowned, socked, beat like a sucker
(?) when they don't know of ya
Got a little money, so you claim hustler
Yeah, the streets made a pooh-put gangster
Bought you a six-fo', now you're rollin
Got a Cut and your Danes are golden
Call yourself evil, are you serious?

Man, the chronic's got you delirious
Your raw dog is a buster
If he saw you're gettin rat-packed he won't help ya
Now, check the 89 Hustlers
We're not a gang but we're down stay down for us
With a six-fo' Chevy, Uzi's and money
Homeboy, ain't a damn thing funny
You better walk it like you talk it
Cause if you can't back up your shit you gettin lynched
With your khakis low and locs, what you thinkin?
You could roll the hood without sinkin
Into a straight 211? Boy, you're buggin
The pavement's what you be huggin

[CHORUS (variations)]

[VERSE 3: Prodeje]

Homebody's gettin lit and then they get they clown on
Makin noise at the park cause it's like home
Doin dips, shootin hoops, gettin drunk
Lookin out for a buster punk
The OG's stay down with the scene
The little locs ill cause the youngsters are mean
Rollin up strapped and they liable to gat ya
Go to (?) come right back at ya
What you gonna say when the 8's on your shoulder
Your money is gone cause they know you a roller
Come up short or get smoked like a clocker
Call one-time and get labelled a sucker
You got beef, then roll up like a soldier
Handle yours and go out much bolder
(?) and you can still be down
But run up weak on the streets and get clowned

[CHORUS (variations)]

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