

Servin' 'Em Heat

South Central Cartel

199-muthafuckin' 4, South Central Cartel is back in the house
Prodeje, Havikk the Rhyme Son and the Mouthpiece
And we straight servin' your ass, heat
Muthafuckas gettin' clowned like I said in the 9-1
But 94 is in effect if you want some
Funk fo' yo' trunk, bring it on if it's on then it's poppin'
And only for the real car droppin'
G shit, nigga through the hood's in the S-C
P da R da O da D da E da J da E is me
Comin' [Incomprehensible] I don't think so, niggas gotta float style
This lil' nigga still loco
89 where the hustlers dwell
You wanna know where I'm from S-C Cartel
To the Crips and the Bloods, I'm a homie
Many niggas talk shit and get banked with the O E
Regulatin' off petitions, callin' on the D L
That's where the real O.G.'s bail
Down low in a short coupe
Knock, knock, for the hoes in the hood tryin' to be suit
It's all good when I'm creepin'
Back street lights on and muthafuckas done sleepin'
I know my city so I'm rollin', niggas tried to swang with this
But South Central's kinda dangerous
S-C nigga kickin' gangsta shit
Cartel gonna get my back
S-C nigga kickin' gangsta shit, fool
Run up and I'ma serve you heat
Breakin' muthafuckas off, nigga for the hoo-ride
A true G from the C finna G-slide
Strapped 'cause it's on if them niggas runnin' up play the back in
'Cause I'ma clown with my Mac-10
Big G's in the hood stay down for a nigga
Hoes ride dicks 'cause we got bigger
90 muthafuckin' 2 street
S-C Cartel bailin' through the mist servin' much hell
Niggas fronted on a nigga in the 93
The little loc's bustin' caps for the bigger G
Peelin' niggas cap quick
I let the khakis hang get ripped for the niggas wanna set trip
Surely loc's with the locs
Glock in my drawers fuckin' with the old folks
Knuckle headed nigga in' the hood gettin' lit off the E.T. and O.E

Layin' in the cut for the police
H A to the V I double muthafuckin' K
Creepin' on yo' ass with an AK
At the park shootin' hoops and finna get my strap on
Smokin' niggas 'cause I'm jail pro
S-C nigga kickin' gangsta shit
Cartel gonna get my back
S-C nigga kickin' gangsta shit, fool
Run up and I'ma serve you heat
Run up and I'ma serve you heat
Run up and I'ma serve you heat
Run up and I'ma serve you heat
Cartel's gonna get my back
I'm from a hood where the real niggas come up
Some gang bang, some slang but I'm dealin' in the rap game
You try to figure who I run with
The S-C to the muthafuckin' C, that's all bitch
And in the end I'ma maintain
Muthafuckas hittin' deep try to main but I'm insane
So I wouldn't trip nigga 'cause I got a clip
For the 9, hangin' on my muthafuckin' hip
You need to kick it in the city with me
And Rhyme Son's peelin' caps on the suckers actin' shitty with me
And muthafuckas still flossin', still tryna O.G.
On the slap smokin' E.T.
Hangin' on the muthafuckin' deuce
I saw my cousin Prod hit the floor with a muthafuckin' small coupe
Mouthpiece got the Tec for yo' ass and it's over
And En Vogue couldn't hold ya
Niggas yellin' I'ma a 8-7 gangsta
Think what you want, I keep one in the chamber
A real Cartel nigga
Finger on the trigger if you step I'ma put yo' ass in the river
Shootin' dice in the hood buckin' niggas for their last end
In a mood to get my blastin'
Hittin' dips 'cause I'm down with the Crips and The Bloods G
And muthafuckas can't fade me
S-C nigga kickin' gangsta shit
Cartel gonna get my back
S-C nigga kickin' gangsta shit, fool
Run up and I'ma serve you heat
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>