

Hit The Chaw

South Central Cartel

Dippin on the enemy I slides like a nigga should
Hands out the window givin it up for the neighborhood
Gangstas and gees servin that ass like the military
Runnin mo' yards than Marcus Allen through the cemetary
Swervin down the Chaw rollin evil with the glock cocked
Fiendin for the stinky as I rolls to the weed spot
Jump back in my ride I see a bitch, honk the horn
Parks my shit, bump the bitch, I'm hit my turf, it's on
As I skate on the triple gold 100 spokes flossin
Bangin Scarface as I bend Slauson
To the swap meet to get the Karl Kani hook-up
Sippin on the yac I saw my cousin Jack, "What's up"
Muthaf**kas mad-doggin me cause it's S.C.C.
Rhime Son, Prode'je and Mouthpiece
I'm finna hit the Chaw I gets a page from my brother Drew
"Where you at?" "Crenshaw" "Yo nigga, I'ma dip on through"
I'm finna hit the Chaw
And dip straight on by the law
I'm gonna my gees
And through the S.C.
Yeah, it's on as I swerve on my trey wheels
400 spokes hittin dips to the heels
On some come-up shit I got the gee into perspective
You know I got the chrome but the box is my objective
Dickeys on the ass of the Eastside rider
I see a few hoes but the Prod chose neither
You got to have ass to live In California
And if you see the (?) I'll be all up on ya
Fo' life like Mack 10 rollin with stripes
And everytime you see me there's a freak on the ride
Hittin yo hoods and it's makin you sick
CausE the superfine hoes wanna ride on the dick
She just a trick cause all I wanna do is hit a lick
Her ass got the toc and the Prod's got the tic
And I'm slick, the wicked, the sly and all
When I swerve on the Chaw all I do is ball
It's all good in these streets as I creep in a coupe drop
Candy-coated green gold d's with that white top
Sippin gin with the Twin as we swoop
Smellin like Joop, mackin to hoes in a Lexus coupe
Career is lookin good, you can say that Twin's winnin
Back up, hit the motion, let the Dayton keep spinnin
Grinnin cause I know my shit's on tight
Got heat under my seat so I'm gon' be alright
Cause when Droop hit them threes niggas hypnotized by my d's
But evil gees know they can't get with these
Ease in the cut, locs cut 400 spokes, feelin the breeze
Cause I gots to have gold on my d's, nigga please
Gees feel a nigga dippin down the Chaw
Bumpin "G Thang" as I swings on past the locs
With the Regals, Cutlass, fo's, Lacs and fat cash flow