

# 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 Comin I don't think so, niggas gotta float sty  
le  
This lil' nigga still loco  
8-9's 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, calling 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 suited  
It's all good when I'm creepin  
Back street lights on and muthafuckas done slipping  
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 ??? 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

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, hanging on my muthafuckin hip  
You need to kick it in the city with me  
And Rhyme Son's peeling caps on the suckers actin shitty with me  
And muthafuckas still flossin, still tryin to 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  
Thin 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