

Stay Out Da Hood

South Central Cartel

90-Motherfuckin-4, nigga
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Comin at cho ass like this, bitch

90-motherfuckin 4 nigga
Another motherfucker floatin in a fuckin river
I'm creepin on that ass with the glock on yo block
Leavin your brains marinatin', 9 slugs killin off Satan
Die nigga nigga, die nigga nigga die bitch
Another skull gettin crushed by a lunatic
I'm blowin motherfuckers domes till the year 2000, oh
187 on your ass hoe
Motherfuckers keep slippin
The slugs keep rippin through that ass when I'm trippin
My mind's all fucked, and I'm evil as a God damn nut on cocaine
Khaki's hangin low, kickin G slang
So bring it on, and I'mma screw ya like a hot hoe
6 feet stiff as fuck for the 9-4
Havikk's got your ass in the scope G
Another killin' by the killa from the SC

Stay out my hood motherfucker cause you ain't shit
I'm buckin em down with the 9 mill glock bitch
Stay out my hood motherfucker cause you ain't shit
I'm buckin em down with the 9 mill glock bitch

A nigga gettin wrecked from the S.C. rollin with the Cartel
And ass holes gettin ripped as the G's bail
Goin off like a light switch
Fuck a bitch, its your money or your motherfuckin ass kicked
Gettin rough on a G.O.
One time's tryin to slang young niggaz like a kilo
But its on for the whoo ride
And the motherfucker slippin is the motherfucker frizznied
A lil knucklehead, niggaz gettin ready G
My kinda positives to you is negativity
But now the prod is even odder so I couldn't give a mad fuck
I'll leave your ass in tha bag bucked
Its hard times on the back streets
Graveyard's one hop and a skip for an O.G.
And if I'm goin out someone's goin wit me
I know that many motherfuckers down with P
Its gonna buck in the process
Motherfuckers gettin clowned in my hood with the ruthless
I give a fuck cause I'm sick, I'm the fuckin grim reapor
Comin through your hood with a street sweeper

Knee deep in yo ass fool
That backstreet graveyard shit ain't gone never stop
South Central Cartel, motherfuckers for the 90 motherfuckin fizzno
Mindless a motherfuckers spineless, and brain dead
I'm cockin a glock, I'm leavin your blood in your mom's bed
A psycho nigga with the trigger finger itchin for
Another pull another hearse, another funeral
Mom's story had to be a G from the old school
And very stupid motherfuckers tryin to be cool
Put a nigga in his grave

Wrap him up and ship him, over fuckin seas, 86ing
You want chuckie motherfuckies can you dodge it?
SC to the C fina ride bitch
OG's whoo ridin little locs causin ruckus
If ya niggaz try ta buck us

I figure to clown you motherfuckers cause its simple
Drop his monkey ass like a 4 up in the central
Niggaz still chillin up at the park pumpin steel
Shootin hoops, crack, yeah the whole fuckin deal
Only regulatin no petitious niggaz needed
And if you talkin shit, motherfucker you deleted
You gotta be a G if you're rollin with the real
And homies watch yo ass for the motherfuckin kill
Niggaz gettin clowned yeah fuckin with the ruthless
Niggaz just heartless, straight up menace
Runnin with the glock down your motherfuckin block
Pop pop pop now a motherfuckers dropped, bitch