

Califa Thugs, Str8 Southsidin

(Califa Thugs...Califa Thugs)
We straight southsidin', lowridin'
'Till the day we dyin', dyin'
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'Till the day we dyin', dyin'
(Califa Thugs...Califa Thugs)
We straight southsidin'
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(Verse 1 - Mr. Sancho)
Now...everybody wanna know what Sancho claims
I got my Southside blood runnin' through my veins
I'm from Califa Thugs and The Low Pro Gang
Now tell me motherf**kers if you think you can hang
I broke 'em all, playa haters that be tryin' to perpatray us
And you try to imitate us, but you cannot duplicate us
So you had to hate us because you can't fade us
So don't make us slap the bitch that you asked to playa hate us
Commentatuse, what you thinkin' by thinkin'
You gonna burn up the clippin'
Don't think that I'll be your victim
Because I'll bust the competition
Then I'm causin' diseaster but homey you may come faster
Your wifey likes it long and hard now she's calling me master
Soy Sancho, drinking tequila out the bottle
Don't make the payment tres y tero balasos, boom
Leave you in the tomb, assume
Thinking everything is right but your destine for doom
Motherf**ka, you can't f**k with me
Because I get evil and satirical all in your face homey
And I don't really give a f**k about your homies
Take you down one by one but you all dyin' slowly
Fonies you know you gets no love
And if you yappin' and I catch you then you get f**ked up
Cause if your rapping and you wack homey you get stuck up
Sancho, L-P-G, fool know what's up, come on

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(Verse 2 - Silencer)
Califa Thugin' everyday, patrolling we be the sickest soldados
Silencer and Mr. Sancho and Big Capone
We stand in position we ready for the war
And all these motherf**kas are ready cause they all about to get smoked

I'm standing guns are all to you
So you wanna talk about me f**k you too
Cause ain't nobody gonna f**k with these Thugs
Quick to pull a gat an let some motherf**ka no love
It's a Low Pro camp, soldado with ammunition
That never get no competition now we on a mission
Stick a motherf**ker with fileros
Southern California be the home of the Sureos
Dropping the Regal and scrappin' it to the ground
Califa Thugs with the fifth, representing the brown
So what you wanna do, you punk bitch
I'll get a motherf**ka hit him with some sick shit
It's about to go down, I give my homeboy's a call
And everybody's on the way, it's about to go down
And I always keep away from the juda
The juda's always out to get a motherf**ka like me
Nobody wants to f**k with this
L-P-G dropping gangsta shit
To any motherf**ker one to come and trip
Low Pro won't hesitate to spit

(Chorus)

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