

Califa Thugs, Sure?o Thugs

*** Chorus 1 and 2 said same time ***

(CHORUS 1 OFI)

Steady steppin like full sureno thug
Grey and blue

(CHORUS Sancho and Silencer)

Califa Thugs

(Silencer)

Thugged out bald heads
We the baddest mothaf**kas
And we stay ahead
Aint nobody never ever gonna take my name
Cause if you do then you die, thats the way
Enemies will never last put your glocks away
Im the baddest muthaf**ka from around the way
I get a little dizzy when I smoke a J
F**k a bitch and a hoe like every day
The magical thug, Califa Thug
Silencer is smokin the bud
I put the nine to the eye
Just to show there is no love
And to any muthaf**ka tryin to take me out
Makin money everyday day
Thats what Im all about
Silencer on a mission
Ammunition no competition
Drop a verse to the song with the gangsta rhymes
Muthaf**kas talking shit like every time
Pull up to the side on the gangsta rhymes
Time for me to go do a little homicide
Enemies are gonna get paralyzed
Everyone is gonna be hypnotized
Silencer is the one that terrorized
When you see come around you better step a side
S-A-N-D-I-E-G-O
F**kin bitches every day at the studio
I carry my dagger
Somebodys becomin cadaver
I got the money to travel
Nobodys ready to battle
Silencer comin at you
Silencer is gonna snatch you and
pass the marijuana let me take another hit
Cause here I come to blast you

(OFI)

Flippin like a mothaf**ka puttin it down
Blazin like a mothaf**ka smokin a pound
If only mothaf**kas could see me now

Laced up in the cut with thugs bumpin loud
I see other fools we know
That kinda shit dont make me numb
OG from the hood South of
Southern Bay click full of playas and thugs
You want to rumble with us
Life aint nothin but a jungle to us
Survival on the streets is a struggle to us
Pass the bud
Thats somethin real dont be f**kin with us
Alot of mothaf**ka say my beats are too slow

Smoke too much indo, sound like a negro
Imma Spit the shit the best west
See fit eat dick yall dont know shit
Watchin me as I make a beat (uhhh)
Best leave cause Im off the heat
specially with scripts like these
Nobodys comin with this much heat
Southside for those who dont know
South Bay Palm Avenue fa sho
SD 1-3 for my Gs on the streets
Sureno bangin Thug flippin on the beat
Like that dont you kinda sound good
Makes you wanna burst homie that would
Dont hate go ahead speak on it
Bumpin that cut thats me on it

(Mr. Sancho)
Poppin that timmy
Trip with this puto
trippin it headin out through the do'
Pop Pop to the glock go ahead
Watch all of them putos drop to the flo'
We headed to the club lookin for some love
Cause we smokin the bud above the law
Mothaf**ka never trip when I rack up the clip
Cause Im spittin my lyrics rough and raw
Livin in the middle of a sin
Mothaf**ka never grin
When Im comin with the Mack 10
Pop Pop til your body drop
homies will never stop bustin on a cup a gin
Nobody never wins when youre little rappin
Seein how Ive sin could of locked me in the pen
Or imagine Im dead cause I took one in the head
With the infrared to my forehead now we flead
Body now lifeless never felt like this
Flash backs of my life
Showin how I acted childish

(CHORUS 1 AND 2)