

# Califa Thugs, West Coast South Side Toss It

(Silencer)

Califa Thugs straight comin and gunnin  
You're running on a mission  
No competition  
I comin at you with my amuntion  
We be the baddest around  
The Silencer from San Diego is not f\*\*kin around  
And that's for real ese  
So now I'm blastin and rappin  
And cappin, jackin, harassin  
My enimies are gonna die  
Cause here I come to assasin  
Southern Cali where real ballers  
Strappin the valas the valas  
Ah shit Pelones smokin marijuana  
Every night smoke a big fat blunt  
And I'm never gonna stop until I get f\*\*ked up  
Califa Thugs comin at you  
And it just don't stop  
Where got the fine bicthes  
At the same ol spot

(“OG”; Spanish Fly a.k.a. Maniac)

It's the vato loco who ain't gon choke  
Smokin and chokin till ain't no smoke  
Roll it up light it up  
Never no doubt what I'm all about  
I'm chillin in the studio gettin hoes like whoa  
Gettin hoes like whoa  
Til about in the mornin  
Crack of dawn  
And I've wipe the shit out of my eyes  
Then I'll do it again like cup of gin  
There I go out to sin  
Never will I hit the pig  
So f\*\*ked up off this cup of gin  
And then I'll rap my shit again  
A mothaf\*\*kin once again

(Chorus: OFI)

Each and every day  
We be liven it up  
West Coast South Side  
We be tossin it up  
On the streets or a club  
Who wanna mean mug  
You best not be trippin  
On these Califa Thugs  
(2x)

(OFI)

Crazy big bad ass mexicans  
Bald head lunatics  
All ready for some gangsta shit  
What up, blaze that shit up  
And pass it this way, so we can parly  
And gangsta bounce mothaf\*\*kas out their socks  
Chippin em off what they hittin for  
Make the whole planet rock  
Yeah strickly for the players and thugs  
Who been flossin them dubs  
Skatin on chrome rollin the blunt  
Hi sign me between the bitches on the streets  
Actin a fool bang in the corner

Where the homie creeps  
South Side for life baby  
The chronic smoke and double duece  
Got me acting crazy  
California life style  
Just livin it up  
Surrounded by them bitches that be given it up  
Now let's toast for the coast  
That we all love the most  
And go for broke  
And get a shit load of chronic smoke

(Chorus)

(Mr. Sancho)  
Califa Thugs hopin to see me  
Smokin up on the bud what  
Haters do not like it  
Got a big dick for you to suck  
Now what  
Cruisin through the enemy territory  
Not given a f\*\*k packin big nuts  
Cause it's manditory  
End of story  
That's how it is on these Cali streets  
Not packin a heat  
You're gonna get beat  
Another casulity  
Cause I'm creepin, descevin  
No postion is tweakin  
Gonna get this bullet's weakin  
While he's leakin  
Now from my milli he's sleepin  
Sleepin like the pussy I was beatin last night  
Seakin like a private down with no clue inside  
My victim I seak em  
And whip em with my pistola  
Smokin lots of mota  
I'm the one can controla  
I'm more evil then Kenevil  
When you see me in a regal  
F\*\*k my enemigos  
Cause I'm still like an illegal bitch  
Bitch, Califa Thugs baby  
Baby baby  
Califa Thugs baby

(Chorus)