

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)