

# Mr. Sancho, Souther Cali.

feat. Big Capone, Royal T

[Mr. Sancho]

Let you motherfuckers see that I'm blued up  
Go ahead and throw your hood up  
Never hesitate to go ahead and shoot up  
Fake motherfuckers like yourselves  
Always yappin' about me instead of doing what you should've  
Homie you could've avoided all this drama  
It's funny when your face looks down, you call your mama  
How hard is that? .45 at your back ready to blast to return all this karma  
And now you see the inner bitch come out  
That's what you get when Sancho pulls out  
The motherfuckin' pistol aimin' at your fuckin' temple

You can't out hustle me  
And you know damn well you can't out muscle me  
Cause I be that pandillero from the LPG  
And you know we got the heat to run the streets  
Boom you lose

Chorus: Royal T

We from the Southside  
Home of Southern Cali  
Killers with automatics  
Step up if you wanna have it  
Southside  
Home of Southern Cali  
Killers with automatics  
Step up if you wanna have it

Big Capone

If everything around you should make you paranoid  
Here's a hint, money your boys is my boys  
Blood in, blood out so you can't sell out  
Southside 6-1-9 can't fall out  
Never to tight so I let the lead breathe  
LPG, Royal T to hang with real gee's  
Who know about the money know about respect  
Who can balance the family but still keep the rep  
I'm hungry motherfuckers so I'm taking yours  
Hop in your Chevy 4-door taking yours  
With your hyna in the back ticklin' your bitch  
I'm the man that you don't really wanna fuck with  
Big Capone ain't shit! Yeah, go ahead think it  
I'm a Thug so you fucking ain't thinking  
You be sinking deeper than you thought  
Real Gee's can't get bought, why you got flaws

Chorus

Mr. Sancho

I'll catch you by surprise  
Make tears come out your eyes  
Send chills up and down your spine  
We won't stop until you die  
6 ft. deep underneath sea level  
Execute my foes and introduce them to the devil  
Straight gangsta, I'm either chillin' or dealin'  
A buncha ? post up the on block made a finger, point to the ceilin'  
I'ma gangsta, I'm never runnin', straight gunnin'  
You may not know where you can find me  
But I'll find you when I tell you somethin'  
I be the baddest shootin' lyrics like an automatic

I got the heat that LPG displays and it's tragic  
Hey, ain't nobody eva hold us down  
This is dedicated to the haters in your town  
So you better watch your back  
Cause we gonna find you

Chorus