

# Califa Thugs, Mr. Sancho

(Mr. Lil One)

Everybody want to be knowing  
How I be doing it when I be flowing  
back up in this motherf\*\*ker  
ready to server you motherf\*\*kers  
heard the words that be going around  
coming to murder making no sound  
the original, ready to go  
leting 'em know, immediately  
I'm fatal, better get up  
shut up before I, slaughter all you bitches  
you be knowing lil be flowing  
while I'm all up in these bitches  
We moving coming out grooving, motherf\*\*kers you polluted  
Yappin about a strap, but you never seem to shoot me

(Mr. Sancho)

night falls, taking it all  
Lil and Sancho creep into the war  
We're coming to beat it, you better belive it  
I don't worry I just  
I just buck 'em all  
I'm coming up in, you think that I can't  
Slaggin and rapping, receivin a grand  
Strapped with a heat and the mic in my hand  
Califa Thugs and the low pro gang  
Blue raggin, all of the time  
Banging these streets like I'm making my rhymes  
thinking to pass for a long ass time  
Until that I'm buzzin, taking your hyna and cuttin  
Gonna bitch out with a dick in her mouth  
and leavin her ass with nothin

(Mr. Lil One)

Now never you know  
where the hoe want to go  
act up on the low  
would it be wrong  
would it become  
put tom up in a pond  
commit this f\*\*ker murder  
in this motherf\*\*ken song  
memories of enemys  
while I write these melodys  
messeges you sending me  
hoping that you'll remember me  
let it be  
what it is  
still you can't f\*\*k with this  
stick and am making them break yall down  
belive we ain't f\*\*ken around  
beautiful to be the man  
lil one that evil man  
(Mr. Sancho)  
holdin the cap of my gun  
surrounded by copers  
I'm settin to run out  
am ownin your crew with my reputation  
and we leavin you bitches shot up in the spot  
but you cannot compete  
with the lil ones heat  
I be doin the streets  
be haters, are we  
steadaly, heavalys armed  
to bust heat on this melody  
bust heat for a felony  
homie don't hate

just let it be

'cause that LPG gang always lettin it work

putting these fu's like a myth in the dirt

living you hurt

homie you leave with a smurk

lovin burn with a bloody shirt

(Mr. Lil One)

the ghetto be lovin the devil

the man will be ready

and wanting to scare

the ones who be talkin

pretending to stalkin

but never be doin

the doing

I sting 'em

I bring it

the flippin

the wicked be knowin

the way I be flowin

the way I be livin

the way I be givin a damn bout your ass

loving the way that I laugh

halloween follow me

please come and slaughter me

blow my mind one at a time

everyone thats shot at me

time to pay the piper

the jungle the sniper

creep threw the mist

like a venomous viper

(Mr. Sancho)

tearin it up

turnin it up  
all of these bitches  
wanting to f\*\*k these G's  
but ain't no way  
they wannin to f\*\*k with me  
'cause am to quick to be caught  
to sleep with the cops  
before the head will be  
counting the shots  
we always bust heat  
the noise will go pop  
everything will put us hot  
click bang  
gonna get killed by the name  
LPG GANG put a bullet in your brain  
dont give a f\*\*k  
'cause were here to maintain  
uh yeah lpg gagnstas  
LPG gangstaas yeah