

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
hopping 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, heavaly 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