Califa Thugs, Somethin To Bump To

(Mr. Sancho)

Come with us and let's toast

Chillin in the west coast

Finest City with the best hoes, San Diego

Feelin the urge to choken, token, poten

But provokin hallucination (nation)

I lovin the face you're facin

Chasin firme hynas

Havin to wine and dinna

To bump and grind her

Playa hatas can not find us

Cause I'm san diego's finest

Chicanos rifando mirando la ?

ando causando delitos humanos ese

ahora levanta la manos gent lentamente

Cause I'm the one with the gun

And I'm usin it for fun, run

Cause I'ma stun you with the tip of my tongue

Smokin a blunt passin it to the side

To my homie OFI

Then it goes around to the homie Spanish Fly

Why, cause we gotta get high, so high

Party wit the ladies to the crack of sun rise

Suprise dialated eyes, party over

Time to leave cause I'm comin down my high

baby

(Chorus: OFI)

This the kinda of shit

Tthat you bump to get drunk to

Smoke a blunt to

Do what you want to

This the kinda shit that'll

Make them freaks want you

Make em cheat on

Steal your chesse from you

(2x)

("O.G." Spanish Fly a.k.a Maniac)

Woke up one mornin

Threw on my shoes

Hit the liquor store

Grabed 40 ounce of booze

Rolled up a joint

Put it to the sky

I be gettin high until the day that I die

With the homies gettin druged out ain't gotta lie

Califa Thugs kickin playin wit a nine

Playin Russian, pull it, cock it back

And bust it real quick

The shit that I'm on is hit and it sounds sick

Always and forever, I'm down for whatever

Whether it's not clever, or in a stormy weather

Kickin it wit homies, never roll with phonies

You'll never catch me strolling down the street with no knowmies

Keep my head fool, I never look down

No one can catch me slippin that's on me and on the brown

So listen up to what I say

Because my shits out, and it's out to stay

(Chorus)

(OFI)

I'm ridin low, but I'm all so high

Got my top droped and my head in the sky

Cruisin by the beach checkin out all the asses

Chrome rims blingin, better get your sun glasses

Who's that vato wit the frozen wrist

Even make stuck up hoes do the neck twist

They say a little loco shouldn't roll like this

That I belong in a regal or a cutlass

But sorry, if it's a bucket I don't roll it

Ride so cold, you think a mothaf**ka stole it

That seems to be our stero types, but I don't fit

I never sleep. and I always stay committed

Always on the grind always gettin mine

Always pack a nine, always mack to a bitch if she's fine

Sinnin from the beginin until the end of time

And when I'm done wit my son, this shit rewinds

When you see me, don't say he's too good for his people

Say he works hard and got's no equal

If you're hyna I just blow you a kiss

But if you a homie I'll throw up the brown fist, like this

(Chorus)