

Lil Rob, Sureno Thugs

(Chorus 1: OFI)

Steady steppin like full sureno thug

Grey and blue

(4x)

(Chorus 2: Sancho and Maniac)

Califa Thugs

(4x)

(Silencer)

Thugged out blad head

We the baddest mothafuckas

And we stay ahead

Ain't nobody never ever gonna take my name

Cause if you do then you die, that's the way

Enemies will never last put your glocks away

I'm the baddest mothafucka from around the way

I get a little dizzy when I smoke a J

Fuck a bitch and a hoe like every day

The magical thug, Califa Thug

Silencer is smokin the bud

I put the nine to the eye

Just to show there is no love

And to any mothafucka tryin to take me

Makin money all day

That's what I'm all about

Silencer on a mission

Amunition no competition

Drop a verse to the song with a gangsta rhyme

Mothafucka talk shit like every time

Pull to the side on the gangsta rhymes

Time for me to go to a little homicide

Enemies are gonna get paralyzed

Everyone is gonna be hypnotized

Silencer is the one that terrorized

When you see come around you better step a side

S-A-N-D-I-E-G-O

Fuckin bitches every day I'm at the studio

I carry my dagger

Somebody's becomin a cadver

I got the money to travel

Nobody's ready to battle

Silencer comin at you

Silencer's gonna snatch you

And pass the marijuana let me take another hit

Cause here I come to blast

(OFI)

Flippin like a mothafucka puttin down

Blazin like a mothafucka smokin a pound

If only mothafuckas could see me now

Laced up in the cut with thugs bumpin loud (Califa Thugs)

I see other fools we know

That kinda shit don't make me none

OG from the hood South of

Southern Bay cliq for the playas and thugs (Califa Thugs)

You want to rumble with us

Life ain't nothin but a jungle to us

Survival in the streets is a struggle to us

Pass the bud

That's on the real don't be fuckin with us (Califa Thugs)

Alot of mothafucka say my beats are too slow

Smoke too much indo, sound like a negro

Spit the shit the best west

See fit eat dick all don't know shit
Watchin me as I make a beat
Best leave cause I'm off the heat
Espescially with scripts like these
Nobody's comin with this much heat
Southside for those who don't know
South Bay Palm Avenue for sure
SD 1-3's for my G's on the streets
Sureno Thug flippin on the beat
Like that don't you kinda sound good
Makin you wanna bounce homie that would
Don't hate go ahead speak on it
Bumpin that cut that's me on it

(Mr. Sancho)
Poppin that timmy
Trip with this puto
We headin out through the door
Pop Pop to the glock
Watch all of them putos drop to the floor
We headin to the club lookin for some love
Cause we smokin the bud above the law
Mothafucka never trip when I rack up the clip
Cause I'm spittin my lyrics rough and raw
Livin in the middle of a sin
Mothafucka never grin
When I'm comin with the mack 10
Praw Praw til your body drop
Holes on both sides bustin on a cup a gin
Nobody never wins when you're little rappin
Seein how I've sin could of locked me in the pen
Or imagine I'm dead cause I took one in the head
With the infered to my forehead now we flead
Bodies now lifeless never felt like this
Flash backs of my life
Showin how I acted childish

(Chorus 1 and 2)