

Mr. Sancho, Califa 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 bald 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 JOINT
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 out
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
Mothafuckas talk shit like every time
Pull to the side on the gangsta rhymes
Time for me to go and do 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 you

(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
Especially 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)