

**Band****"Somethin to Bump To"**

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[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 (?)  
(?)  
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 I di die  
With the homies gettin drugged out ain't gotta lies  
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 see me rollin 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 cutless  
But sorry, if it's a bucket I don't roll it  
Ride so cold, you think a mothafucka 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 talk 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 hiena I just blow you a kiss  
But if you a homie I'll throw up the brown fist, like this

[Chorus]

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