

Band De Soleil

"This is For the Riderz"

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[Mr. Sancho]

This is for the riders for the south siders
The ones that get by the fuckin police when they find us
Rollin deep through your streets
Don't give a fuck if you're bringin heat
Close your windows lock your doors
Cause it's Sancho who you'll meet
Bitch, made look rich with those fake ass tits
But do some thing with those zits
Cause I don't like all of it
Ain't it a trip
These bitches love suckin this dick
I stick in their ass and penetrate their clit
Viscious when it comes to luscious pussy
All these bitches wanna fuckin do me
Haters always out there tryin to fool me
But then again they did nothin to me
Oh we, this is the stelo
Bringin the heat
Burnin your ass down like a tree
Cause enemigas wanna see
All of the drama that I be
Eh, ese ese stop fuckin around ese
Stompin ya on the ground
Puttin it down for the 619

[Chorus: Royal T]

This is for the riderz [riders]
You know
This is for the Low Profilerz [Low Profilerz]
Riderz [riderz]
You know
This is for the Low Profilerz [Low Profilerz]
[3x]

[Silencer]

Thugged out bald head
The Silencer is creepin out of the coffin
Once again so fuck a friend ese
You see in the streets of California
There's no fuckin around

When you see me come around
You better stay in town
This is it homie
I put it down for San Diego
All the homies got a 40
And I grot the bow and arrows
One the 6-2 cruise the Avenue
All the bitches yell my name
When I'm on the Avenue
What's up now can't you see I'm in the mix
With a fine hiena with the big ol tits
This is life in SD and this is how it goes
All the hienas wanna see The Silencer at car shows
6-1-9 is the place to be
Makin money all day and I kick it with my G's
Smoke the Mary Jane to relax my mind
And I reminise of the crazy times

[Chorus]

["OG" Spanish Fly a.k.a. Maniac]
It's Maniac on a track with Califa Thugs [Whoa Whoa]
We on hit with a clip give a fuck who shows love [You know]
Cause I'm rollin down the mothafuckin block [The block]
Dodgin the haters cock blockers and the cops
And a vato like me's gonna show no remoarse
When I grab this microphone
A pistol grip and fuck a horse
I ain't trippin off a bitch
They ain't trippin off me
I just do what I gotta do
Make music for the streets
Keepin it gangsta all the time
With a sick minded mentality and a rhyme
With a pen and a paper
Tape in the deck
Watch me drop shit
Like a babies off sex
See my pocket's fat
Like bags of stress
Tossin up my shit
Screamin fuck the rest
So don't trip cause you hear me bumpin
Rollin down Highland
With this track forever dumpin

[Chorus]

