

## Caliber For The Heroes

### "Califa Thugs"

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[Chours 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]  
A lot 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]

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