

Baumann Peter

"Somethin to Bump To"

Visit "[Somethin to Bump To](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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]

Visit [Baumann Peter](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

