

Gathering

"To Everybody"

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[Verse 1: Mr. Sancho]

Trucha me puedes enfrentar en la calle
Pues caile cuando des respeto, homeboy
I'll hit ya and it hurts your madre
Chale, no me van a torcer por ti
Aveguanzarme a mi
Porque no me vales nada a mi
I be - the true O.G
S to the A to the N to the C-H to the O
Screamin hyna's invitadas complicadas
Are runnin in my templo, por ejemplo
I'll show it to you nice and simple
Puttin my tongue all around your nipple
Once you take a bite out of my brown pickle
Shoot like a pistol with a clip
Disparando all of it
Porque nos toca fumar pura mota and when I do
I smoke all of it
Celosos no avanzan
Rayando le las madres
Saludos a la raza que saludan en la calles
Hey morenita
What's your name?
What's your size?
I fantasize
About me dippin' between them thighs
I saw the look you gave me
Like sayin boy just take me
Do it like if you rape me
But no I don't want your baby
Just lay me
Down on the ground let's go
Mr. Sancho's gonna give you all of that sensual sensual
flow
Now you know where I am where I stay and where I be
I be chillin with the Hynas in the calles of S.D
Big 1-3 I see my bride to be lookin at me
She's playing hard to get but I'll still get her sprung on
me
For everybody playin - just smoke a dub
For everybody hatin - my finger goes up

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

To everybody playin - just smoke a dub
To everybody hatin - my finger goes up
Celosos no avanzan
Rayando le las madres
Saludos a la raza que saludan en las calles

[Verse 2: Lil' Rob]

Kickin' it with the homies
The homeboys who can get down
You say you wanna step up
We have to take a step down
That's something that I won't do
That's nothing that I might do
Disrespect once leva
I'll never like you
You fucking vatos trip me out
With the things you talk about
Claim that you don't like to talk
But then you go and run your mouth
Take that you got enemies
Well homeboy listen to me please
Don't kick back with enemies
Or else they're not called enemies
Heard me on the radio
But they hardly play me though
Yo baby yo baby yo
Lil' Rob will steal the show
Jump into the cadillac
Don't know if I'll be coming back
Shit you though I wouldn't be
Homie you know that couldn't be

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Mr. Sancho]

Aqui estoy otra vez
With the chronic smoke up in my chest
Tirando gran versos sientes en los huesos
Orcando peso sacando los dedos
Lil' Rob, Mr. Sancho
{?} ready to haunt you

...

{** 7 lines left untranslated **}

...

Ya pocket swoll homie
Cuz ya never know homie
??? will be your death
Truly part
Look up over your head now watch your heart

Bust a rap
Then I fiddle makin you think like a riddle
Group a competition like a little sack of kibble
Then I smoke a little indo at the mothafuckin window
Enter this vibe
I'm gonna be suckin on some nipple
Gonna be ticklin her a little
Gonna be penetrate through the middle
It'll be better than extasy
Ohh la la si si
I'm trippin off hennessy homie (si homie)

[Chorus] - with ad libs

Ad lib till fade...

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