

Califa Thugs "Mr. Sancho"

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[Mr. Lil One]

Everybody want to be knowing

How I be doing it when I be flowing

back up in this motherfucker

ready to server you motherfuckers

heard the words that be going around

coming to murder making no sound

the original, ready to go

leting 'em know, immediately

I'm fatal, better get up

shut up before I, slaughter all you bitches

you be knowing lil be flowing

while I'm all up in these bitches

We moving coming out grooving, motherfuckers you
polluted

Yappin about a strap, but you never seem to shoot me
[Mr. Sancho]

night falls, taking it all

Lil and Sancho creep into the war

We're coming to beat it, you better believe it

I don't worry I just

I just buck 'em all

I'm coming up in, you think that I can't
Slaggin and rapping, receivin a grand
Strapped with a heat and the mic in my hand
Califa Thugs and the low pro gang
Blue raggin, all of the time
Banging these streets like I'm making my rhymes
thinking to pass for a long ass time
Until that I'm buzzin, taking your hyna and cuttin
Gonna bitch out with a dick in her mouth
and leavin her ass with nothin
[Mr. Lil One]
Now never you know
where the hoe want to go
act up on the low
would it be wrong
would it bocome
put tom up in a pond
commit this fucker murder
in this motherfucken song
memories of enemys
while I write these melodys
messeges you sending me
hopping that you'll remember me
let it be
what it is
still you can't fuck with this

stick and am making them break yall down

belive we ain't fucken around

beautiful to be the man

lil one that evil man

[Mr. Sancho]

holdin the cap of my gun

surrounded by copers

I'm settin to run out

am ownin your crew with my reputation

and we leavin you bitches shot up in the spot

but you canot compete

with the lil ones heat

I be doin the streets

be haters, are we

steadaly, heavaly armed

to bust heat on this melody

bust heat for a felony

homie don't hate

just let it be

'cause that LPG gang always lettin it work

putting these fu's like a myth in the dirt

living you hurt

homie you leave with a smurk

lovin burn with a bloody shirt

[Mr. Lil One]

the ghetto be lovin the devil

the man will be ready

and wanting to scare
the ones who be talkin
pretending to stalkin
but never be doin
the doing
I sting 'em
I bring it
the flippin
the wicked be knowin
the way I be flowin
the way I be livin
the way I be givin a damn bout your ass
loving the way that I laugh
halloween follow me
please come and slaughter me
blow my mind one at a time
everyone thats shot at me
time to pay the piper
the jungle the sniper
creep threw the mist
like a venamous viper
[Mr. Sancho]
tearin it up
turnin it up
all of these bitches
wanting to fuck these G's

but ain't no way
they wannin to fuck with me
'cause am to quick to be caught
to sleep with the cops
before the head will be
counting the shots
we always bust heat
the noise will go pop
everything will put us hot
click bang
gonna get killed by the name
LPG GANG put a bullet in your brain
dont give a fuck
'cause were here to maintain
uh yeah lpg gagnstas
LPG gangstaas yeah

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