

Califa Thugs "Str8 Southsidin"

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(Califa Thugs...Califa Thugs)
We straight southsidin', lowridin'
'Till the day we dyin', dyin'
We straight southsidin', lowridin'
'Till the day we dyin', dyin'
(Califa Thugs...Califa Thugs)
We straight southsidin'
We straight southsidin'

[Verse 1 - Mr. Sancho]

Now...everybody wanna know what Sancho claims
I got my Southside blood runnin' through my veins
I'm from Califa Thugs and The Low Pro Gang
Now tell me motherfuckers if you think you can hang
I broke 'em all, playa haters that be tryin' to perpatray
us
And you try to imitate us, but you cannot duplicate us
So you had to hate us because you can't fade us
So don't make us slap the bitch that you asked to playa
hate us
Commenttase, what you thinkin' by thinkin'
You gonna burn up the clippin'
Don't think that I'll be your victim
Because I'll bust the competition
Then I'm causin' diseaster but homey you may come
faster
Your wifey likes it long and hard now she's calling me
master
Soy Sancho, drinking tequila out the bottle
Don't make the payment tres y tero balasos, boom
Leave you in the tomb, assume
Thinking everything is right but your destine for doom
Motherfucka, you can't fuck with me
Because I get evil and satinical all in your face homey
And I don't really give a fuck about your homies
Take you down one by one but you all dyin' slowly
Fonies you know you gets no love
And if you yappin' and I catch you then you get fucked
up
Cause if your rapping and you wack homey you get
stuck up
Sancho, L-P-G, fool know what's up, come on

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2 - Silencer]

Califa Thugin' everyday, patrolling we be the sickest
soldados
Silencer and Mr. Sancho and Big Capone
We stand in position we ready for the war
And all these motherfuckas are ready cause they all
about to get smoked
I'm standing guns are all to you
So you wanna talk about me fuck you too
Cause ain't nobody gonna fuck with these Thugs
Quick to pull a gat an let some motherfucka no love
It's a Low Pro camp, soldado with ammunition
That never get no competition now we on a mission
Stick a motherfucker with fileros
Southern California be the home of the
SureÃfÃfÃ†ÃfÃ,Ã,Ã±os
Dropping the Regal and scrappin' it to the ground
Califa Thugs with the fifth, representing the brown
So what you wanna do, you punk bitch
I'll get a motherfucka hit him with some sick shit
It's about to go down, I give my homeboy's a call
And everybody's on the way, it's about to go down
And I always keep away from the juda
The juda's always out to get a motherfucka like me
Nobody wants to fuck with this
L-P-G dropping gangsta shit
To any motherfucker one to come and trip
Low Pro won't hesitate to spit

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