

Califa Thugs "Sureno Thugs"

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*** Chorus 1 and 2 said same time ***

[Chorus 1: OFI]

Steady steppin like full sureno thug

Grey and blue

[6x]

[Chorus 2: Sancho and Maniac]

Califa Thugs

[6x]

[Silencer]

Thugged out bald heads

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 J

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 everyday 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
Mothafucka talk shit like every time
Pull to the side on the gangsta rhymes
Time for me to go 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
[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 mean mugg

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]

Alot of mothafucka say my beats are too slow

Smoke too much indo, sound like a negro

Imma 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

Espescialy with crips 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

Makes 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 bloods

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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