

King Kapsi

"Toss it Up"

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[Silencer]

Califa Thugs straight coming and gunning
You're running on a mission, no competition
I'm coming at you with my ammuntion
We be the baddest around
The Silencer from San Diego is not fucking around
And that's for real ese
So now I'm blasting and rapping, and capping, jacking,
harassing
My enemies are gonna die, cuz here I come to assasin
Southern Cali in Regals, Impalas, strapping the balas,
the balas
Ah shit, pelones smoking marijuana
Every night smoke a big fat blunt
And I'm never gonna stop until I get fucked up
Califa Thugs coming at you and it just don't stop
And we got the fine bitches at the same old spot

[OG Spanish Fly]

It's the vato loco who ain't no joke
Smoking and choking the indo smoke
Roll it up, light it up
Pass to the next, now hit em up
Get loc'ed out, smoked out, choked out
Never no doubt what I'm all about
I'm chilling in the studio gaining hoes like Rogain
Getting hoes like whoa, until in the morning
Crack of dawn
And I've wipe the shit out of my eyes
Then I'll do it again like cup of gin
There I go out to sin
Never will I hit the pig
So fucked up off this cup of gin
And then I'll rap my shit again
A motherfucking once again

[Chorus x2: OFI]

Each and every day we be living it up
West Coast, Southside, we be tossing it up
On the streets or the club, who wanna mean-mug
You best not be tripping on these Califa Thugs

[OFI]

Crazy big bad ass Mexicans
Bald head lunatics all ready for some gangsta shit
What up, blaze that shit up
And pass it this way, so we can parly
And gangsta bounce motherfuckers out their socks
Chipping em off what they hitting for, make the whole
planet rock
Yeah strickly for the players and thugs
Who been flossing them dubs, skating on chrome
rolling up blunts
High sign me between the bitches on the streets
Acting a fool, bang in the corner where the homey
creeps
Southside for life baby
The chronic smoke and Southern dues got me acting
crazy
California life style, just living it up
Surrounded by them bitches who be giving it up
Now let's toast for the coast that we all love the most
And go for broke and get a shit load of chronic smoke

[Chorus]

[Mr. Sancho]

Califa Thugs hoping to see me, smoking up on the bud
what
Haters do not like it, got a big dick for you to suck, now
what
Cruising through the enemy territory
Not given a fuck packing big nuts cuz it's manditory,
end of story
That's how it is on these Cali streets
Not packing a heat you're gonna get beat, another
casualty
Cuz I'm creeping, deceiving, no postion is tweeking
Gonna get this bullet's weaking while he's leaking
Now from my milli he's sleeping
Sleeping like the pussy that I was beating last night
Seeking like a private down with no clue inside
My victim, I seek em and whip em with my pistola
Smoking lots of mota, I'm the one que controla
I'm more Evil then Kenevil, people you see me in a
Regal
Fuck my enemigos, cuz I'm still like an illegal bitch
Bitch, Califa Thugs baby baby baby
Califa Thugs baby baby

[Chorus]

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