

King Kapsi**"You Don't Wanna Fuck With Us"**

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[Lil' Rob]

What's up ese

It's Lil' Rob, Yogi, Frank V, Royal T

Spanish Fly and Silencer

Dropping the fucking bombs on your ass ese

Shit you can't fuck with

Ponle

This is how it's done

Low Profile number one homeboy

[Yogi]

Lyrics I manifest, not claiming to be the best

We can duel to the death without the ten steps

In the club wiping off sweat, alize what you expect

Hoes stroll, you know, with bacardi on my breath

Throwing up my set, commanding respect

Aiming at your neck, got you caught up in a wreck

I'ma keep on living just as long as my lungs breathe

Hey homey I'm hungry, these chicas don't love me

[Lil' Rob]

I kick back on the valley, streets of Southern Cali

Bottle in my hand, spray-painting up the alley

Time to fuck it up on a Friday night

Wake everybody up, fuck a Silent Night

Violent nights on the streets of San Diego

No need to say no, more homey lay low

I come in grasping, blasting, laughing, you're gasping
for air

You're reaching for something but nothing's there

Fucking leva

[Chorus: Yogi]

You don't wanna fuck with us

Low Pro is the aÑ±o, all up in your barrio

You don't wanna fuck with us

So rough, so tough, and we're bound to bust

You don't wanna fuck with us

I got a homey in the valley with an AK on stand-by

You don't wanna fuck with us

You see, we can rap this bum shit and hold your family

hostage

[Royal T]

Straight gangster fool, big fool up in the yard
Shank the first fool that try to play hard
Make you my trick if you ain't down with the clique
My little homies ride any time we pull a hit
Teardropping tattoos, what my homies like
Fuck three strikes, we gonna bang for life

[Frank V]

Ese you don't wanna, fuck around cuz I'm gonna
Show you a new meaning of motherfucking street
cleaning
Starting from the front of your block to the end of your
block
Compliments of my glock, nonstop
Mayhem and terror, it's best not to tempt me
I got a full clip just begging to be emptied
From the trigger finger of the loc'd out Latino
Motherfucking Mexican, ese better guess again
Thinking Low Pro is joking, but we're loc'ing
Chronic toking, and automatic gun smoking

[Chorus]

[Silencer]

Feeling the pain all on your brain, and it happens again
and again and again
And you won't know where or when I'm about to sin and
I'm about to win
Motherfucker, it's Silencer from San Diego
I got the bow and arrow
I'm creeping, about to get ya with a flecha
Son of a bitch, too bad you're in the IUC
The one of a kind soldado, it's all about the big SD
You better be keeping away, you gotta be staying away
Low Profile, we're insane up in the brain

[OG Spanish Fly]

Run up and I'll get that man cuz I follow that gangster
plan
Smoking in the homey's van, all up in and I got main
command
It's time for some gangster shit
Watch me creep up on that bitch
Rolex and I'll take that shit
Bullets, better blaze that shit
Put it all around cuz we ain't ever going down like this
Mobbing till I die smoking
All fucked up in the mind and shit

Once again I'm back, drinking by the pack
That vato Maniac, sporting all black

[Chorus]

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