

Mr. Sancho

"Souther cali"

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feat. Big Capone, Royal T

[Mr. Sancho]

Let you motherfuckers see that I'm blued up
Go ahead and throw your hood up
Never hesitate to go ahead and shoot up
Fake motherfuckers like yourselfs
Always yappin' about me instead of doing what you
should've
Homie you could've avoided all this drama
It's funny when your face looks down, you call your
mama
How hard is that? .45 at your back ready to blast to
return all this karma
And now you see the inner bitch come out
That's what you get when Sancho pulls out
The motherfuckin' pistol aimin' at your fuckin' temple
Shooting balas like my lyrics through this fuckin'
instrumental
You can't out hustle me
And you know damn well you can't out muscle me
Cause I be that pandillero from the LPG
And you know we got the heat to run the streets
Boom you lose

[Chorus: Royal T]

We from the Southside
Home of Southern Cali
Killers with automatics
Step up if you wanna have it
Southside
Home of Southern Cali
Killers with automatics
Step up if you wanna have it

[Big Capone]

If everything around you should make you paranoid
Here's a hint, money your boys is my boys
Blood in, blood out so you can't sell out
Southside 6-1-9 can't fall out
Never to tight so I let the lead breathe

LPG, Royal T to hang with real gee's
Who know about the money know about respect
Who can balance the family but still keep the rep
I'm hungry motherfuckers so I'm taking yours
Hop in your Chevy 4-door taking yours
With your hyna in the back ticklin' your bitch
I'm the man that you don't really wanna fuck with
Big Capone ain't shit! Yeah, go ahead think it
I'm a Thug so you fucking ain't thinking
You be sinking deeper than you thought
Real Gee's can't get bought, why you got flaws

[Chorus]

[Mr. Sancho]

I'll catch you by surprise
Make tears come out your eyes
Send chills up and down your spine
We won't stop until you die
6 ft. deep underneath sea level
Execute my foes and introduce them to the devil
Straight gangsta, I'm either chillin' or dealin'
A buncha ? post up the on block made a finger, point to
the ceilin'
I'ma gangsta, I'm never runnin', straight gunnin'
You may not know where you can find me
But I'll find you when I tell you somethin'
I be the baddest shootin' lyrics like an automatic
I got the heat that LPG displays and it's tragic
Hey, ain't nobody eva hold us down
This is dedicated to the haters in your town
So you better watch your back
Cause we gonna find you

[Chorus]

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