

Mr. Sancho "Sureno Thugs"

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(feat. Califa Thugs)

[Chorus 1 and 2 said same time]

[Chorus 1: OFI]

steady steppin like full sureno thug

grey and blue

[x6]

[Chorus 2: sancho and Manic]

Califa Thugs

[x6]

[Silencer]

Thugged out bald head

We the baddest motherfuckers

And we stay ahead

Ain't nobody never ever gonna take my name

Cause if you then you die, thats the way

Enemies will never last put your glocks a way

i'm the baddest muthafucka 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 smoking the bud

I put the nine to the eye

just to show there is no love

and to any mothefucka trying to take me out

makin money every day

thats what I'm all about

silencer on a mission

amunition no compettion

drop a verseto the song with a gangsta rhymes

mothafucka talk shit like every time

pull to the side on the gangsta rhymes

time for me to go to a little homicide

enemies are going to get paralyzed

everyone is ganna e hypnotized

silencer is the one 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
somebodies becomin a cadver
I got the money to travel
nobody's ready to battle
silencer comin at you
silencer is ganna snatch you
and pass the marijuana let me take another hit
cause here I come to blast you

[OFI]

flippin like a mothafucka puttin down
blazin like a mothafucka smoking a pound
if only motherfuckers could see me now
lace up in the cut with thugs bumpin loud (califa thugs)
I see other fools we know
that kind of shit dont make me none
OG from the hood south of
southern clique for the playas and thugs (califa thugs)
you want to rumble with us
life ain't nothin but a jungle to us
pass the bud
thats on the real dont be fuckin with us (califa thugs)
a lot of muthafuckas say my beats are too slow
smoke to much indo, sound like a negro
spit the shit the best west
see fit eat dick all sont know shit
watching me as I make a beat uuuhh
best leave cause I'm off the heat
south side for those who dont know
south bay palm avenue fo sho
SD 1-3's for my G's on the streets
sureno thug flipin on the beat
like that dont you kind of sound good
making you wanna bounce homie that would
dont hate go ahead speak on it
bumpin that cut thats me on it

[Mr. Sancho]

poppin that timmy
trip with this puto
we headin out through the doot
pop pop to the glock
warch all of them putos deop to the floor
we headin to the club lookin for some bloods
cause we smokin the bud under the law
mothefucka 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 till your body drop

holes on both sides bustin on a cup a gin
nobody never wins when you're little rapp in
seein how I sin could of locked me in the pen
or imagen 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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