

2Pac F/ Left Eye "Buckles Up"

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[Proper Dos]

Now can bounce like a bad check even when you have sex

I leave em crippled Frank commin triple X

Whats next from a long night of cruisin

I line em up and then I start chosen

Them firme hynas down for an all nighter

And they kick with motherfuckin wicked westsider

As we slide slide with that gangsters pride

Not a studio pimp with my girl by my side

Frank V I'm staight single, always down to mingle

Sharing is caring that's my motherfuckin jingle

You say you got a man yeah I always hear it

But see I got a plan and I can't break my spirit

So baby don't fear it cause tonight I'm bustin you

Your man ain't with you that's what he gets for trustin you

It's a mans world and tonight your my girl

So hit the three wheel motion and let the forth one twirl

[Chorus]

Hold your buckles up and raise your chin to the sky

Gettin ready to gangbang to this beat and watch this gangster glide

2x

[Mr. Sancho]

This Califa Thug show me love with the smoke bud

Smell the aroma of this smokin marijuana

Now Imma tell you somethin while your bumpin in your trunk in switchs

Bitches wantin riches but they just end up in ditches, slash

Califa Thugs will make you mash

Take that P make you perky, leave your worries in the past

Now it's time to get high and drunk

And make you body numb because this nights begun

And these Califa Thugs will show you how it's done

From a flip of my tongue

I'm just blowin' and goin' and knowin'

And bitches be knowin that I don't know
And I always be comin' for something
(?)
Kick it a while, true to my style
Low Profile kickin it a while
Thugs will make you bounce if the ladies want
A Sur Califa Thugs will make you bounce like a Chevy
'62

[Grouch]
Openin up my eyes to another sunny day
San Diego, California, simon thats where we stay
Busters, haters, disrespecters, you need to stay away
Hustlers, Bangers, Slangers, makin' money anyway
That you possibly can cause you know that I'm that man
With an ounce in my hand, 6-1-9 be that land
Where you get that cronic, damn
Ain't no need for push and shove
Homie show me love
This Califa Thug
Smokin all my cronic bud, buzzin off my beer
Makin' them bumpin' tracks that I know you wanna hear
Is it so clear please don't push
So come in hear comin' in from the rear
All mest up with a suitcase
Put the car in rear, I charge in gear, I jacked a beer
While I get away wanna hear my say wanna hear my
say
Smokin' and chokin' and puffin then takin' a hit from a
big fat J everyday

Everyday homie you know that's how we do it in San
Diego

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