

2Pac F/ Left Eye

"In the House"

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[Silencer]

Silencer comin at you
Comin to snatch you mira
My enemies are gonna die
Como un victima de elsida, killa
I stand alone nobody's able to battle
The Silencer with amuniton
Strappin 7 hollows
Southern Cali be the state
No mistake fuck a fake
And I be the one creepin around
Deigo every day
Makin money every day
You better be stayin up out of my way
So keep away
Silencer is here to stay
Comin and gunnin you runnin
I got amunition with no competition
I got my ambitions I go on a mission
I write the versus on the paper
Never ever trust a fake and that's on the real ese
Enemies are gonna die for talkin shit ese
Baggy pants creased up
And I kick it with my thugs
If you ain't one of us
Then to you there is no love
Makin the rap
Strappin the gat
Silencer is creepin up out of the sight
With a homicide like that
Ready to take you off the map

[Chorus: Low Profile Artist]

Califa Thugs....
Up in the house ese
Califa Thugs....
Will take your money
And your spouse ese
Califa Thugs....
Are gettin drunk
And smokin an ounce ese

Califa Thugs Thugs
Califa Thugs Thugs
[2x]

[Youngster]

We're the united don't you fight us
Murder more murder, slippin and rippin
Down for the cryptin
Down for the pimpin the bitches
Hoes love it you know bout to be finished
Now I win it be the ways
Droppin the shit with bunch of Dons
I got you to that shit that be spittin
Mothafuckas now it's on
Smokin the shit out of the bong bong
Gettin high like Cheech and Chong
It's that vato Lil Youngster
So now I'm gone gone

[Grouch]

Gotta be down with the bang man
Mothafuckas just can't hang man
While mumblin the same thing
And wonderin if I gang bang
Well homie press your luck
And their gonna see the bullets rang
And the pepas on the chain gang
And the pepas want to know my real name
But to me it's all the same
When I'm puffin on Ms. Mary Jane
Cause she's helpin me to main tain main tain

[Silencer]

I'm comin you runnin
And you hoping
You wanna know some thing
I'm comin in the middle of the city
Be sellin you bitches be dumb
Ain't nobody ready to battle The Silencer
Continue to go on a mission
And kill me the sons of the bitches
Burn up their bodies to turn them to ashes
Ashes

[Chorus]

[Mr. Sancho]

I'm out of sight
Despite the color of the night
I'm creepin up on you in alley
With no witnesses in sight, right

Givin me a difficult way of life
Needin a cuete to stay alive
Callin me 24 7
Not Low Pro fans
What are they sellin
Jealousy mixed with Heniseey
That's what haters be
Walkin up to me
Tellin me they love my CD
Gracias por to opinion
supe mi motivasion
escribo otra cancion
por que encuentre mi pasion
Hypocrite trying to imidate
But he can not duplicate
So we had to hate
And now we debated
Trucha
Cause this shit got personal
Not nessecry to involve my family
I'm so violent and so versatile
Ready for combat
When ever you're ready
Don't get the baja
I'll still slice you like confetti
There's no way to avoid
It's better without being unemployed
Pero yo leta is some thing que no soy

[Chorus]

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