

Gary Moore & Phil Lynott**"Mr. Sancho"**

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[Mr. Lil One]

Everybody want to be knowing
How I be doing it when I be flowing
back up in this motherfucker
ready to server you motherfuckers
heard the words that be going around
coming to murder making no sound
the original, ready to go
leting 'em know, immediately
I'm fatal, better get up
shut up before I, slaughter all you bitches
you be knowing lil be flowing
while I'm all up in these bitches
We moving coming out grooving, motherfuckers you
polluted
Yappin about a strap, but you never seem to shoot me

[Mr. Sancho]

????, taking it all
Lil and Sancho creep into the war
We're coming to beat it, you better belive it
I don't worry I just
I just buck 'em all
I'm coming up in, you think that I can't
Slaggin and rapping, receivin a grand
Strapped with a heat and the mic in my hand
Califa Thugs and the low pro gang
Blue raggin, all of the time
Banging these streets like I'm making my rhymes
thinking to pass for a long ass time
Until that I'm buzzin, taking your hyna and cuttin
Gonna bitch out with a dick in her mouth
and leavin her ass with nothin

[Mr. Lil One]

Now never you know
where the hoe want to go
act up on the low
would it be wrong
would it bocome
put tom up in a pond

commit this fucker murder
in this motherfucken song
memories of enemys
while I write these melodys
messeges you sending me
hopping that you'll remember me
let it be
what it is
still you can't fuck with this
stick and am making them break yall down
belive we ain't fucken around
beautiful to be the man
lil one that evil man

[Mr. Sancho]

holdin the cap of my gun
surrounded by copers
I'm settin to run out
am ownin your crew with my reputation
and we leavin you bitches shot up in the spot
but you canot compete
with the lil ones heat
I be doin the streets
be haters, are we
steadaly, heavaly armed
to bust heat on this melody
bust heat for a felony
homie don't hate
just let it be
cuz that LPG gang always lettin it work
putting these fu's like a myth in the dirt
living you hurt
homie you leave with a smurk
lovin burn with a bloody shirt

[Mr. Lil One]

the ghetto be lovin the devil
the man will be ready
and wanting to scare
the ones who be talkin
pretending to stalkin
but never be doin
the doin
I sting 'em
I bring it
the flippin
the wicked be knowin
the way I be flowin
the way I be livin
the way I be givin a damn bout your ass
loving the way that I laugh

halloween follow me
please come and slaughter me
blow my mind one at a time
everyone thats shot at me
time to pay the piper
the jungle the sniper
creep threw the mist
like a venomous viper

[Mr. Sancho]
tearin it up
turnin it up
all of these bitches
wanting to fuck these G's
but ain't no way
they wannin to fuck with me
cuz am to quick to be caught
to sleep with the cops
before the head will be
counting the shots
we always bust heat
the noise will go pop
everything will put us hot
click bang
gonna get killed by the name
LPG GANG put a bullet in your brain
dont give a fuck
cuz were here to maintain
uh yeah lpg gaganstas
lpg gangstaas yeah

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