

## Gat Decor

### "Str8 Southsidin'"

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[Chorus - Mr. Sancho]

We straight southsidin', lowridin'  
'Till the day we dyin', dyin'  
(Califa Thugs...Califa Thugs)  
We straight southsidin', lowridin'  
'Till the day we dyin', dyin'  
We straight southsidin', lowridin'  
'Till the day we dyin', dyin'  
(Califa Thugs...Califa Thugs)  
We straight southsidin'  
We straight southsidin'

[Verse 1 - Mr. Sancho]

Now...everybody wanna know what Sancho claims  
I got my Southside blood runnin' through my veins  
I'm from Califa Thugs and The Low Pro Gang  
Now tell me motherfuckers if you think you can hang  
I broke 'em all, playa haters that be tryin' to perpatray  
us  
And you try to imitate us, but you cannot duplicate us  
So you had to hate us because you can't fade us  
So don't make us slap the bitch that you asked to playa  
hate us  
Commenttase, what you thinkin' by thinkin'  
You gonna burn up the clippin'  
Don't think that I'll be your victim  
Because I'll bust the competition  
Then I'm causin' diseaster but homey you may come  
faster  
Your wifey likes it long and hard now she's calling me  
master  
Soy Sancho, drinking tequila out the bottle  
Don't make the payment tres y tero balasos, boom  
Leave you in the tomb, assume  
Thinking everything is right but your destine for doom  
Motherfucka, you can't fuck with me  
Because I get evil and satinical all in your face homey  
And I don't really give a fuck about your homies  
Take you down one by one but you all dyin' slowly  
Fonies you know you gets no love  
And if you yappin' and I catch you then you get fucked

up

Cause if your rapping and you wack homey you get  
stuck up

Sancho, L-P-G, fool know what's up, come on

[Chorus]

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(Califa Thugs...Califa Thugs)

We straight southsidin'

We straight southsidin'

[Verse 2 - Silencer]

Califa Thugin' everyday, patrolling we be the sickest  
soldados

Silencer and Mr. Sancho and Big Capone

We stand in position we ready for the war

And all these motherfuckas are ready cause they all  
about to get smoked

I'm standing guns are all to you

So you wanna talk about me fuck you too

Cause ain't nobody gonna fuck with these Thugs

Quick to pull a gat an let some motherfucka no love

It's a Low Pro camp, soldado with ammunition

That never get no competition now we on a mission

Stick a motherfucker with fileros

Southern California be the home of the SureÃ±os

Dropping the Regal and scrappin' it to the ground

Califa Thugs with the fifth, representing the brown

So what you wanna do, you punk bitch

I'll get a motherfucka hit him with some sick shit

It's about to go down, I give my homeboy's a call

And everybody's on the way, it's about to go down

And I always keep away from the juda

The juda's always out to get a motherfucka like me

Nobody wants to fuck with this

L-P-G dropping gangsta shit  
To any motherfucker one to come and trip  
Low Pro won't hesitate to spit

[Chorus]

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