

## Gat Decor

### "Sureno Thugs"

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\*\*\* Chorus 1 and 2 said same time \*\*\*

[Chorus 1: OFI]

steady steppin like full sureno thug  
grey and blue  
[6x]

[Chorus 2: sancho and Manic]

Califa Thugs  
[6x]

[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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