

# Califa Thugs

## Mr. Sancho

(Intro) Low Profile...(laughing)/  
yeah...only once in a great while/  
home-boys come through/  
thugs, felons, killas//

(Verse 1) my name is estilo, but I represent you all/  
comin' in touch wit some Speed-o, hope my competition falls/  
whether another be comin',...runnin', gunnin'; shoot you wit a gun/  
hopin' my lyrical, mystical sound kickin' you into rub..bish/  
what you gonna do wit these Califa thugs; pimpin' thugs and smokin' bud done got you hooked like a drug, sick/  
why you trippin' on my lyrical, mystical sound/  
never been wit ya physical, buckwild/  
better just stand up on yo' face/  
trainin' my skill that'll bump like Ma\$e/  
in case, you wanna feel tha trance/  
that'll make you get up and dance/  
enhance you memory/  
get drunk off Hennessey/  
makin' friends wit enemies/  
instead of felonies/  
I know ya feelin' me/  
feelin' my style/  
niggas ta bitches gon' think that I'm wild/  
lovin' these bitches wit beautiful smiles/  
and profiles/  
it's ok if you have a child/  
'cause that's my style too, too/  
'cause that's ym style too, too//

(Chorus) this bald headed thug/  
showin' love wit tha dub/  
lyrical, mystical sound from this here Califa Thug//  
[x4]//

(Verse 2) \*/  
game of chess, fact of life/  
will I ever have a wife/  
to support and be faithful/  
but you know that's I'm just fatal/

marital status is alone/  
yeah, but ya don't step in my dome/  
come on tha flo'/  
her sayin' if I could tap that was a no/  
if it went down and it was brown, tip a forty ounce to his soul/  
pay tha toll of life//

(Chorus) this bald headed thug/  
showin' love wit tha dub/  
lyrical, mystical sound from this here Califa Thug//  
[x4]//

(Verse 3) get drunk wit a vato/  
it's a matter of time/  
ta keep workin' for Padre/  
and if you have tha beer, have tha beer ta consume/  
ta present this, so open ya beers/  
\*/

I pray for my soul/  
as I give up control/  
as I got wit tha flow/  
I know mo', Elipo/  
\*/

ta laugh at/  
vatos don't dance we blast/  
runnin' up from tah past/  
comin' tah O.G.s, got my home-boys creepin' upon yo' ass/  
keepin' it true to tha snake and thankin', "Yes god"/  
creepin' upon these beaners and these beaners be lookin' fresh, god/  
but let me take an intermission/  
Sancho wit a proposition/  
it doesn't convey a mission/  
they lookin' for my existence/  
them vatos will need assistance/  
for instance, ths distance...is written/  
on surgical surgeon that is hidden/  
it's wicked, 'cause it's forbidden/  
however, my cuz been trippin', been trippin', been trippin'//

(Chorus) this bald headed thug/  
showin' love wit tha dub/  
lyrical, mystical sound from this here Califa Thug//  
[x4]//

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Lyrics submitted by kortnii.

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