Califa Thughs

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]//

Lyrics submitted by kortnii.

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