

Str8 Southsidin'

Califa Thugs

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(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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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 Sureos

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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