

To Everybody

Mr. Sancho

Trucha, me puedes enfrentar en la calle pues caile
Falta de respeto homeboy, I beat you when they hurt your madre
Chale,
No me ban a torser por ti
Averguensarme a mi
Porque no me vales nada a mi
I'll be the true O?G
S to the A to the N to the C, H to the O
Con mis hynas invitadas, complicadas
Are rubbing on my templo
Por ejemplo
I'll show it to you nice and simple
twirlin my tongue all around your nipple
And then you'll take a bite at my brown pickle
You were like a pistol with out clip
Disparando a lil bit
Porque nos toca fumar pura mota
And when I do, I'll smoke a lil bit

Celosos no avansas rayandole las madres
Saludos a la raza que saludan en las calles

Hey morenita whats your name, whats your size?
I fantasize about me dippin between them eyes
I saw the look you gave me
Like saying boy just take me
Do it like if you rape me
But no I don?t want your baby
Just lay me down underground

Let?s go
Mr. Sancho is gonna give you all of his sensual sensual flow
Now you know where I am
Where Ill stay
And where Ill be
Ill be chillin with the hynas, in the calles of S-D
Big 1-3
I see my wife to-be looking at me
She?s playing hard to get

But that cant struggle me

To everybody playing just smoke a dub
To everybody hating my finger goes up
To every body playing just smoke a dub
To everybody hating my finger goes up
Celosos no abansan rayandole las madres
Saludos a la raza que saludan en las calles
To everybody playing just smoke a dub
To everybody hating my finger goes up
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Kicking it with the homies
Drink it till you get down
You say you wanna step up
We have to take a step down
That?s something that I won?t do
That?s nothing that I might do
Disrespect me once leva
Ill never like you
You fucken vatos trip me out
With the things you talk about
Claim that you don?t like to talk
But then you go and run your mouth
Say that you got enemies
But homeboy listen to me please
Don?t kick back with enemies
The raster knockout enemies
Heard me on the radio
But they hardly pay me though
Yo baby, yo baby yo
Lil Rob was fillin the show
Jumping to the Cadillac
Don?t know if I?ll be coming back
Shit, you thought I wouldnt be
Homie you know that couldn?t be

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Saludos a la raza que saludan en las calles

Aqui estoy otra vez
With the chronic smoke up in chest
Tirando gran besos
Sientes ne los huesos
Oracando pesos
Sacando los dedos
Lil Rob & Mr.Sancho
Double team ready to haunt you
Chpale sabor a condom , buying paquetes, no compres mas
..is a must personality is a bonus
Te pones, no toques
dont let her be a gold diggin ho
keep your pockets swoll homie
Cause you?ll never know homie
You can be to death in juvy bars
Give it with the other hand
And ill blast your heart
Bust your raps in the middle
make you think like a riddle
Bring your competition
like a lil sack of kibble
And I?ll smoke a little indo
At the mothefucking window
Y ni se te ba
I?ma be sucking on some nipples
Gonna be tickling her a little
Gonna be penetrating to the middle
It?ll be better than ecstasy
Uh lala si si
I?m tripping on hennessy , homie
Si homie

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Lyrics submitted by Al.

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