

[Silencer]

Silencer comin at you  
Comin to snatch you mira  
My enemies are gonna die  
Como un victima de elsida, killa  
I stand alone nobody's able to battle  
The Silencer with amunition  
Strappin 7 hollows  
Southern Cali be the state  
No mistake fuck a fake  
And I be the one creepin around  
Deigo every day  
Makin money every day  
You better be stayin up out of my way  
So keep away  
Silencer is here to stay  
Comin and gunnin you runnin  
I got amunition with no competition  
I got my ambitions I go on a mission  
I write the versus on the paper  
Never ever trust a fake and that's on the real ese  
Enemies are gonna die for talkin shit ese  
Baggy pants creased up  
And I kick it with my thugs  
If you ain't one of us  
Then to you there is no love  
Makin the rap  
Strappin the gat  
Silencer is creepin up out of the sight  
With a homicide like that  
Ready to take you off the map

[Chorus: Low Profile Artist]

Califa Thugs...  
Up in the house ese  
Califa Thugs...  
Will take your money  
And your spouse ese  
Califa Thugs...  
Are gettin drunk  
And smokin an ounce ese  
Califa Thugs Thugs  
Califa Thugs Thugs  
[2x]

[Youngster]

We're the united don't you fight us  
Murder more murder, slippin and rippin  
Down for the cryptin  
Down for the pimpin the bitches  
Hoes love it you know bout to be finished  
Now I win it be the ways  
Droppin the shit with bunch of Dons  
I got you to that shit that be spittin  
Mothafuckas now it's on  
Smokin the shit out of the bong bong  
Gettin high like Cheech and Chong  
It's that vato Lil Youngster  
So now I'm gone gone

[Grouch]

Gotta be down with the bang man  
Mothafuckas just can't hang man  
While mumblin the same thing  
And wonderin if I gang bang  
Well homie press your luck  
And their gonna see the bullets rang  
And the pepas on the chain gang  
And the pepas want to know my real name  
But to me it's all the same  
When I'm puffin on Ms. Mary Jane  
Cause she's helpin me to main tain main tain

[Silencer]

I'm comin you runnin  
And you hoping  
You wanna know some thing  
I'm comin in the middle of the city  
Be sellin you bitches be dumb  
Ain't nobody ready to battle The Silencer  
Continue to go on a mission  
And kill me the sons of the bitches  
Burn up their bodies to turn them to ashes

Ashes

[Chorus]

[Mr. Sancho]

I'm out of sight  
Despite the color of the night  
I'm creepin up on you in alley  
With no witnesses in sight, right  
Givin me a difficult way of life  
Needin a cuete to stay alive  
Callin me 24 7  
Not Low Pro fans  
What are they sellin  
Jealousy mixed with Heniseey  
That's what haters be  
Walkin up to me  
Tellin me they love my CD  
Gracias por to opinion  
supe mi motivasion  
escribo otra cancion  
por que encuentre mi pasion  
Hypocrite trying to imidate  
But he can not duplicate  
So we had to hate  
And now we debated  
Trucha  
Cause this shit got personal  
Not nessecry to involve my family  
I'm so violent and so versatile  
Ready for combat  
When ever you're ready  
Don't get the baja  
I'll still slice you like confetti  
There's no way to avoid  
It's better without being unemployed  
Pero yo leta is some thing que no soy

[Chorus]