

What's up Vicious
We're just back up here in the studio dumping tracks
Hard tracks, soft tracks, gangster tracks, weed smoking tracks
We gotta kick a track to tell these motherfuckers
How we live everyday life in Dago
So why don't you bring that motherfucker in
Yeah
That's what I'm talking about
Some gangsta funk
Some everyday life funk
You know what's up Vicious
How we get high, drunk
Just peep the ways of the sick
Yeah
From the dark side of SD, you all know me as the Sombra
Striking motherfuckers like a cobra
Hold the fuck up if you think you're gonna ride
With this young money making hustler banging in the Westside
Till I die, I'm gonna be known
For busting raps, applying weed, and busting caps on my foes
In another state of mind, but can you blame a fool
I already made a million dollars and never attended high school
I keep cool until a motherfucker tests me
Tripping of sensi, leave your body messy, Smith and Wessy
Won't let me sleep, she's quick to trip
On any motherfucker thinking that he's creeping, no bullshit
So hit the joint, hold it in and pass it to the left
Make a phony fool feel like it's his last breath
Fast death when you step out of line
Straight out the 619 where gangsters keep it live
At any time so check your nuts when you're heading five south
'cause the money making schemes is what it's all about
[Chorus x2]
It's the one man battalion bringing all the warfare
Come around my block and feel the tension from the cold stare
Beware when you come to the 619
Where motherfuckers do time for violent crimes
I kick rhymes for the bangers, blast at these haters
Drink alize and smoke weed with true players
Fakers better hide when they come to the Westside
Another fallen victim to a homicide
It's Mr. Shadow putting it down for Beyond
I'm a motherfucking soldier, one little word and it's on
Bring it on if you want to
You better blast or your heart is gonna stop soon
Make room for the Mr. that one thug hurting fools like blisters
Watch as I blitz ya and hit ya, God bless ya
I tried to tell you little bitches not to test my skills
Now you're calling up the dentist for a new grill
Feel the pain when I storm like the rain
I smoke Mary Jane and I love to gang bang
Hang with my dogs, straight break laws
Take up all odds and unload on all frauds
When duty calls you know that it's a must
To bust on any motherfucker that you don't trust
Come on
[Chorus x2]

Pay attention, don't interrupt or get jumped on
Wicked San Diego is the city that I come from
California, the State is Golden
Thirty eight snub with hollow points is what I'm holding
Smoking weed till my lungs bleed, I need a breather
Underneath the seed I got a baggy full of reefer
Leave a motherfucker numb from the fumes
Of this drug that I abuse and that I need to use like shoes
No clues to check me down, so stop hoping
Hope you have a better chance of finding your lady getting poked
Ain't that a bitch, a little dog chasing it's own tail
It's on my little enemy with the WT cartel
Clientele keep coming, Dago's most wanted
For all the fucking drugs and those riots that I started
Charted number one on the top ten fugitives
All because I roll with bald headed balling lunatics
Crucifix hanging from the rear view mirror
Oh the ride when we slide, I am your superior
[Chorus x2]
Haha
Yeah
So that's basically the way it goes everyday in Dago
And if you can't take the heat stay the fuck out of my city
You petty minded motherfucker
We break rules, and you fools
AP-10s, nine millimeters and 38-snubs bitch
Haha
Yeah