

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