

# South Park Mexican f/ Juan Gotti, Baby Bash, Coast, Lucky Luciano, "Dope House Family"

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[Juan Gotti: Verse 1]

Razaville Texas Houston to McAllen  
Deep in San Anto, screw Rich y Valles  
Rollin' through Dallas, Boritos, and Corpus  
Odessa, Laredo, the locos in Austin  
Texas made Mexicans north of the border  
Land of the free, smoking weed with my Gordo  
Motherfuckers laid back in yo Cadillac  
Let me jump in this shit like back to back  
Stay real for life, roll down south  
For the wreckshop, for the hometown crowd  
My alias is that Go-Hard-Mexican  
Flowin' through your veins like medicine  
Wanna be down? On the H-town  
Real ballas fight for the rebound  
B-town to motherfuckin G-town  
Creep around everybody G'd out  
Can't see how you can dawg me out  
Make me out, take me out  
Deep south, my hood got more slack  
Than eighty-eight cowboys ridin' on horse back  
Top that! the Mexicans all that  
Strike like a snake and attack like a bobcat

[Baby Bash: Verse 2]

Hoe ass niggaz, there ain't nothing worse  
They do it for panurch, but I do it for the purse  
And I'm still on the search, sometime I go to church  
Seven deuce old school Cadillac with the skirts  
And I speak for motherfuckers on the couch and the flo'  
Cause a Mexican like my self is out for some dough  
But ya already know, if you got big pelotas  
Anybody now a days, might be the chotas  
A young Baby Beesh, he don't fuck with police  
And all' beat the dog shit out your nephew and niece  
If they ever get the snitching, yelling, telling and  
singing  
I'ma call the whole squad and some heads gone be

ringing

I'm Dope House stout, fuck a set up and no hear though  
It's real talk, real breath, make it clear hoe!

[Carolyn Rodriguez : Chorus]

Throw your hood up  
All my G's represent  
Turn up your deck  
Dope House click came to wreck

[SPM: Verse 3]

Money and the power, glass on the Prowler  
Blaze up a blunt as I tell you all about it  
Kill'a of the Hill'a, crawl like caterpillar  
Pour a fo-fo up in my grapes as for real'a  
This for my gangstas, forty-five stainless  
Throw yo set up, let me see your sound language  
Sell a crack rock, steal a laptop  
Jack for a key and sell that bitch for half off  
Rollin' with my comrades  
Buddy and we all blast, everybody bought Lac's  
Everybody got stacks, some of us puff Black's  
Some Newports  
Tap tap Too Short, even chop New York  
If it ain't screwed up, I don't wanna hear it!  
Lac on pancake, while I'm pourin' up the syrup  
In the pen-arena, Hillwood represent'a  
Home of the rock, inside a broken antenna  
Motherfucker

[Coast: Verse 4]

I throw my set rounds, I been at ups and downs  
Anybody plays about it, my lady has sounds  
Homie from the Nawf side, and I'm all about mine  
Money paper chasing stack it up, I gotta count mine  
Cause I...  
Was raised in a broken home, the groceries gone  
Momma snorting coke to the dome, but hold the foam  
She left Coast alone, I'm slowly grown  
And learned how to hold the chrome, My hope is gone  
Fuck being broke! C'mon  
I'm fanna take ya to the spot where the homies roam  
We surely don't, take no shit from nobody  
So don't trip on nobody, get a clip in to body huh  
This the gut of the ghetto, Catholicism is in prison  
We been with our religion, where I'm leaving  
We been a victim, see we ain't just suspect here  
We leaving proof, that there ain't been no justice here  
My hood

[Chorus]

[Lucky Luciano: Verse 5]

Came to wreck it huh!

Look up in the sky, is it a bird or a plane?

Naw Superman is arrived here to save the damn day

Fly than a pelican, leanin' of medicine

Johnny pay checks slash playa made Mexican

Theres my introduction, now let me start stunnin'

Blue and yellow diamonds on teeth, baby I'm bubblin'

Up like crack, Luck strike back

Wreckin' all this mics got my money on stack

Hold up, come dust me off pass me the weed (puffing sounds) aight

Now mix me up some zip but baby don't put too much Sprite

I'ma tip stacka, swang a big Lac'a

Watchin' Andy Milonakis in my den on big plasma

Addicted to Henne and that strip club shit

Tell them hoes of the jump I'ma pimp you dumb bitch!

Send to wreck and get a check

Turn up your deck, this dope

We iced up and priced up, and crawling in Benzos

[Powda: Verse 6]

Seven twenty fo' I be sacking them digits

Cause I'ma hustle till I die and I'm in it to win it

Making my paper independent, got seven years in it

Dope House platinum eyes, nigga that's when we finish

Man it's a dirty game but yet I shine so clean

Nigga what ever you need and puff, now holla at me

Whether I'm hustlin on the side or I'm droppin this verses

I got a service for you hoes, just watch me disperse it

And I be hurtin 'em when I pull up in a big body

They be following me, stalking like the paparazzi

So fuck a hater they just mad, they can't shine like me

I got the fifteens, ten inch reclined on screens

And I'm a fine dime piece, I be sharp as a crease

Quick to get it poppin', like water in hot grease

And it ain't nothing new, it's just the same old shit

Another day, another dollar, another case to catch

[Chorus]

[Rasheed: Verse 7]

Philly to South Park met him at Hillwood

Graduate eighty-eight, H-town we still hood

Remember me in the hustle town

I let the Mary-Go-Round put the hustle down

If yous' a Jane user

Throw your hands in the air on this track SPM is the

producer  
With the laws standing on the roof  
Drop the flows in the booth  
And drop the top on the coupe  
Ain't no stoppin' the dude  
My team making currency  
Got 'em screaming Dope House up in Germany  
Rasheed number one soldado  
Puffin' on an avocado  
With my foot up on the throttle  
And a bottle of the Bourbon cause I swerve in the low-  
low  
Solo, fo sho', homies gettin' more dough  
Sleeping is for dreamers on the block like block  
Throw your hood up, throw your hood up  
Let it drop!

[Grimm: Verse 8]

A Cadillac driver, up and down the slab maine  
Cousin, man is nothing but supreme in my gas tank  
Tippin' on the fast lane, chuggin' on some top flight  
Grindin', shinnin', blindin' like a spot light  
Swangin' on them cops like Cuttie that's Graimmie  
Yeah they might want us, but they won't get behind me  
Now I'm doing ninety, all gas no breaks  
Fucking with your boy, get your punk ass whole face  
Drop you like a dope case, faster than a pony kick  
Nigga beat your feet, kick some rocks with that homie  
shit  
Most the time we loading clips  
Otherwise we holding chips  
Hittin' scores, kickin' doors  
Pimpin' whores, rollin' whips  
So we dip skunk and we slide to them Screw tapes  
Pistol in the waist line, money in the suit case  
Drop it in a cool place  
Everything is gravity  
This is for streets, cause my hood is my family  
Haha

[Chorus]

[Quota: Verse 9]

You can call me Mr. Break-a- Brick, take a trip  
Tape a thousand grams to the bumper, Man and make  
it flip  
I'm an interstate veteran, pedal to the max  
I see the federal for my stash, my Bereta on my lap  
Cause I'ma street hustler, twenty thousand miles just  
this summer  
Ever since the first day of June, napping on a cama

Got that Boomerang glow, once I throw it in the pot  
Is coming right back I promise, dawg I'm blowing up  
the spot  
Listen, is only me I got a million dollar corner  
Feds tap my house phone and they still out of order  
I'm the son of a preacher man, momma knows I'm  
thuggin'  
And I should of been a chef the way I cook crack up  
your oven met  
Teachers taught us "just say no", I had to hustle though  
Even that I stayed broke, didn't want to struggle so  
Buy half and eight ball, hit the block runnin'  
Though the world was mine, till I saw the cops coming  
And it's too late

[Low-G: Verse 10]

My homie died and the cops called it drug related  
I was standing right there when his mother fainted  
And I felt trapped, cause I know I gotta choose fate  
I grabbed my nina and made that bitch loose weight  
Since eighty-eight with a nick in my tube socks  
I been a G since you was tryin' to do the moonwalk  
I'm from a place that they call Honduras  
Nothing fake about my life except my car insurance  
Bullet proof vest, my jefa sense stress  
Nothing positive about me, except my piss test  
I grew up in a house full of empty stomachs  
While other kids was at Mcdonald's getting twenty  
nuggets  
And I'm known all across the ghettos  
Boy you think the fuckin' law, so don't pawn my huevos  
My chrome spits and I know to chase hoe clicks  
Nate at the club dancing with a glow sticks

[Chorus]

Throw your hood up  
All my G's rep...

[Pain interrupts chorus]

[Bridge one: Pain & Cee]

Pain : Carolyn!

Cee : Yeah what?

Pain : Uhm ... Los said he didn't want a hook at the end  
of the song

Cee : Oh you mean one at the end of the song?

Pain : Yeah, everybody is already done their rap that's  
the whole Dope House family

Cee : What you mean everybody? What about mine?

Pain : Girl you don't know how to rap

Cee : Jaime, you got me fucked up!  
Pain : Okay I'll let you try, but if Los doesn't like it I have  
to take you off  
Cee : Just tell me when to come in  
Pain : Right...right... now

[Carolyn Rodriguez: Verse 11]

I ain't gonna lie Dope House still I die  
With my niggaz in the studio, chillin' getting high  
Rollin' up sweets, breakin' this beat  
Sippin' on skurr that slurs my speech  
Comin' out the H, where they bake cakes  
I ain't talkin bout the kind that your momma makes  
I need a little space, Texas is the place  
Ya tu sabes homes, I'ma represent my race  
Move to the scene, but not to the game  
Blowin' purple skunk and is fuckin' with my brain  
Tryin' to stack change, up to the ceiling  
Looking out the window another neighborhood killin'  
When will they chill? I don't really know  
Keeping my mind on a six double O  
Rims dripped in chrome, and Benz dripped in paint  
Just can't stop like a car with no brakes  
Okay!

Jaime: Man you wrecked!  
Cee: I told you foo

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