

## **South Park Mexican f/ Baby Bash, ICE**

### **"In Hillwood"**

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[Carolyn Rodriguez] In Hillwood... In Hillwood... In Hillwood... In Hillwood... [Verse 1: South Park Mexican (Carolyn Rodriguez)] You see I smash on you pussies And creep with the thugs I got a T-shirt that say (Weed is not drugs) I got a tight spot That sits by the sea Three story beach house, let's throw a party Fucked up in the head I don't know what happened I have nightmares, and I wake up laughin' With a bottle of Tequila Tryin' to reach the bottom And why do all my ass friends have a X on 'em Got two rusty gats Two house cats And I don't feed 'em shit, so they live off the rats And still didn't even pay my warrants I just sat up in jail and ate my porridge Chorus: [Carolyn] In Hillwood [SPM] Where they ain't afraid to shoot [Carolyn] In Hillwood [SPM] Where the fiends play the flute [Carolyn] In Hillwood [SPM] Where they can't see the light [Carolyn] In Hillwood [SPM] Where they don't sleep at night [Carolyn] In Hillwood [Verse 2: Baby Bash] Hit the, hit the Dope House cause I had to recop it I need some Purity, so I screwed it and chopped it Haters can't block it Fuck a Judge [ {\*Ellis\*} ] Mexicans gettin' big, so they start, gettin' jealous Overzealous when we dip Through the spot, into the club Cock blockers gettin' slapped With the motherfuckin' snub You a thug, you a killer, you a gangsta, you a G But I bet you with these hands, mayne, you can't fuck with me You just a silly trick warrant, mayne, talkin' all that maza You love to smell the shit Yeah, you love to smell the caca While we love the smell of roses and we driving somethin' vicious Yeah, we comin' down, droppin' all you punk bitches Repeat Chorus [Verse 3: ICE] Dicen que los quieren matar pero ni se pueden acercar Esta rola es una bomba que acaba de estallar So fijate bien y mira quien es, no somos dos, somos los tres Los que fumamos mota para realizar estres El mojado y sur de park, con el Bash, listo para tumbarte Listos para un desaster por eso no quieren acercarse So pescamos todos armados Y el carro con rimes cromados Cuetes en cada lado, con medicina en mi liquado Escucha todo lo que escribo Por eso mi estilos bien frio Repensentando los ilegales y todos que

crusando el rio Gritamos siganme los malos Rodiando  
de mil caiga palos Brincando en cada escenario,  
gritando "Libreren a Carlos" Repeat Chorus [Verse 4:  
South Park Mexican] I solemnly swear to tell the truth  
and nothin', but My niggas dead all because of fuckin'  
slut I never love a hoe That one, fa sho Fuck home,  
cause I roam just like the buffalo I'm the baby of the  
family Runt of the litter I can't stop smoking Cause no  
one likes a quitter Every three months My house will get  
raided This motherfuckin' album is the fuckin' shit, ain't  
it Hydroponic leaves Rollin' up my sleeves Throw your  
guns up, and the sky falling Holla peace to my boys on  
the Hillwood strand Tryin' to make some cash, mama,  
please understand Repeat Chorus Twice

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