

South Park Mexican f/ Mr. Shadow, Baby Bash/Baby Beesh "I Need a Sweet"

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[South Park Mexican {*dialing*}]

Man, let me call this boy, man

Hey, your boy doing bad

[Juan Gotti] Dope House Records

[SPM] What up, Gotti

Say man, I need a ride to the weed house man

[Juan Gotti] Fa sho', homeboy, I'll be right there

[South Park Mexican]

I need a sweet

With short red hair

And when a sweet

I need to be there

I need a sweet

Hear what I say

A killer sweet

To get me through the day

[Verse 1: South Park Mexican]

I need a sweet

So I can blow

A forty dollar sweet

Full of indo

I got a buzz

Uh hun, that's why I does

I put diamonds on my daughter's hairbrush

In this times

Of hate and pain

We need a remedy

To get us out the rain

Jealousy

A little greed

I been thinking

Of what I need

Purple leaves

With crystal flakes

If it's not hydro, please get that out my face

Two-twenty five for a half of O-Z

In the club, with my homeboy Joey T

My science project was in the school arena

Cause I made a bong out this old steam cleaner
Ya mon

Chorus: South Park Mexican

I need a sweet
With short red hair
And when a sweet
I need to be there
I need a sweet
Hear what I say
A killer sweet
To get me through the day
Help me out
I need a sweet
I really do
I need a sweet
Can I smoke a few
I need a sweet
To get me right
I need a sweet
Everyday and everynight

[E-Dubb]

{*scratching*}

"Mr. Shadow..."

(Verse 2)

{South Park Mexican in background}

[Mr. Shadow] It's uh, 4:20

Time to get high (High)

Choke til I'm gone all day and all night (Night)

Doing what I'm doin' when I'm cruisin' around

It's Mr. Shadow from Diego and I'm holding it down

We blazing a pound, from the west side, down to the
south

Three buds, no seeds, that's what I'm talkin' about

We smoke cal til ya black out

I'm in the zone and I don't wanna come back out

Hell nah

Let's all get, high

Fly through the, sky

I want a super red hair with green eyes

Til I die, I'm a get my smoke on

And write a song when I'm hittin' a bong

All day long

Ain't nothin' wrong with that

And if you ever wanna chill, better bring a sack

It's like that

You'll get high off contact

Don't ever let me catch ya dippin' in my chrome bat

{Come on, Beesh}

[Baby Bash] I need an
S to the W, double E, T
If you smoke with Baby Beesh, don't tell the police
Cause I'm on that paper, mayn, that's wrong
Cal with a sweet and fat O-zone
If you want that dope
I got a boat load
While my girl got my baby momma in a chokehold
Smoke til my eyes turn Japaneese
Me and Carlos lit half-a-tree
Now I don't pimp
A jigalow
I blow big indo with my niggars
Gotta mouth full of cotton cause I'm off green butter
Marijuana, mayn, I love her
[SPM] This some good ass weed, Beesh
[Baby Bash] Ain't it, though?
I will not think they'll play this on the radio
I hope so, I need to pay my rent
Now split that sweet down the middle, pimp

Repeat Chorus

[South Park Mexican]
Man, that was some good ass weed, bro
I'm feeling good
Uh hun, my name is Los
Uh hun, I'm feeling good

{*Juan Gotti and SPM laughing*}
[Juan Gotti] You a fool, nigga
[SPM] Yeah, I'll take me to that next dimension, homie
[Juan Gotti] Aight, yeah
{*coughing*}

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