

Kry**"Red Beams and Rice"**

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[South Park Mexican]

Stop at the store make my bitch pump the gas
And when we get home bitch you fitting to cut my grass
In my cutlass, 1982
My baby mama tell me Los I ain't afraid of you
Fuck your threats, 15 percent of all my scrilla
Man that's the mother of my children I can't kill her
So I break bread and proceed to get head
From a blonde bitch but her pussy hair red
Strawberry patch got my back scratched up
These other niggas rapping but they can't catch up
I'm blessed by the lord, Trinity keyboard
Peace to Filero representng Freeport
I'ma rock the casper, cold as Alaska
I'm sipping on a twoza and a twelve ounce shasta
Docha Cabanna on my Nana Republic
I keep my shit rugged cause the real niggas love it
What's the rock cooking, nah I'm cooking rock
Got my bitch working at the butt naked spot
I'ma bunny hop my new drop out the shop
Peace to Big Chief from the what, Rap-A-Lot
I'ma hogging dog while I creep in the fog
Pull out my dick and tell my bitch I need a job
If you want service, I'm at 1-800-Murders
Flipping chickens while you niggas flipping
cheeseburgers
I'm sipping on Durbas, wetter than some surfers
Clown them so bad I should join the fucking circus
Snatching hoes purses, hope my luck reverses
I'ma take the two piece with the biscuit from Churches
No way the churches could ever clean my paper
Tell my mom I love her, tell my dad I don't hate you
Story Carlos Coy essay vato see I'm loco
Seventeen ki's and started off with one ocho

[Chorus]

We kick in doors, we robbing stores
Creep 64's, welcome to gangsta life
Packing beams, destroying dreams
Sag dickie jeans, we make them see the light
In studios, with mafios, fuck jazzy hoes

It just don't ever stop, so industry, prepare for me
That double C, my nuts is all I got

[South Park Mexican]

I walk in the club niggas stare at me
Bitch you got something you want to share with me
Can't we just all live mare-ly
Motherfuckers just wishing they could burry me
I pull my quete, mom say I'm just like my heffe
Creeping my carrucha, banging screw
Throw up a effe soile essay, vet emmay, for my jente
They want me on the billboard to say got leche
Remember me from Reveille, X bitch was bare-ly
Everytime a nigga got shot cops questioned me
Teenage murderer, gat named Ursla
Chunked her and the baker she the bitch they
searching for

[Juan Gotti]

Rolling out the hood, I came from the impossible
Up a long gonna make it to a Conoco
And if I did, what makes you think I'd have the dough
Hollering like that, is making me unstoppable
I'ma drop a fool and let him feel these things
Ghetto vero pack a fero show you who I am
I'ma make a change, didn't show the game
Want to know my name, and you heard of me
I don't love a bitch, and motherfuck a hoe
Work at Stop-&-Go, cool like an eskimo
Down to shovels, no, and blizzard blind the game
No more dying, this pusher just can't be in vein
I'ma see it, believe it we gone beat this man
In the streets of game, this shit can't stay the same
Steadily praying man, this hito spread the wealth
Be sell wanito, dope is gonna sell itself

[Chorus]

(South Park Mexican talking)

That's all I got in this, dirty, dirty fucking game
Uh, slanging cocaine, uh, and pack my little thang, uh
I got a nice aim, uh, it's about money, fuck fame
It ain't no shame, I'ma come down sun or rain
S.P. motherfucking mexicano, actin bad one throwed
vato
From H-Town to Colorado, uh, that's my mato
I rock hoes, I rock shows, I pop foes, what's the deal
We in this bitch freestyling (laughs)

