

South Park Mexican (Spm) "Dallas To Houston"

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[South Park Mexican talking]

We ain't tripping, y'all one damn one damn time

[South Park Mexican]

What the dang deal, to the Dallas Texas
Last night I had a girl with a big butt and small breastes
She was so precious, she was so bout it
I lost my damn phone but my homeboy found it
I'm S-P Mexy, girls think I'm sexy
Back in junior high I use to dress a little preppy
Now I'm in the benzo, with my boy Jo-Jo
With the Juan Gotti and the DJ Lobo
I'm in the hotel, smoking that godel
Got the whole (gun shots) riding on my cotail
Sipping on the lean, throwed methozyne
With my boy Frankie he a kumbia king
I'ma sag my jeans, down to my knees
Can I get a hit, off the swisher man please
I'm so alert, boys getting hurt
Step to the S, I'ma let my gun squirt
I got to roll with the KNON
That's the dang home of the SPM
Oh my lord, it's such a pretty day
I love the D-Town and I think I'm gone stay
This for my Raza, I got a beer panza
I just burned my fingers trying to smoke a coocaracha
Ay mama mia, rest in peace to Aaliyah
I miss you like I miss that Selena Quintanilla Hold them
up, and let them go
Hard on the mic
I use to sell crack on a ten speed bike
What's up to Maria, she from Handuras
My family from Mexico they still robbing tourists
I'm in my room, rolling up ganja
My mom's in the kitchen, rolling up masa
The whole metro plex, S-P Mex
My boy at a photo shoot just gave me some X
I'ma pop one, guess it's time to get wiggy
Guess who I saw Santa coming down my chimney
Hold them up man, I need to ask Rasheed
Say motherfucker, what you put in this weed
Smoked out in my new truck, De-lux

Ask me if I'm fucked up, pretty much
Make a hoe with the one touch, time for lunch
Let's jump in my bathtub, bubble suds
I can see with my third eye, birds eye view
I got to sur-vive, so chew
We roll with the tech nine, teflon
This sign at the time man, all wrong
My niggas in the coupe shooting up the place
You talk shit, but never in my fucking face
Holler back if you can dude, murder rough
But I've only killed a hand fool, early yeah
I was drunk and was on caine
Now it's seven a.m. it's been a long day
I'm just trying to go to sleep, but I can't though
I keep seeing people looking in my backdoor
I just want to shoot in every direction
But I can't cause my kids is upstairs though
I look in the mirror I see Carlos
That's the cat that done lost all his marbles
I'ma go to the kitchen make some nachos
But all we got is fucking eggs and pot-o-toes
I got the new benz plus two cheves
On 19 inch choppers they don't make twenties
Enemies oh yeah man I got many
I bought a last fucking breath with a hot penny
I'm a serious nuggah, oh it was trouble
Caught her at the club and I wooped her and I drugged
her
See I'm the bomb, got more hits than Chaka Chan
Smoking ganja man, up in my amazon
Thick bitch, the only way I like them
She suck my dick but I'm playing on my trike
Weave out of line, so refreshing
Man they try to get me for some weed possession
I'm mashing and dashing, I ain't clashing my lac
I'd rather let my nigga drive I'ma chill in the back
I'ma smoke janey, the radio don't play me
Except the real niggas, the rest of y'all is ladies
Y'all should be wearing dresses, I kick you out of Texas
I'm making wise investments, I bought 15 SKS's

[Chorus - 2x]

The hood is the hood man
It don't matter where you from or what you claim
You still get your motherfucking cap pealed
Fucking with this tight circle that my click built

[South Park Mexican]

I'm with the Marco on the dang radio
I'ma blow big, I'ma watch my babies grow
I'ma say hello, eat a bowl of jello

I sleep with my gun underneath my dang pillow
See I got to get it, I'm super like unleaded
Blasting at my own kind is something that I dreaded
But I got to do it cause these boys getting stupid
In my new crib freaking down a college student
Original gangsta, Houston I'ma thank you
Peace to my mama and my guardian angel
I'ma get a pager, I mean the two razor
I'ma hit Shelly and her homegirl Asia
I'm a hell raiser, from what the dang south
Got a lot of homies in the north no doubt
I puff and then pout, Hillwood what I shout
Peace to northeast in the what jail route
Call him how I see him, everyone agreeing
Ain't no way that SPM could be a human being
Thugging and I'm g-ing, my car is European
Got enough snow I could probably go skiing
I'ma throwed dude, game in a shoe
In the land where they play the crack pipe like a flute
Man what's the dealy, hold them make them gilly
In the lac jumping trying to pop a dang willy
See I'm just Los, that's all I ever be
Y'all remember me from the what Reveille
Ex girl Beverly, A-B-C-D
E-F-G-H-I-J-K-L-M-N-O-P
Q-R-S-T, U to the V
X to the Y and finally the Z
Man that's the end, S-P to the M
Fin to go um, just ride in the wind

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