

South Park Mexican (Spm) "Don't Let Them Foolya"

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[Baby Beesh and Grimm - chorus 2x]

Don't let them foolya
We just come to school ya
Glory Glory haleloya
No red against no blue
You know you know

[Verse 1 Baby Beesh]

Now you livin that fast track
Chasin that ass crack
I be making my money fucking with the Jones and
Nasdaq
We be blowin on fat sacks
And cachting amnesia with these heaters
Making beleivers out of haters and cheaters
You know that violence interrupts my dope trade
I just do the herb no cocaine
Don't be afraid boy
To be all about your bread boy
But wath the devil cuase the devil he's decoy
Destroy all the hate in your veins
Count your change and rearrange
Them games is played out man
Them dirty macks they to stop me but I'm a player
profit
I get the dope cook it up and rechop it

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 2 South Park Mexican]

Smoking smelly
Put a hole in your belly
You wan't to test us oh really
Got a call on my celley
They wan't to bury us
You fucking haters sound halerious
The I turn the brave into the sariest
Smoke water and get wetter than aquarious
Thuggish Ruggish million dollar budgets
I chop a bird and cook 36 chicken nuggets

My future is clear just like a shot of vodka
I got love from Corripitos to Uganda
If you jealous listen up fellas
It's no problem to show you where hell is

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 3 Rasheed]

While some niggas is stickin with ya
Your murder is being choreographed
Soldiers never sleep I got your back in the aftermath
After the last laugh
When the mutherfuckers smoke clears
Niggas broke hear
Choking hanging like chandliers
I bust at the man in the mirror
Making my face crack
Replace that Rasheed dope house killa
Keep it coming back or running back
With a ball and chain in my hand
Ain't no substain
The man with the vision of the galaxy span

[Verse 4 Low G]

Respect that
It's the million dollar wetback
In jet black
You cross my line and get your head cracked
Yea yea ya tu sabes qien soy
Don't sweat me boy
Ya tu sabes donde estoy
I'm on the Hunt G
The only street with the palm tree's
It's Low G
I only rap about what's done g
You can't stop me
Came to your city on a donkey
The slavea I'm bringing back the wet flava

[Chorus 2x]

[South Park Mexican]

He's on crack
She's on snow
He's so old he can't fuck no mo
She's a whore he's a snicth
Most of my niggas dying over a bichth

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