

South Park Mexican (Spm) "H-Town G-Funk"

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[First Verse]

My sweet Lac fall back just creepin' on three wheels
A bitch to my right cocked giving me cheap thrills
I see meals, coming down my path
In the ghetto cat's wrath making math
I'm the last to blast, on that ass now you the past
It's no joke you get smoked like buddah grass
Who the fastest punk em' like cashes
And when I crash this you catch whiplashes
Bitch I'm on a mission to listen and give descriptions
Hung G's in my hood in their intentions
I hear gunshots ringing like hell's bells
I see drug sells check out my thug tales
Fuck jails, bank swells keeps hella grip
And I can sell dope on ice, and never slip
They serving Kibbles N' Bits while I'm cooking bricks
Save my crumbs for the ones who sucking dicks
I made it rich on the ditch you quick snap
I left that cut now they wonder where the brick's at
My green shit stacks, still clip packs
Thirty-six lead homies so don't trip jack
It's the wet back hitting on the bong
Son in the long run, I'll be the strong one.

[Chorus: (4X)]

If you step in my hood bitch you will get blasted
It's nothin but that h-town g-funk

(Yeah this is for all them hustlers in Hillwood, South Park. Huh.)

[Second Verse]

I told yah, boy you must have caught amnesia
Trying to jack now you're on your back breathing
anasthesia
You got blasted cuz you trespassed it
They never lasted, in the game I mastered
You stupid bastard, tell me what's your final word
Before I let this lead tip hit your spinal cord
Oh you was ready just begging to gank me
Now your ass is just dead and stanky
I put my foot in your shit like the hokey pokey

Leave the scene, now everything's okie dokie
Your homies know me, but they won't fuck with this
Cuz now they know that I could show buck a bitch
I'm the macker plus the gun packer
So you little jackers best stick to crackers
Cuz fucking with this mex gets your neck broke
Stuck like chuck straight fucked and in check Loc
Cuz I think fast when I'm in the slow lane
Get in my domain and fall back with no brain
So don't raid, or try to rain on my parade
Cuz i'm strapped from my blade, to my grenade.

[Chorus]

[Third Verse]

My sweet Texas, restless, wanting to ride Lexus
Check this or flex this, I get wreckless
Unbelievable lyrical synical
Here we go mary go round I down critical
Street stamina dammin' a cop
Slammin' a punk, and jam in my funk
I'm the man with the skill foreal
Guard my grill with steel, on Sundays I kneel
On my knees to Jesus, please seize us
Cuz my boy's in trouble, and he needs us
Got a bat, my homie's on the double
Punks want trouble, I bam bam rubble
Still the son of a gun having big fun
Come and get some, I leave you wet mon
Fill your lead with an infared
I put the best to bed, they call him dead fucking fred
Shed my skin like a snake on a vine
Climbing on the crime side, coming around the blind
side
We fall in ranks like a motherfucking pyramid
And I'm the top block will I stop never did
Make you pass the 9th grade, but got life made
Chose that dope and I hope I picked the right trade.

[Chorus]

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