

South Park Mexican (Spm) "Riddla On Da Roof"

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[Chorus: Robin]

He's a riddla aaaaaaaa

The muthafuckin riddla aaaaaaaa

[Verse 1: SPM]

Silently

I receive my degree

I got my masters in dope fiend psychiatry

Like the weed my brain buzzin like a bee

Flyin free I only fear sobriety

Shy police

Invading my privacy

We set a lot in court

They take my bribery

Finally I let this irony inspire me

They dying silently

Really jus tryin to be

Society denying me

So my pro-bity

Is flippin ghetto ivory

Oh my dear diary

My hood is fiery

They admire me

Will I die a G or will I build a dynasty

[Chorus: Robin]

[Repeat 4x]

[Bridge: Rasheed]

It's the riddla on the roof

Rose from the bottom came to speak the truth

It's the riddla on the roof

An eye for an eye

A tooth for a tooth

[Repeat 2x]

[Rasheed talking]

Yeah that's right it's ya boy Rasheed

All the way from the North Philadelphia ghettos

To the South Park slums

Representin in that Dope House with my man

The South Park Mexican

Say Los break these boys off once again

[Verse 2: SPM]

It's that vato
Convo you know how the song go
Get my freak on so
Watch for Santo
Pronto
Like a bronco
Turn him to a John Doe
I make ya body need bondo
I stomp hoes
Pop pop those hallows
A hard act to follow
A fool named Carlos
Ya know my matto
"Don't act like a star bro"
If ya talk don't pay ya damn car note
And although it's almost tomorrow
Cept for sorrow
Cause don't be a rap they can borrow
I swallow a ballo
Back at me lago
And G's hollerin bravo
Getting smoked like a Marlbro

[Chorus: Robin]

[Repeat 4x]

[Bridge: Rasheed]

[Repeat 2x]

[Verse 3: SPM]

Ain't no sympathy in the street
It's either him or me
Officially he the man that can get with me
Nigga please
My trigga squeeze come like the killer bees
Figure these the last days why stick wit G's
Initially my millimi make em history
Clinically approved to kill that ass instanly
Spill the beans and get in between my guillotine
Bitches fiend for my dope like nicotine
Sippin lean ya started with the triple beam
Competition tell me
Are you listening?
It's the king
Livin life like Pistol Pete
With me so heat
That'll make yo body incomplete
Epidemy of a mental facility

I take ya nuts and hang em on my Christmas tree
Simply I don't slip but I'm slippery
Unseen like the n-tity
Really be sick of beef
I disagree wit ya trickery
Blast like Yosemite
Smoke ya ass like a hickory
Industry
Ya fixin to see my embassy
Critically acclaimed forever yo mystery

[Chorus: Robin]
[Repeat 4x]
[Bridge: Rasheed]
[Repeat 2x]

[Rasheed]
A tooth for a tooth
A tooth for a tooth
[Robin]
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

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