

South Park Mexican (Spm) "Woodson N Worthin"

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[SPM:]

Smoke on the kill popped up on three wheel
Want another pill naw nigga I'ma chill
Gone off the X it's the SP-Mex
Just made 2 twenty-thousand dollar bets
Hoes wanna speak nah I need a freak
I be freestyle flowing in my sleep
Out to Hous-tone that's my dam home
I like to get high I need a bowl of Honeycomb
Man hold em up man I can't quit
I need a forty and a forty cigarette
Down for my raza mira lo que pasa
When it get hot I'ma have to buy a raspa
Maybe orchata check my palabras
I like girls with the real pretty patas
I'ma throw vato back to chase gato
SPM mean South Park Mojado
1 in a billion V-12 engine
In the same city with Destiny's Children
I'm off the rocka peace to Lil' Papa
I be the shit, in spanish I'm the caca
I'ma take a picture of you're but naked sister
And my killas got more pliers than wrencha
Gangsta gangsta read all about it
22 holes in ya' brand new outfit
Feestyle flow is all I come with
I don't give a fuck ya'll stupid dumb bitch
In the land of g's smoking QP's
Smoke on kill I'ma smoke trees
Man I get crunk do what with my thang
Swang lang lang in the mothafucking lane
Dumb diddy dum did I did I get dumb
I'ma get my gun I'ma shoot off your thumb
Shoot you in the buns I mean the damn ass
I'ma get a glass and than pull up some rasp
Mothafucking berry with a lil cherry
My mothafuckin niggas is so damn very
So damn very mothafuckin scary
With the mothafucking what what the Dirty Harry
I'ma say hi to my favorite city
I don't even care if they what little bitty
I get on my knees and I thank the Lord

Whipping boys down with my microphone cord
Swore to the world diamonds and pearls
All my girls dyke like Devirl Ashurl
Curl up my toes, straw to the nose
Selling that cane to them buttnaked hoes
Man I aint foolish but I do talk with bullets
Better tell ya boys to cool it
Cause I grab it and I pull it man

[Chorus X2:]

As I look up at the sky
My eye starts blinking a tear drops my eye
My body temperature falls
I'm shakin and they break in
Tryin to save a dog

[Second Verse:]

Man I put it down I aint tryin to trip
But I talk shit in the syrup I'ma sip
Peace to Lil' Flip and my big homie Hump
Hillwood Cloverland Sunnyside aint no pump
Threwed from the jump, purple ice in my cup
Man I gotta have it, I ain't lyin' I'm in love
With the codein on the martin luther king
Make a hoe sing on my mother fuckin' hook
Pyrex get shook, I sell dope on foot...

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