

Spm

"Illegal amigos"

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[Verse 1]

No nutt's no glory, hear the whole story
I'll be on stage, when you kill that punk for me
Drink some more forty, fuck my Lil' Shorty
Pick out your ride, Luxturious or Sporty
Money is no object for this killa project
Caballo a low-low that bounce like a hot check
You always have my back, my number one soldado
Watch the time fly on this dimond lace novato
Me, I'm rollin in tha two tone corvette
My third wife, ain't even born yet
I'm Dope House Records, band outta Texas
Real niggaz eatin MC's for breakfast
Relentless, when they hand me tha steal
Get your family killed, like amid-divil
The ink in my pen shoot poison from a blow pipe
I pimp two bitches Mary Jane and Snow White...

[Chorus 1]

(Who can hang with Illegal Amigos)
Illegal Amigos, from LB's tha Kilos
(Who can hang with Illegal Amigos)
Illegal Amigos, stackin 'em c-noes

[Verse 2]

C-Frawn, I'm a mothafuckin face, is it tha place?
To get my pocket, nothin but big face
Dollar billers
See me rollin in these streets
With these mothafuckin killas
Get on my lap, make a left on Hillah
Givin shouts out, en dath, yo SPM pass me tha gap
So i can show there mothafuckers where my heart is at
Cath me in tha back of that Benzino
Puntin on my C-Noes
Migga JP, where tha fuck we gone go
Blowin all this smoke, Straight flowin out tha window
I thought you knew we blowin two sticks of vindo
No turnin back bro, continue on my hustle though
I ain't comin up show
Must maintain, ain't that right Hoe Ohh!!!

You see my at the show
Chillin with them blunt masters
Pushin off that green dragons stick it
With that V and soak it
Put a! you couldn't even see me
Talkin bout, ain't that Chuy from tha T.V...

[Chorus 2:]

(Who can hang with Illegal Amigos)
Illegal amigos puttin down our peoples
(Who can hang with Illegal Amigos)
Illegal amigos stayin incognito...

[Verse 3]

Illegal amigos, yeah!
They be my people, we connected like dots
Extensions C-Notes from kilos
As my nigga nino, he know
How to make 100 thousand dollas
A week, startin' from Zero
Now we got connections from Chicago to L.A. (L.A.)
The holly West, we even got Matigo Bay (Matigo Bay)
House of pounds then Key's to Key's
And I still keep my eyes on my K-Sam...
We big ballin', that's what I'm tellin' my people
Affiliated, La Colecta, Illegal Amigos
Blunt Master's, C's, South Park Mexicans
Brown Pround, Dino, and my boy K-Sam
Outlaw, Hudlam, Capon, and the exsis
Chuy Loco, Falcon, and Lack Mischis
Illegal amigos, tha mexican connection
Everything from Key's to pounds to automatic Weapons
Big Ballin...!

[Chorus 1]

[Verse 4]

As the sun goes down we begin to post up
I done cook my coke up and my dope is low punk
Don't fight the fillin, aeventually you give in
SPM, rock tha world that you live in
Street raise for combat, hollin where tha bomb at
Fuck hoes and all that, bitches is a draw back
I go all out, walk down the wrong route
Gone South, Knew what I'm torn bout
Ya'll down my padential, my padentials
I twist ya niggas up like pretzels
Man quien soy? Carlos Coy
80 G's a month stayin self-employed
Killin 'em softly, raisin 'em off me
They askin me if I'm the best

I tell 'em probably
You fellas, just jealous on my dick like relish
I promise Imma show your bitch ass what hell is...

[Chorus 2]

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