

B.G. F/ Big Tymers, Hot Boys

"South Park/South Bronx"

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(Fat Joe)

Yeah, Terror Squad motherfuckers
Dopehouse, that nigga Joey Crack ya heard
Uh, no doubt, yeah, uh, yo

[Fat Joe]

What up Houston, same shit new place
It's about time y'all niggas featured on a Screw tape
Fat Joe and SPM, the best be them
Any set trying to test, gone rest within
You fucking with mexicans, and pure bordos
Down ass niggas that'll blow you with the sawed-off
You know you see the photos in the Lowrider mags
I'm blowing like a dragon, in a loced out wagon
Car just sagging, and we shitting on fools
Chicas go crazy when they see my 22's
Forget them other dudes, man they numbers is up
Terror Squad, Dopehouse who's fucking with us
I guess it's the feddy, I done got em all scared of us
More ridas, more guns you ain't prepared for us
There's no comparing us, we real and you fake
Like going in too deep, you can't chew straight

[Chorus - 2x]

The South Bronx
The South, South Bronx
South Park
The South, South Park

[SPM]

Up jump the boogie, to the boogie down Bronx
Anyone against us catching hot rocks
You fucking cops, know who shot up the parking lot
SP got more red dots than chicken pocks
Two hitting glocks at my door panels
Putting holes in your flannels, now how you like them
apples
Everyday I'm in khakis and a wife beater
And everyday I pour a four in a two liter
Fuck some brew nigga, I'ma stay a true sipper
My bitch tripping, cause my shirt stay full of glitter

I'm the last of the litter, the fucking runt
And this weed in my blunt, ain't no fucking pump
So what, I'm here till I go
Collabo with Fat Joe, just to let you rats know
This is family on Happy P's jamming beats
You hoes ain't balling, take those twenties off that
Camry

[Chorus - 2x]

[SPM]

You motherfuckers got no idea what I've been through
I'm in the club packing my grandmother's jinsu
Smoking tough, my jewelry is broken cuffs
Loading slugs, somebody give Los a hug
Don't discuss much if it ain't bout paper
I built the nine bedroom on a solid acre
I'm murdering, fuck it I'll kill her and him
Hit the curb, and fuck off a perfect rim
I buy it, cook it and serve it
My weed is lime green just like the Kermit
No the churchin and the world could ever clean my
scrill
I raid my own dopehouse and say it's just a drill
I'm on glash on my ass like a peacock
While you fake niggas changing like the weed spot
And my team got boriquas and mexicans
We smith and wessin'n, fuck that fighting and wrestling

[Chorus - 2x]

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