

Dave Steward & Barbara Gaskin**"Pepe LePew"**

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[Jay Tee]

I hate to get broke, but I leave with Riches
?Hit the avenue stretch with?? two million dollar bitches
If it's love, it's love as soon as we walk in
You take the yellow one, but I'ma hit the dark skin
Outta town, Mexicana, Puerto Rican, Cuban
Me, SPM, and big Frost gettin stupid
Fuck Cupid, cuz Jay Tee loves none
I ain't no star but tonight I'm finna fuck one
Make her break bread, get her buck naked
Triple X-Rated, my gat nickel plated
Had to scoop, gave the broad the boot
Collect my loot, and treat her like a prostitute
This pimp voodoo, pick her up in my hoodoo
I'm the shit like voodoo, fuckin' more hoes than yoohoo
Top notches is all I ever been with
I'm a dog let me tell ya what I been with

[Chorus]

Now this be the type of shit that we do
With my nephews smokin' Pepe LePew
I'm a cold muthafucka and I thought you heard
I just put twinkies on my Thunderbird
This be the type of shit that we do
With my nephews smokin' Pepe LePew
See after the show I'ma catch you later
Cuz I gotta count cash on my calculator

[Frost]

I split the blunt, cut it up, fill it up
Lick it up, tonite we smoke the whole city up
And giddy up, live it up, and hoes give it up
What's really up, we hit another million, give it up
Bottoms up, roll it up, we can blow it up
Toke it up, choke it up, let me see ya throw it up
So hold them up, actin' like you wanna get 'em up
I wet 'em up, I never let 'em up
Better run and cover up, and sober up
Before they find you floatin' in the river belly up
I count fetti up, business on the up and up
I tear it up, I drink cincos with some 7-Up

Break 'em up, bout to shoot the dice shake 'em up
11 up, get my chips then I scrape em up
I take 'em up to the telly, then I take it up
And that's fo real homeboy, I never make it up

[Chorus]

[South Park Mexican]

Now Peter Piper picked peppers, but I pick pockets
SP in the VIP smokin with the rocks
Fuck a pigeon, I like a white chicken in my kitchen
Ya'll can all fuck my bitch, as long as you pitch in
Switch hits in, homie I ain't trippin'
Sippin, 60 out the box tongue twistin'
Make the world listen, from free world to prison
I chop more birds than they do on Thanksgivin'
I was driven to my limits, I did it like Phyllis
Bitch made critics try to break me like a Guinness
All around crack star, just by the fast car
Quick 3 G's gettin' spent at the back bar
Act hard with the one they call the Crack Child
The one that walks the mack mile, in brand new reptiles
Crooked, flippin I'ma reach 11 digits
Homes you can't see me, unless you buy some tickets

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