

## South Park "3rd Wish"

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First Verse [SPM]:

Another deadly ceremony,  
In a sacred territory,  
It was all done for the glory,  
You bitches ain't got nothin' for me  
O-G, from the H-I, double L, W, double O, D  
Live the life of the lowly,  
Movin' white ponies, still puttin' in work for the dead  
homies,

Show me the way out, stayin' ready for anything under  
the sun,  
Under the moon, under the stars, God I'm lookin' for  
somewhere  
to run

Dumpin' my gun, as soon as I'm done,  
Leavin' 'em numb, with one in his lung,  
Livin' fast and dyin' young, always business never for  
fun

Chorus [Marilyn Rylander]:

Tell me what it is  
Tell me what you want  
For your 3rd Wishhhhhhhh  
This is your last wishhhhhhhh  
Tell me what it is  
Tell me what you need  
For your 3rd Wishhhhhhhh  
This is your last wishhhhhhhh

Second Verse [SPM]:

Bussin' our teflon, at the red dawn,  
I ain't f\*\*kin' with nothin', get stepped on  
The purest, I'm the surest, playin' a tourist walkin'  
through  
Saigon,  
Been a hustler servin' up big bricks,  
And livin' my life to hit licks,  
Trip on a G like me and see the beads of banana clips  
Trick  
Stamina cannot be duplicated,  
Bite on the dust, you get faded,  
So many wannabe criminals up in the game of drug-  
related

Open up, open up your dopehouses  
Turning you men into mouses  
Saggin' my burgundy trousers,  
Letting you know how the South is

Chorus

Bridge One [Grimm & SPM]:

phone rings

SPM: "Dopehouse Records"

Grimm: "Say man Los, man it ain't go right man, I'ma  
tell you

man, Lil' Drugs

dead man."

SPM: "What?"

Grimm: "Yeah, he's dead man"

SPM: "F\*\*k"

Grimm: "And I got big Jon with me man, he got hit bad  
on the

side, it don't

look good bro, it don't look good, he bleedin' bad. We  
can't go

to the

hospital man, we ain't goin' to the hospital."

SPM: "Yeah"

Grimm: "We headed straight to the Dopehouse. Call  
Doc, tell him

we need him."

SPM: "Alright my nigga, are you sure about Lil' Drugs?"

Grimm: "I'm sure man, he's gone baby, he's gone. We  
gotta get

these

muthaf\*\*kas."

SPM: "Alright, hurry up."

ends phone conversation, SPM starts talking to himself

SPM: "Okay, this is it, I've wished for money, and I've  
wished

for fame, but

what good is it, if I'm still stuck in this game? So, for my  
3rd

wish...I

just wish for all this shit to stop. Just please make it  
stop."

Third Verse [SPM]:

I'm back once again for revenge,

In an all-black bulletproof Benz,

How will I get 'em? It just depends,

Hook his ass up with all his dead friends,

Here ye, here ye, sincerely,

Why so many haters fear me?

Dearly departed, y'all started some shit, and struck but  
couldn't come near me

We're the odyssey, young prodigy, runnin' the top  
notch  
properties,  
Where snitches get shot in they arteries, but gettin'  
nobody's  
apologies  
Follow me how do we master the first jack?  
Since the day I was born I was cursed Black,  
H-Town's where I'm doin' my dirt at,  
Robbin' you hoes on horseback  
Chorus

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