

South Park "Dallas To Houston"

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[South Park Mexican talking] We ain't tripping, y'all one damn one damn time [South Park Mexican] What the dang deal, to the Dallas Texas Last night I had a girl with a big butt and small breastes I lost my damn phone but my homeboy found it She was so precious, she was so bout it I'm S-P Mexy, girls think I'm sexy Back in junior high I use to dress a little preppy Now I'm in the benzo, with my boy Jo-Jo With the Juan Gotti and the DJ Lobo I'm in the hotel, smoking that godel Sipping on the lean, throwed methozyne Got the whole (gun shots) riding on my cotail With my boy Frankie he a kumbia king Can I get a hit, off the swisher man please I'ma sag my jeans, down to my knees I'm so alert, boys getting hurt Step to the S, I'ma let my gun squirt I got to roll with the K and no in That's the dang home of the SPM Oh my lord, it's such a pretty day I love the D-Town and I think I'm gone stay This for my Raza, I got a beer panza I just burned my fingers trying to smoke a coocaracha Ay mama mia, rest in peace to Aaliyah I miss you like I miss that Selena Quintanilla Hold them up, and let them go hard on the mic I use to sell crack on a ten speed bike My family from Mexico they still robbing tourists What's up to Maria, she from Handuras I'm in my room, rolling up ganja My mom's in the kitchen, rolling up masa The whole metro plex, S-P Mex My boy at a photo shoot just gave me some X I'ma pop one, guess it's time to get wiggly Guess who I saw Santa coming down my chimney Hold them up man, I need to ask Rasheed Say motherfucker, what you put in this weed Smoked out in my new truck, De-lux Ask me if I'm fucked up, pretty much Make a hoe with the one touch, time for lunch Let's jump in my bathtub, bubble suds I can see with my third eye, birds eye view I got to sur-vive, so chew We roll with the tech nine, teflon This sign at the time man, all wrong My niggas in the coupe shooting up the place You talk shit, but never in my fucking face Holler back if you can dude, murder rough But I've only killed a hand fool, early yeah I was drunk and was on caine Now it's seven a.m. it's been a long day I'm just trying to go to sleep, but I can't though I keep seeing people looking in my backdoor I just want to shoot in every direction I look in the mirror I

see Carlos But I can't cause my kids is upstairs though
That's the cat that done lost all his marbles I'ma go to
the kitchen make some nachos But all we got is fucking
eggs and pot-o-toes I got the new benz plus two cheves
On 19 inch choppers they don't make twenties Enemies
oh yeah man I got many I'm a serious nuggah, oh it
was trouble I bought a last fucking breath with a hot
penny Caught her at the club and I wooped her and I
drugged her See I'm the bomb, got more hits than
Chaka Chan Smoking ganja man, up in my amazon
Thick bitch, the only way I like them She suck my dick
but I'm playing on my trike Weave out of line, so
refreshing Man they try to get me for some weed
possession I'd rather let my nigga drive I'ma chill in the
back I'm mashing and dashing, I ain't clashing my lac
I'ma smoke janey, the radio don't play me Except the
real niggas, the rest of y'all is ladies Y'all should be
wearing dresses, I kick you out of Texas I'm making
wise investments, I bought 15 SKS's [Chorus - 2x] The
hood is the hood man It don't matter where you from or
what you claim You still get your motherfucking cap
pealed Fucking with this tight circle that my click built
[South Park Mexican] I'm with the Marco on the dang
radio I'ma blow big, I'ma watch my babies grow I'ma
say hello, eat a bowl of jello I sleep with my gun
underneath my dang pillow Blasting at my own kind is
something that I dreaded See I got to get it, I'm super
like unleaded But I got to do it cause these boys
getting stupid In my new crib freaking down a college
student Original gangsta, Houston I'ma thank you
Peace to my mama and my guardian angel I'ma get a
pager, I mean the two razor I'm a hell raiser, from what
the dang south I'ma hit Shelly and her homegirl Asia
Got a lot of homies in the north no doubt Peace to
northeast in the what jail route Ain't no way that SPM
could be a human being I puff and then pout, Hillwood
what I shout Call him how I see him, everyone agreeing
Thugging and I'm g-ing, my car is European Got
enough snow I could probably go skiing In the land
where they play the crack pipe like a flute I'ma throwed
dude, game in a shoe Man what's the dealy, hold them
make them gilly In the lac jumping trying to pop a dang
willy See I'm just Los, that's all I ever be Y'all remember
me from the what Reveille Ex girl Beverly, A-B-C-D E-F-
G-H-I-J-K-L-M-N-O-P Q-R-S-T, U to the V Man that's the
end, S-P to the M X to the Y and finally the Z Fin to go
um, just ride in the wind

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