

## South Park "Don't Let Them Foolya"

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Baby beesh and grimm [chorus 2x]

Don't let them foolya  
We just come to school ya  
Glory glory haleloya  
No red against no blue  
You know you know

Verse 1 [baby beesh]

Now you livin that fast track  
Chasin that ass crack  
I be making my money fucking with the jones and  
nasdaq  
We be blowin on fat sacks  
And cachting amnesia with these heaters  
Making beleivers out of haters and cheaters  
You know that violence interupts my dope trade  
I just do the herb no cocaine  
Don't be afraid boy  
To be all about your bread boy  
But wacth the devil cuase the devil he's decoy  
Destroy all the hate in your veins  
Count your change and rearrange  
Them games is played out man  
Them dirty macks they to stop me but I'm a player  
profit  
I get the dope cook it up and rechop it

[chorus] 2x

Verse 2 [south park mexican]  
Smoking smelly  
Put a hole in your belly  
You wan't to test us oh really  
Got a call on my celley  
They wan't to bury us  
You fucking haters sound halerious  
The I turn the brave into the sariest  
Smoke water and get wetter than aquarious  
Thuggish ruggish million dollar budgets  
I chop a bird and cook 36 chicken nuggets

My future is clear just like a shot of vodka  
I got love from corripitos to uganda  
If you jelous listen up fellas  
It's no problem to show you where hell is  
[chorus] 2x

Verse 3 [rasheed]  
While some niggas is stickin with ya  
Your murder is being choreographed  
Soldiers never sleep I got your back in the aftermath  
After the last laugh  
When the mutherfuckers smoke clears  
Niggas broke hear  
Choking hanging like chandliers  
I bust at the man in the mirror  
Making my face crack  
Replace that rasheed dope house killa  
Keep it coming back or running back  
With a ball and chain in my hand  
Ain't no substain  
The man with the vision of the galexxy span

Verse 4 [low g]  
Respect that  
It's the million dollar wetback  
In jet black  
You cross my line and get your head cracked  
Yea yea ya tu sabes qien soy  
Don't sweat me boy  
Ya tu sabes donde estoy  
I'm on the hunt g  
The only street with the palm tree's  
It's low g  
I only rap about what's done g  
You can't stop me  
Came to your city on a donkey  
The slavea I'm bringing back the wet flava

[chorus] 2x

[south park mexican]  
He's on crack  
She's on snow  
He's so old he can't fuck no mo  
She's a whore he's a snicth  
Most of my niggas dying over a bicth

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