

## South Park "Follow My Lead"

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[First Verse]

Well Baby Beesh, that's my handle, money mackin'  
Commando, blowin' like a candle, on that pearl and  
Wood panel, modern day Marlon Brando  
Squares don't understando  
Play like a piano when I'm flipping through the  
Channel, man don't make me lose convulsions, chokin'  
On some doja, cars keep flippin' over  
Getting' Jags and Testerosas  
Motorola, Coca-Cola, stay high and never sober  
Got them hot girls makin' love to my poster  
Attitude kinda flippy, pockets never skimpy  
Married to Marijuana with that drama you can miss me  
Fifty-fifty I'm a playa, slash money maker by nature  
I get that paper pushin' green and snowyflaka  
Make a good girl turn to sinna  
Puttin' inches all up in her  
Blaze the bitch up now she's a bread winner  
I'm a gold digga, kick a hole through your front door  
Nigga, don't try to fight it, give it up, let it go.

Chorus:

Follow my lead huh, do as I say not as I do. (x3)

Follow my lead huh, mayday mayday. (x5)

[Second Verse]

I remember way back in the day  
I used to get spankings from my momma  
But uh now this lil' ass baby smokin' on dank in The  
Bahamas, got a pair of Versace pajamas  
Little mommas say I'm a sex symbol  
I come through with the blue Coug  
And shit I'm thinkin' Lexus Limo  
I'm a swang three lanes to the piece and chain  
And the pinky ring I'm gonna blind  
'cause it's my time, I pack my dime, I put two holes  
Right in your spine  
Every time you talkin' down my rhyme  
Boy I beat yo lil' behind  
And stop and rewind, feel my lines  
Bottle like me, I'm gonna shine

Little Christian on a mission  
But listen he gaining recognition  
In the Expedition, it's gonna glistin'  
Got a line and he went fishin'  
Pay attention to the Louisiano recano regano with a  
Blano, I be puffin' on a big Fano  
Got mo' green than the motherfucking lotto  
Nigga I'm the one, the Christian  
The lucky motherfucker outside of the Yukon  
I'm swangin' fo's, I'm slangin' hoes  
Representing of the way Houston  
These boys ain't ready for the age of Levy in a SS  
Chevy on perely  
Nigga I be sippin' lean  
And I'm counting green  
'cause boy I'm all about my feria (feria).

Chorus

[Third Verse]

I promise this song is harder than my dick is  
I won in the Olympics for cooking the most chickens  
Gold medal around my necka, living la vida chueca  
Puck checka, chuck wrecka, nobody do it betta  
I'm best when under presha, smoke up in my chest  
Momma mad, 'cause I just just failed my piss test  
Brain deader than a door knob  
This is, for my road dog  
Fresh out the Pen I take him out to get a blowjob  
I'm so shy, controlling the streets, like a robot  
The one to put a dope house  
I'm sorry but it won't stop  
My door got kicked in once before  
And I'm sho' they won't try that stupid shit no more  
I put holes up in they asses  
Broke em' like some glasses  
Niggas was falling just like my motherfucking pants is  
Answers your questions, throwed as Mexicans  
Snatch your bitch up and dig deep in her intestines.

Chorus

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