

South Park "H-Town G-Funk"

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Thanks to youngtownplaya@aol.com for these lyrics.
My sweet Lac fall back just creepin' on three wheels
[First Verse] A bitch to my right cocked giving me
cheap thrills I see meals, coming down my path In the
ghetto cat's wrath making math I'm the last to blast, on
that ass now you the past Who the fastest punk em' like
cashes It's no joke you get smoked like buddah grass
And when I crash this you catch whiplashes Bitch I'm on
a mission to listen and give descriptions Hung G's in
my hood in their intentions I hear gunshots ringing like
hell's bells I see drug sells check out my thug tales
Fuck jails, bank swells keeps hella grip And I can sell
dope on ice, and never slip They serving Kibbles N' Bits
while I'm cooking bricks Save my crumbs for the ones
who sucking dicks I made it rich on the ditch you quick
snap I left that cut now they wonder where the brick's at
My green shit stacks, still clip packs It's the wet back
hitting on the bongz Thirty-six lead homies so don't trip
jack Son in the long run, I'll be the strong one. Chorus:
(4X) If you step in my hood bitch you will get blasted
It's nothin but that h-town g-funk (Yeah this is for all
them hustlers in Hillwood, South Park. Huh.) [Second
Verse] Trying to jack now you're on your back
breathing anasthesia I told yah, boy you must have
caught amnesia You got blasted 'cause you trespassed
it They never lasted, in the game I mastered You stupid
bastard, tell me what's your final word Before I let this
lead tip hit your spinal cord Oh you was ready just
begging to gank me Now your ass is just dead and
stanky I put my foot in your shit like the hokey pokey
Leave the scene, now everything's okie dokie Your
homies know me, but they won't fuck with this So you
little jackers best stick to crackers 'cause now they
know that I could show buck a bitch 'cause fucking with
this mex gets your neck broke I'm the macker plus the
gun packer Stuck like chuck straight fucked and in
check Loc 'cause I think fast when I'm in the slow lane
Get in my domain and fall back with no brain So dont
raid, or try to rain on my parade 'cause i'm strapped
from my blade, to my grenade. Chorus [Third Verse]
My sweet Texas, restless, wanting to ride Lexus Check
this or flex this, I get wreckless Unbelievable lyrical

synical Here we go mary go round I down critical Street
stamina dammin' a cop Slammin' a punk, and jam in
my funk Guard my grill with steel, on Sundays I kneel
I'm the man with the skill foreal On my knees to Jesus,
please seize us 'cause my boy's in trouble, and he
needs us Got a bat, my homie's on the double Punks
want trouble, I bam bam rubble Come and get some, I
leave you wet mon Still the son of a gun having big fun
Fill your lead with an infared I put the best to bed, they
call him dead fucking fred Shed my skin like a snake
on a vine We fall in ranks like a motherfucking pyramid
Climbing on the crime side, coming around the blind
side And I'm the top block will I stop never did Make
you pass the 9th grade, but got life made Chose that
dope and I hope I picked the right trade. Chorus

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