

South Park "Hillwood Hustlaz"

Visit "[Hillwood Hustlaz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hillwood
Hustlaz
You can't
See us
We run
Houston
Thousands
Of tons

First verse:

I'll take my gun and make you run
'cause it really don't make me none
Slip through the hood, dope I could
Deliver my life the best I could
Robin hood, youngest crook
Here they come now watch y'all look
Go by the book, charge I shook
It's that mexican dance with wolves
Swimmin' pools, we some fools
Diamonds and them ruby jewels
Makin' moves, gator shoes
Just last week I made the news
They accused but I won't lose
Mama's happy, daddy's cool
What about you? what do you do?
If you young, stay in school
We stay true, dopehouse crew
Smokin' yabba dabba doo
Jam this crew, we brand new
Followin' up this plan I drew
Sp-mex bubble jet
Countin' dollars and them cents
Kick your door down and have you tryin' to jump your
own fence

Chorus

Second verse:

You haters ain't no friend of mine
Boys don't wanna let me shine

That's all fine, take in mind
Bust a rhyme, like a nine
How many times do I have to tell ya?
All my life I've been called a failure
Write my friends in the pen
Are you gettin' these letters I mailed ya?
Rock and roll, ophthalmals
Then go eat at poppa dough's
So many hoes in the club
Pull my cash and buy them all a rose
Eighty-four, the story goes
On about that boy carlos
Sippin' fours, hittin' dro
But never put nothin' up my nose
Body froze, casket closed
Nightmares of the life I chose
Try my dope and overdose
Suckin' up my killer flow
Freestyle pro, style: girbauds
Silky socks and matchin' clothes
Mama told me life was like ballet, you gotta stay on
your toes
Crackin' jokes, spin a spoke
Silly question, do I smoke?
Breakfast? milk and quaker oats
Eighty thousand dollar boat
Better not puff, better not pout
Spm is in your town
El coyote in el mote, a.k. senor charlie brown

Chorus

Third verse:

The barbarian
Look where we buried him
In the hole, right next to the librarian
I married in, to the very end
Have your kids askin', daddy, who are those scary
men?
Make a stripper bitch, wanna be my fuckin' wife
She told me this the biggest tip I ever got in my life
Nothin' can save us, starched, stuffed ben davis
Sellin' dope, to my coked out neighbors
First full trip and let my clip get to rippin'
Blood drippin' out his shit, tryin' to run, but he limp'in'
I come from the slums, survived on crumbs
I live like a man, and i'ma die like one

Chorus

Visit [South Park](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.