

South Park "Illegal Amigos"

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[Verse 1]

No nutt's no glory, hear the whole story
I'll be on stage, when you kill that punk for me
Drink some more forty, fuck my Lil' Shorty
Pick out your ride, Luxturious or Sporty
Money is no object for this killa project
You always have my back, my number one soldado
Caballo a low-low that bounce like a hot check
Watch the time fly on this dimond lace novato
Me, I'm rollin in tha two tone corvette
My third wife, ain't even born yet
I'm Dope House Records, band outta Texas
Real niggaz eatin MC's for breakfast
Relentless, when they hand me tha steal
Get your family killed, like amid-divil
I pimp two bitches Mary Jane and Snow White...
The ink in my pen shoot poison from a blow pipe

(Chorus 1)

(Who can hang with Illegal Amigos)
Illegal Amigos, from LB's tha Kilos
(Who can hang with Illegal Amigos)
Illegal Amigos, stackin 'em c-noes

[Verse 2]

C-Frawn, I'm a mothafuckin face, is it tha place?
Dollar billers
To get my pocket, nothin but big face
See me rollin in these streets
With these mothafuckin killas
Get on my lap, make a left on Hillah
Givin shouts out, en dath, yo SPM pass me tha gap
So i can show there mothafuckers where my heart is at
Cath me in tha back of that Benzino
Puntin on my C-Noes
Blowin all this smoke, Straight flowin out tha window
Migga JP, where tha fuck we gone go
I thought you knew we blowin two sticks of vindo
No turnin back bro, continue on my hustle though
I ain't comin up show
Must maintain, ain't that right Hoe Ohh!!!
Chillin with them blunt masters

You see my at the show
Pushin off that green dragons stick it
With that V and soak it
Putta! you couldn't even see me
Talkin bout, ain't that Chuy from tha T.V...

Chorus 2:

(Who can hang with Illegal Amigos)
Illegal amigos puttin down our peoples
(Who can hang with Illegal Amigos)
Illegal amigos stayin incognito...

Illegal amigos, yeah!

They be my people, we connected like dots

[Verse 3]

Extensions C-Notes from kilos

As my nigga niÃƒÂ±o, he know

How to make 100 thousand dollas

A week, startin' from Zero

Now we got connections from Chicago to L.A. (L.A.)

House of pounds then Key's to Key's

The holly West, we even got Matigo Bay (Matigo Bay)

We big ballin', that's what I'm tellin' my people

And I still keep my eyes on my K-Sam...

Affiliated, La Colecta, Illegal Amigos

Blunt Master's, C's, South Park Mexicans

Brown Pround, Dino, and my boy K-Sam

Chuy Loco, Falcon, and Lack Mischis

Outlaw, Hudlam, Capon, and the exsis

Big Ballin...!

Illegal amigos, tha mexican connection

Everything from Key's to pounds to automatic Weapons

(Chorus 1)

I done cook my coke up and my dope is low punk

[Verse 4]

As the sun goes down we begin to post up

Don't fight the fillin, aeventually you give in

SPM, rock tha world that you live in

Street raise for combat, hollin where tha bomb at

I go all out, walk down the wrong route

Fuck hoes and all that, bitches is a draw back

Gone South, Knew what I'm torn bout

Ya'll down my padential, my padentials

I twist ya niggas up like pretzels

Man quien soy? Carlos Coy

80 G's a month stayin self-employed

Killin 'em softly, raisin 'em off me

They askin me if I'm the best

I tell 'em probably

I promise Imma show your bitch ass what hell is...
You fellas, just jealous on my dick like relish

(Chorus 2

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