

## South Park "SPM Diaries"

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[SPM:]

Whats the deal man, we back in this camp  
I'm doing this right here off the shot of ? my boy Flaco  
gave me you heard..

Crease in my pants as I dance with the devil  
I used to ride a bike that only had one pedal  
No nike kicks, broke than a bitch  
I started comin' up sellin' fat ass nicks  
I'ma flip it like a script at the ?  
Thats my new spot, 8 by 10 cubic  
Nah, I ain't stupid, never have been  
They locked up they ? now they all laughin'  
Celebrating life with they kids and they wives  
They wishing I would die as my lil' girl cries  
Always knew that these hoes would be coming for me  
But my comeback's gone be something to see  
I can't stand a hoe, on a tv show  
That say I'm hispanic around latino  
Bitch you a mexican, say that shit  
Why the fuck is you acting scared to represent

[Chorus x2:]

Everytime the wind blows I reach for my heat  
Peace to Sam Boone and my homie Pistol Pete  
I'm from the South East but got love for the North  
And these are just the diaries that SPM wrote

[Rasheed:]

Mr. SP can you spare a few pages  
To write whats on my mind and record a few tapes and  
It's the Rasheed creepin' in my Batman boat  
My money tripled like the chin on a fatman throat  
But haters could they hate yo voice I was kinda bored  
You know I always be the Dope House spinal cord  
I just been chillin', showin' boys how to wreck screw  
tapes  
And also how a haters body fits in one suitcase

[SPM:]

I told you once, I eat you motherfuckers for lunch  
I pull more stunts than Knievel, bring it in by the tons

I got guns, Homie I got guns  
I heard you had some heat too, but not much  
I'm the pusha, run 'em like Alaskan huskys  
And still smoke the finest, right by the trust SKS  
Bring it to your chest  
You should know by know, I don't aim for the legs

[Chorus]

[SPM:]

Everybody gather round the fire, blow like a dryer  
I'ma run a lil' something by ya  
In the battlefield is nothing like you've ever known  
Soy el pelon de Houston con fe y corazon  
Estereo, en serio, Houston hasta Mexico  
Cortalo, vendelo, SPM dejalo  
Vato es maton, con su homie Low-G Flores  
Juan Gotti bring dolores y casa de millones  
Y Fiero, en este juego, necesitas huevos  
Mi treinta y ocho, ya no te quiero  
Puro AK-47, ya vete  
Tu vas pa tras y dile que te respete  
Cuando sales tengo jales en muchas partes  
Te doy coca y cuetes que son cuates  
Como mi ruka, maria juana, no hay otra  
Fumando me llamo Rolando Mota

[Chorus]

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