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South Park "Suckaz N Hataz"

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(Intro: Uchie) It's for real, they want to know why all these haters is talking about me and talking nonsense, This is Uchie with my man Filero Dopehouse Records, Shut Em Down, listen to this

Chorus: JC & (Uchie) And we want to know why these haters keep playing with me oh yah (Hey and we want to know why these suckers they talk about me) And we want to know why these haters keep playing with me oh no (Listen, and we want to know why these haters keep playing with me)

(South Park Mexican) I'ma smoke kill, I'ma do what I can I'ma help them find that nigga up in Afghanistan I represent the hood, Benz what I push Just bought a house right next to George Bush In River Oaks, it's the nigga Los In the club drunk, nah nigga I'm fin to go In my 64 candy what Impala Fall to my knees and give all praise to Allah Still I blow big and I don't like pigs I'm trying to put my trailor on MTV Cribs But they say it's too small, not enough coverage But I got two bedrooms and a brand new oven I'm puffing and I'm pounding, I'm high as a mountain You could tell I'm f**ked up when you hear my album The cadillac boucing I drunk my bitch a thousand In the mall balling while you motherf**kers browsing, ha ha

(Chorus)

(South Park Mexican) This green is so delicious, mom's still bitching Why don't you ever listen and rap like a christian Mom you know I'm thugging there ain't no f**king hope The only time I run is when I'm running dope I shake it and I shook it, what you think I'm stupid Cause I smoke kill and my dick's f**king crooked Well f**k you too, I'ma call my crew Pack a 22 if you want some beef stu Sipping 80 Proof, chugging duece out the roof Stomp a nigga down and wipe his shit off my boot I'm at 3-25 if you want more than 50 But I don't slang wiggy or that Milly Venillie I'm strictly moving carpet, on the black market Cause hoes talk to pigs like a spider named Charolette

Valet park it, 600 starship Will this be cash, naw bitch you could charge it, ha ha

(Chorus)

(South Park Mexican)

I'm smoking on that doja, for my bitch Rosa I signed her love poster then she gave me the panocha Dopehouse soldier I feel I'm getting closer Peace to Faith up in that Atlanta Georgia Coopa Cabanna, this song is a jammer I like to get drunk and start dancing like Hammer Loose dickie sagger, no I'm not a bragger Sometimes shave my head like the what Marvin Haggler Ya bitch I done had her, my dick gone gag her

Squeeze her and I grab her, while I creep in a jagger Yab-a-dab-a-do it's the Mr. Flinstone 20 inch chrome aimed straight and hit dome Leave my click alone unless you want your shit gone No chest no brains and no way to get home You want to be hard, I'll freeze your body up Five days in the dirt, I'm sure you'll soften up, ha ha yo

(Chorus)

(Outro: Uchie) What I'm talking about, this is Uchie and Filero On the beat ya heard me Y'all gone hear from me in a little bit, uh And y'all ready for this, I'm going to do a little freestyle While everyone is here watching me, uh listen

(Uchie)

Hold up, Uchie in the cut Coming through the hood with my niggas in the truck And away uh from the school and the fools and the nuts

I'ma tell ya right now we one balling never stuck And bitches show me love with some hugs and kisses Maybe cause the wheels on my right is 20 inches Maybe cause I ducked and some hard hitting lyrics Or mabe cause my name is at the top and they wished it

Cause I come a long way, and I'm here to stay That Dopehouse Records til I die or my fame We got Screwston sippers they be microphone rippers Them creepers and crawlers artists are the hardest Throwdest shot callers, bone ass killers And if ya ready to go to war we got some throwed ass dealers, I'm out

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