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South Park "The Beach House"

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[South Park Mexican talking] For my nigga, Filero on this biatch Uh, yo, pick up the music a little bit Man it's real man, here we go Yo, what's up, what's up JC [South Park Mexican] I'ma have to smoke, I'ma have to fucking toke Keep it in my lungs like an inside joke Got married at the crack hotel in south man No damn hope, I loc with the game Holler if you feel me, wet like willy Got my own island like that little nigga Gilly Could of played proball but I got injured And the dang Skipper, fucking that Ginger Man I wouldn't kid you, I'ma throw dew Got a fine bitch in the 6-0-2 It's more on the menu, I'ma get in you You watch Ms. America, I fucked Ms. Virginia Got the block hotter than your girlfriend penurch I'm known to burst, skip go to church I'ma scrape the curbs with my brand new twenties Go buy some more cause to me they just pennies Fresh out the county, fresh like downy I won two emmys, man I win awards Got so much heat I could open up your pours Now my mama high, cause she ate my weed brownies Now she tripping calling 9-1-1 I'm sad cause she called me a what a bad son But I promise it's gone wear off soon I'm on calhoun, sometimes I feel used Do what I do and just watch some cartoons Cause a hoe just want to get in my fruit of the loom I'm about the shrooms, I'ma spread the news SPM undefeated can't lose Hit the dank smooth, all night long I love mama tattooed on my arm Dopehouse charm, with the diamonds in it I'ma fuck Missy Elliot for one minute Then I be finished, I smoke spinach Just like Popeye except a little different I sell reggie but I smoke hydro ponic I got more brown bags than shoes and sonic Man I'm on it, I mean I'm on my hustle Never love a bitch cause I just don't trust her I'm in the kitchen flipping cookies with my spatula Never popped the question, I'ma stay a bachelor Do what I have to, on the third chapter Talk with my glock when I come holler at you Call me the greaser, roach and a tweezer Don't fuck with that nigga cause he's a Motherfucking killer out the Hilla, cocaine dealer Get my shit off a eighteen wheeler My niggas, niggas, bar sippers Now I'm packing flippers, large old flippers [Chorus: scratching] Roll 80 vogues till them hoes start clacking Not the chimmy change for the beans and rice

If you want to jack, I got something for you Then to the store I need a 40 on some dice Caught another case so I got to call my lawyer Hillwood hustler, never caught sleeping Got a fine chick that look just like Latoya Run you out my city like them Tennessee Oilers You can play hockey, I'ma play hookie [South Park Mexican] They trying to shoot me, cause I'm making movies On the mic niggas say that I'm the dookie Went gold twice, buy ice and rubies I'ma eat at Lugies, save my doobies She in a D cup cause I bought them boobies I'ma take the tuna, shoes are puma I'ma go on vacation to Blue Lagoona Cause I like to scuba, on the island Aruba I'ma eat a bowl of beans and I'ma play the tuba That I'm with a swamp thing and Papa Dough See I'm awful throwed, y'all should also know And he frozen, got the what house on the ocean Fuck her in the ass with some suntan lotion All in the open, where people could see My nextdoor neighbor's taking pictures of me I'm a powerful man, I bought a house on the sand Bought the lot and told the cops get off of my land With my barbie, I'ma throw a party They want my autograph but I don't got a sharpie No more bacardi, I'm drunk I need some coffee About to throw up bitch get the fuck off me But anyway man, hold them up, who is you You ain't my girlfriend, my girlfriend was wearing blue But you suck a good dick, so I won't say shit But hold up when he hear this song he'll be swoll Then I saw the bitch kissing on my boy Nick Man, I'ma have to tell him that his album sucks But what he don't know ain't gone hurt him though So let it be a lesson any girl that you meet And he shouldn't buy it or even listen to it once Take her to the store and tell that bitch to brush her teeth [Chorus]

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