

South Park "Wizard Of Oz"

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[Chorus 2X's] Down yellow brick road To easier to see
Now come follow me Hillwood Hustla Got what you
need [Verse 1] It were plain to see Since the age of
three One day dope fiends'll be pagin me I got crunk in
the game niggas knew my name Smoke grey gold trim
big daddy grill 16 in a 7-7 Seville Hillwood the place I
gain my fame Back in '86 I was choppin bricks To think
a damn paper made ?? rich I got love for the hustlas in
every hood But hate in your heart it'll never be good I
feel blessed but confess I blow sess for my stress Its
that Mex with a S on my chest None the less I was real
with the homies With the O-Z's running from the police
No peace blow sweets on cold streets Dope fiends gon
bring a nigga more green [echoes] [Chorus 2X's]
[Verse 2] Rolling paper squares out a fat ass nickle My
money triple sippin ripple living simple Trick on my dick
for the bricks I chop Pigs in my mix when they hit my
block Just a check up to see if id slip once Used to catch
a raid bout every six months Call it one time some
rhyme bout this shit I can slide in my sandals but never
will I slip Undercovers hit the set man yall funny Taking
them crumbs and giving marked money Trying to
convict em I aint fallin victim They want me bad so mad
as they burn off Fool I know your face and my boys I
done hipped em Fucking with them hoes now my blunt
done turned off No other way just another day on the
spot If you play then you pay it dont never stop
[echoes] [Chorus 2X's] [Verse 3] I wrote this book bout
a hopeless crook Living in the land where the coke is
cooked Where smokers hooked and the soldiers hood
Where hoes get took and the choke is good That lonely
Wood where his homies stood Trying to change myself
if I only could Im just your Hillwood Hustla street rhyme
rustler Blowing more smoke than a broke down muffler
It aint easy working jobs with no fucking bosses But I'm
taking losses Risking life and your freedom for a buck
or two Still I feel if you loose control homie youse a ho
Selling dope is the hardest thing a man can do Real g's
keep they life on cruise control When the police kick
door and raid my crib I tell em pigs of the slippers thats
not what I did [echoes] [Chorus 2X's]

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