

South Park "Woodson N Worthin"

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SPM:

Smoke on the kill popped up on three wheel
want another peel naw nigga I'ma chill
gone off the X its the SP-Mex
just made 2 twenty-thousand dollar bets
hoes wanna speak nah I need a freak
I be freestyle flowing in my sleep
out to Hous-tone that's my dam home
I like to get high I eat a bowl of Honeycomb
Man put em up man I can't quit
I need a forty and a forty cigarette
down for my raza mira lo que pasa
when it get hot I'ma have to buy a raspa
maybe orchata check my palabras
I like girls with the real pretty patas
Ima throw vato like to chase gato
SPM mean South Park Mojado
1 in a billion V-12 engine
in the same city with Destiny's Children
I'm off the rocka peace to Lil' Papa
I be the shit in spanish im the kaka
I'ma take a picture of you're but naked sister
and my killas got more pliers than wrencha
gangsta gangsta read all about it
22 holes in ya' brand new outfit
feestyle flow is all I come with
I don't give a fuck ya'll stupid dumb bitch
in the land of g's smoking QP's
Smoke on kill I'ma smoke trees
man I get crunked do what with my thang
swang lang lang in the mothafucking rain
dumb diddy dum did I did I get dumb
I'ma get my gun I'ma shoot off your thumb
Shoot you in the buns I mean the dam ass
I'ma get a glass and than pour up some rasp
mothafucking berry with a lil cherry
my mothafuckin niggas is so dam very
so dam very mothafuckin scary
with the mothafucking what what the Dirty Harry
I'ma say hi to my favorite cities
I dont even care if they what little bitty
I get on my knees and I thank the Lord

whip them boys down with my microphone cord
swore to the world diamonds and pearls
all my girls dike like Lavurn and Shurl
curl up my toes straw to the nose
selling that cane to them buttnaked hoes
man I aint foolish but I do talk to bullets
better tell ya boys to cool it
cause I grab it and I pull it man

Chorus X2:

As I look up at the sky
my eye starts blinking a tear drops my eye
my body temperature falls
I'm shakin can they break in
tryin to save a dog

Second Verse:

Man I put it down I aint tryin to trip
but I talk shit in the syrup I'ma sip
peace to Lil' Flip and my big homie Hump
Hillwood Cloverland Sunnyside aint no punk
through from jump purple ice in my cup
man i gotta have it I aint liein im in love
with the codine on the Martin luther King
left on cresmont

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