

South Park Mexican "Blazin Janey"

Visit "[Blazin Janey](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"Blazin Janey"

(feat. Powda)

[Chorus:]

Skies are dark and days are rainy
Houston, Texas blazin Janey
Things been kinda crazy lately
But they'll never fade my baby

[SPM:]

Hard in the paint I don't think ya can stop me
Sell so much yay, boys call me Lil' Rocky
Guess what I bought me? An old ass jalopy
Slapped it out nasty, going down Scott street
Working on my tape, I'ma call it What Just Rate
Working on my movie, called Planets of the Dranks
I'm true to my hood, real with my patnas
Houston went Screwston that kinda shocked us,
shocked us
Flip flop, white leather, bring it down at nice weather,
I'm a big dice bedder, Polo on my tight sweater
It's the eye opener, strike like cobra
Pockets on swell, I mean fat like Oprah
Bang to the boogie, the game getting uhugly
Roll with the bird just like the dog Snoopy
Rivals, punks trying to hold my title
You couldn't pass me on a muthafuckin' motorcycle

[Chorus x2]

[Powda:]

Shit ain't the way it use to be, baby things is kinda crazy
Be blazin on a Janey just to keep me sane
See this cats is acting shady but I promise they can't
fade me
Too real to the game can't touch me or that SP
Like the birdman, why? Cause I fly in any weather
On the rainiest of days I still be doing better
Stacking chedda that's my mission, never cease no
doubt
You can hate it you can love it, but you can't stop my
route

I be reppin' to the fullest Dope House, ride or die
Don't test my soldiers, we don't click we familize
Damn the skies if they dark, cause we still gone shine
Every time we come around, we gone leave them boys
blind
Stay high, I'ma keep my head up
Stay on my grind, I can keep my bread up
Never lead up playa, we ain't going no where
We some veterans in the game, been hustling for years

[SPM:]

Dvd changer, stacker and a slanger
Bring her to the party with one in the chamber
Married to the cut, renew my vows
Walking down the isles in my pink crocodiles
I'm a scorer and a choppa, cook like Betty Crocker
Boys wanna knock me, but fuck a nigga knock'a
I'm the realest in this business, more ikas than a
chemist
But the fear in hymnist, but got love like tennis
I'm a menace, squeeze triggas like lemons
I could win a rap contest with one sentence
And they jealous but I could show em' what hell is
I bring the rain and ya bring umbrellas
I'm restless, black lock, cock it back, aim and shoot
Nigga blowing up like some muthafuckin' Romen soup
Kandy coupe, I use to be too fat to hoop
Now I jump so high niggas think that I got magic shoes

[Chorus x2]

Visit [South Park Mexican](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.