

South Park Mexican

"Cali"

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[Kid Frost]

Home boy

Home boy

Yes sir

Yes sir

From Tex to Cali part two

Ha ha

[Verse 1: SPM]

I gets down and dirty

Stood at 7:30

My team for a birdy

I don't think ya heard me

Take a journey to where boys

Die too early

In the land of the hand of the district attorney

Controversy

Make you beg for mercy

45 where niggas will rob you for ya jersey

Ariberdiheri

All my shots be fatal

Little pigs coffin my hands to my ankle

Too much bail

Got to make bail

I got a 2000 Benz and I can't even spell

Take a fine ass gal to a cheap motel

And if she hungry

I take that bitch to Taco Bell

Oh weeeell

Her pussy ain't made of gold

And if I trip you be sittin on the side of the road

Yo Frost

[Kid Frost]

What up dawg?

[SPM]

Let me hit the pine o fine

I done jumped in this game

And now it's mine all mine

[Chorus: Kid Frost and SPM]

From Tex to Cali

Every hood every alley
Puffin on smalley
In the candy coated Cadi
Maan that blocks to go glocks
Wit 17 shots
[Gun shot]
Cops
Swearin to God, we sell rocks
[Repeat 2x]

[Verse 2: Kid Frost]
I'm still standin in the sunset
Hand on my pistola
Little John Gotti
From baja Califrnia
Sippin on Corona
With the chip Motorola
Betta watch out for my coner
Or you'll be an organ doner
1part pure
3 parts bakin soda
Take it out the microwave
Before it bubbles over
Betta look ova ya shoulda
Shits getting colda
Don't flip the strip and you might dip into a coma
I the bomba
Bomba
I'ma let you know que onda
Que onda
In the South Park smokin on some smoka-a

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