

South Park Mexican

"Don't Let 'Them Fool Ya"

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Chorus: x2

Don't Let 'Them Fool Ya
We just come to school ya
Glory Glory Hallelujah
No red against no blue ya
Uh, you know, uh, you know.

Verse 1: [Baby Bash:]

Now you be livin' that fast track
Chasin' that ass crack
I be makin' my money fuckin' without Jones & Nasdaq
We be blowin' on fat sacks
& catchin' amnesia with these heaters
Makin' believers out of haters & cheaters
You know that violence interrupts my dope trade
I just do the herb no cocaine
Don't be afraid boy
To be all about your bread boy
But watch that devil 'cause that devil he's a decoy
Destroy all that hate in your veins
Count your change & rearrange
Them games is played out man
Them dirty mess they want to stop it but I'm a player
profit
I get the dope cook it up & rechop it.

Chorus: x2

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Uh, You know, uh, you know.

Verse 2 [South Park Mexican:]

Smokin' smelly
I Put a hole in your belly.
You want to test us? Oh really?
Got a call on my celly
They want to bury us.
[laugh] You fuckin' haters sound hilarious
The craziest, I turn the brave to the scariest

Smoke water & get wetter than Aquarius
Thuggish Ruggish million dollar budgets
I chop a bird & cook 36 Chicken Nuggets
My future's clear just like a shot of vodka
I got love from Corripitos to Uganda
If you jealous listen up fellas
It's no problem to show you where hell is.

Chorus: x2
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Uh, You know, uh, you know.

Verse 3: [Rasheed:]
While some niggas is stickin' with ya
Your murder is bein' choreographed
Soldier's never sleep I got your back in the aftermath
After the last laugh
When the muthafuckin' smoke clears
Niggas broke hear
Chokin' hangin' like chandliers
I bust at the man in the mirror
Makin' my face crack
But blaze that Rasheed Dope House killer
Keep it comin' back or runnin' back
With a ball & chain in my hand
Ain't no substain
In The man with the vision of the galaxy span.

Verse 4: [Low-G:]
Respect that
It's the million dollar wetback
In jet black
You cross my lane & get your head cracked
Yeah yeah ya tu sabes qien soy
Don't sweat me boy
Ya tu sabes donde estoy.
I'm on the Hunt G
The only street with the palm tree's
It's Low-G
I only rap a what is done G
You can't stop me
Came to your city on a donkey
The slavior I'm bringin' back the wet flavor!

Chorus: x2
Don't Let 'Them Fool Ya
We just come to school ya
Glory Glory Hallelujah

No red against no blue ya
Uh, You know, uh, you know.

[South Park Mexican:]
He's on crack
She's on snow
He's so old he can't fuck no mo'
She's a whore
He's a snitch
Most of my niggas dyin' over a bitch.

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