

## South Park Mexican "Dope House Family"

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[Verse 1: Juan Gotti]

Razaville Texas, Houston to McAllen  
Deep in San Anto, Screw Rich y Valles  
Rollin' through Dallas, Boritos, and Corpus  
Odessa, Laredo, the Locos in Austin  
Texas made Mexicans, North of the border  
Land of the Free, Smoking weed with my Gordo  
MotherFuckers laid back in your Cadillac  
Let me jump on this shit like back to back  
Stay Real for Life, roll down South  
For the WreckShop, for the HomeTown Crowd  
My Alias, is that Go Hard Mexican  
Flowin' through your veins like Medicine  
Wanna be Down, On the H-Town  
Real Ballers Fight for the rebound  
B-Town, to motherfucking G-Town  
Creep around everybody G out  
Can't see how, you can dawg me out  
Make me out, Take me out  
Deep South, my Hood got more slack  
Than 88 cowboys ridin' on horse back  
Top That, the Mexicans All That  
Strike like a snake, and attack like Bobcat

[Verse 2: Baby Bash]

Hoe Ass Niggas, aint nothing worse  
They do it for panurch, but I do it for the purse  
And I'm still on the search, sometime I go to church  
Seven deuce old school Cadillac with the skirts  
And I speak for motherfuckers on the couch and the floor  
Cause a Mexican like my self is out for the dough  
But ya already know, if you got big pelotas  
Anybody now a days, might be the chotas  
That young Baby Beesh, he don't fuck with police  
And the beat the dog shit out your Nephew and Niece  
If they ever get the Snitching, Yelling, Telling and Singing  
Ima call the whole squad and some heads gone be ringin'  
I'm Dope House stout, fuck a set up and a wierd-o  
It's real talk, real breath, make it clear hoe!

[Chorus: Carolyn Rodriguez]  
Throw your Hood Up  
All my G's Represent  
Turn up your deck  
Dope Hose Click came to Wreck

[Verse 3: Spm]  
Money and the power, glass on the Prowler  
Blaze up a blunt as I tell you all about her  
Killa of the Hilla, crawl like caterpillar  
Pour a fo-fo up in my grapes as for reala  
This for my gangstas, 45 stainless  
Throw yo set up, let me see your sound language  
Sell a crack rock, steal a laptop  
Jack for a IKEA and sell that bitch for half off  
Rollin with my comrades  
Buddy and we all blast, everybody bought Lac's  
Everybody got stacks, some of us puff Black's  
Some Newports  
Tap tap Too Short, even chop New York  
If it ain't screwed up, I don't wanna hear it!  
Lac on pancake, while I'm pourin' up the syrup  
In the pen-agena, Hillwood representa  
Home of the rock, inside a broken antenna  
Motherfucker!

[Verse 4: Coast]  
I throw myself round,  
I been at ups and downs  
Anybody place about it,  
My lady has sounds  
Homie from the Nawf side,  
And I'm all about mine  
Money paper chasing stack it up, I gotta count mine  
Cause I...  
Was raised in a broken home, the groceries gone  
Momma snorting coke to the dome, but hold the phone  
She left Coast alone,  
I'm slowly grown  
And learned how to hold the chrome,  
My hope is gone  
Fuck being broke! C'mon  
I'm fanna take ya to the spot where the homies roam  
We surely don't,  
Take no shit from nobody,  
So don't trip on nobody,  
Get a clip in to body, (huh! )  
This the gutta, the ghetto, Catholicism in the prison,  
We been with our religion,  
Where I'm Livin',

We been a Victim,  
See we ain't just been suspects here,  
We leaving proof, that there ain't been no justice here,  
My hood!

[Chorus]

[Verse 5: Lucky Luciano]

Came to wreck it, Huh!  
Look up in the sky, is it a bird or a plane?  
Naw Superman arrived here to save the dam day,  
Fly than a pelican, leanin' off medicine  
Johnny Paycheck slash Playa Made Mexican  
There's my introduction, now let me start stunnin'  
Blue and yellow diamonds on teeth,  
Baby I'm Bubblin'  
Up like crack,  
Luck strike back,  
Wreckin' all this Mics,  
Got my money on stack,  
Hold up, come dust me off pass me the weed... A'ight!  
Now mix me up some Sip,  
But baby don't put too much Sprite!  
I'ma tip stacka, swang a big Lac'a  
Watchin' Andy Milonakis in my den on big plasma  
Addicted to Henny and that strip club shit!,  
Tell them hoes of the jump,  
Ima Pimp you dumb bitch!  
Send to wreck and get a check  
Turn up your deck, there's Dope  
We iced up and priced up,  
And crawling in Benzos

[Verse 6: Powda]

7, 24's I be sacking them digits  
Cause Ima hustle till I die,  
And I'm in it to win it  
Making my paper independent,  
Got 7 years in it,  
Dope House platinum eyes,  
Nigga that's when we finish,  
Man it's a dirty game,  
But yet I shine so clean,  
Nigga what ever you need and puff,  
Now holla at me,  
Whether I'm hustlin on the side,  
Or I'm droppin this verses  
I got a service for you hoes,  
Just watch me disperse it,  
And I be hurtin 'em when I pull up in a big body,  
They be following me,

Stalking like the paparazzi,  
So fuck a hater they just mad, they can't shine like me,  
I got the 15's, ten inch reclined on screens,  
And I'm a fine dime piece,  
I be sharp as a crease,  
Quick to get it poppin',  
Like water in hot grease,  
And it ain't nothing new, It's just the same old shit,  
Another day, another dollar, another case to catch.

[Chorus]

[Verse 7: Rasheed]

Philly to South Park,  
Met him at Hillwood  
Graduate 88, H-town we still hood,  
Remember me in the Hustle Town,  
I let the Mary-Go-Round, put the Hustle down,  
If you a Jane user  
Throw your hands in the air on this track SPM is the  
producer  
With the laws standing on the roof,  
Drop the flows in the booth,  
And drop the top on the coupe,  
Ain't no stoppin' the dude,  
My team making currency,  
Got 'em screaming Dope House up in Germany,  
Rasheed number one soldado,  
Puffin' on an avocado,  
With my foot up on the throttle,  
And a bottle of the Bourbon cause I swerve in the low-  
low,  
Solo, fo sho',  
Homies gettin' more dough,  
Sleeping is for dreamers on the block like block,  
Throw your hood up, throw your hood up,  
Let it drop!

[Verse 8: Grimm]

Ima Cadillac driver,  
Up and down the slab, Mayne,  
Cousin Mayne is nothing but Supreme in my gas tank  
Tippin on the fast lane,  
Chuggin on some top flight,  
Grindin', shinnin', blindin' like a spot light,  
Swangin' on them cops like Cutty that's Grimmy,  
Yeah they might want us,  
But they won't get behind me,  
Now I'm doing 90,  
All gas no breaks,  
Fucking with your boy,

Get your punk ass whole face,  
Drop you like a dope case, faster than a pony kick,  
Nigga beat your feet,  
Kick some rocks with that homie shit,  
Most the time we loading clips,  
Otherwise we holding chips,  
Hittin' scores, kickin' doors,  
Pimpin' whores, rollin' whips,  
So we dip skunk and we slide to them Screw tapes,  
Pistol in the waist line,  
Money in the suit case,  
Drop it in a cool place,  
Everything is Gravity!  
This is for streets,  
Cuz my hood is my family!  
Ha Ha!

[Chorus]

[Verse 9: Quota]

You can call me Mr. Break-a- Brick,  
Take a trip,  
Tape a thousand grams to the bumper,  
Man and make it flip,  
I'm an Interstate Veteran,  
Pedal to the max,  
I see the federal for my stash,  
My Bereta on my lap,  
Cause Ima street hustler,  
Twenty thousand miles just this summer,  
Ever since the 1st day of June,  
I've been on ah come up,  
Got that Boomerang glow,  
Once I throw it in the pot,  
Is coming right back I promise, dawg I'm blowing up  
the spot,  
Listen,  
Is only me I got a million dollar corner,  
Feds tap my house phone and they still out of order,  
I'm the son of a Preacher Man,  
Momma knows I'm thuggin it,  
And I should of been a chef the way I cook crack up  
your oven met,  
Teachers taught us "just say no",  
I had to hustle though,  
Even that I stayed broke,  
Didn't want to struggle so,  
Buy half and eight ball,  
Hit the block runnin',  
Though the world was mine,  
Till I saw the cops coming,

And it's too late!

[Verse 10: Low-G}

My homie died,  
And the cops called it drug related,  
I was standing right there when his mother fainted,  
And I felt trapped,  
Cuz I know I gotta choose faith,  
I grabbed my Nina,  
And made that bitch loose weight,  
Since 88 with a nick in my tube socks,  
I been a G since you was tryin' to do the moonwalk,  
I'm from a place that they call Honduras,  
Nothing fake about my life except my car insurance,  
Bullet proof vest,  
My jefa sense stress,  
Nothing positive about me,  
Except my piss test,  
I grew up in a house full of empty stomachs,  
While other kids was at Mcdonald's getting 20 nuggets,  
And I'm known all across the ghetto,  
Boy you think the fuckin' law, so don't pawn my huevos,  
My chrome spits and I know to chase whole clicks,  
Now they at the club dancing with a glow sticks.

[Chorus]

Throw your hood up  
All my G's Repre...

[Jaime aka "Pain" stops Chorus]

[Pain:] Carolyn!

[Carolyn:] Yeah, what?

[Pain:] Uhm... Los said he didn't want a hook at the end  
of the song

[Carolyn:] Oh you mean one at the end of the song?

[Pain:] Yeah, everybody is already done their rap that's  
the whole Dope House family

[Carolyn:] What you mean everybody? What about  
mine?

[Pain:] Girl you don't know how to rap

[Carolyn:] Jaime, you got me fucked up!

[Pain:] Okay I'll let you try, but if Los doesn't like it I  
have to take you off

[Carolyn:] Just tell me when to come in

[Pain:] Right... right... now

[Verse 11: Carolyn Rodriguez]

I ain't gonna lie Dope House till I die,  
With my niggaz in the studio,  
Chillin' getting high,

Rollin' up sweets,  
Workin' these beats,  
Sippin' on syrup and it's slurs my speech  
Comin' out the H,  
Where they bake cakes,  
I ain't talkin bout the kind that your momma makes,  
I need a little space,  
Texas is the place,  
Ya tu sabes homes,  
I'ma represent my race,  
Move to the scene,  
But not to the game,  
Blowin' purple skunk and is fuckin' with my brain,  
Tryin' to stack change,  
Up to the ceiling  
Looking out the window another neighborhood killin',  
When will they chill?  
I don't really know,  
Keeping my mind on a six double O  
Rims dripped in chrome,  
And Benz dripped in paint,  
Just can't stop like a car with no brakes.  
Okay!

[Pain:] Man you wrecked!

[Carolyn:] I told you fool.

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