

South Park Mexican "Dope House Mind"

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[Verse 1: SPM]

I got a Palomino Horse,
With Versace saddle,
I'm a Cocaine Cowboy,
With Crops and Cattle,
Half Dog and Jackel,
Pop Don like Snapple,
Got my first paycheck,
When I robbed the Randall's,
Flow hot like Campbell's,
Change Broads like Channels,
Two or Three at a time,
Cuz we all just Mammals,
The songs I sample,
Bought my Mom a Castle,
Bought Pops a fuckin' Non Filter Box of Camels,
Comp Soft and Fragile,
Get Stomped and Trampled,
While they bitch in my car,
Tryna bomb for apples,
Sports Glocks in Flannels,
With the Common Vandels,
Takin' Hits off Home-Made bong,
With Handles,
It's a Lawless Battle,
As my thoughts unravel,
Pull my Gun,
And like eggs,
Nigga's dodge and scramble,
Still lost in travel,
And my hearts in shambles,
While the seeds in my weed,
Snap, Pop, and Crackle

[Chorus: SPM & Carolyn Rodriguez]

[SPM:]

Who fucks with the Rhyme,
Of The Dope House Mind?
Who shines in the dark,
In these End Of Times?
Line after Line,
Who keep it the Realest?

[Carolyn:]

Only you cuz the others to scared to live it

[SPM:]

Who fucks with the Rhyme,

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[Carolyn:]

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[Verse 2: SPM]

I do videos,

With a bunch of pretty hoes,

In a Benz,

Wearin' K-Mart Dickies clothes,

Give a toast,

Listen close,

To that nigga Los,

When we was hungry,

Mom would say, "Get the Fishin' poles",

Really though,

Back when I sported Chili Bowls,

And used to dream about rappin' on Jenny Jones,

My city throwed,

Stop actin' like you really know,

Gettin' rich,

And we still screamin', "Gimme Mo",

In the Pro's,

Gotta stay on your Tippy Toes,

They try to kill me,

Few Bullets came really close,

Now the Bitch is Froze,

Twisted in a wicked pose,

And his toes,

Colder than my Michelobs,

Diggin' holes,

Like I'm tryin' find some hidden gold,

He got nice shoes,

Wonda if I fit in those?

The Sickest Flows,

I got guns that can kill a Ghost,

At the Club,

Wearin' Dead Man's Kenneth Cole's

[Chorus: SPM & Carolyn Rodriguez]

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[Verse 3: SPM]
Candy Blue 5 Parka,
And a Moonlight Sparka,
Let me tell ya bout the Life of a Pure White Rocker,
A True Live Balla,
Might cruise my 'Pala,
Or just soak in the sun,
And take Poolside Calla,
It's a Hood Fly Talka,
And if you like Drama,
I'ma the Rappa',
Dat will Rap ya,
In a Two-Ply Potna,
With fruit flies gonna,
My Ginsu Knife sharpa,
Then that thang thay swangin' at the Luke Skywalker,
Listen Boo,
I gotta,
Not a screw tight on tha,
Fuckin' brain that ain't been sane,
Since a cute shy toddle, r
My new nine's hotter,
Than a July Jogger,
Or even me on the news sayin', "Ooh Hi Momma! ",
Never knew my Father,
Till I grew much quite larger,
But by then,
I was ten walkin' through high water,
Oh do tried harder,
Then a suicide bomba,
I'm like, "Dad it's too late, I'm a fool, Why bother?"

[Chorus: SPM & Carolyn Rodriguez]
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