

## **South Park Mexican "Hoggin' and Doggin'"**

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[Chorus - Carolyn:]

We we we mobbin  
We hoggin and we doggin  
We creepin and we crawlin  
It's time to do you all in  
fa sho

[Lucky]

Hold up I'm too throwed, I'm the young capo  
5 star general, Lucky Luciano  
Yo my check's too fat, the banks can't cash it  
Gimmie ten days, meanwhile i got plastic  
Country to country I live in hotels  
No ashy elbows, pedicured toenails  
Sittin on a beach chair, 200 dollar chanclas  
Am I in Acapulco or Puerto Vallaca?  
Sippin outta pineapple, actin a fool  
Step out my balcony and check out my view  
Im lookin brand new, i get menages crunk  
Lucky look cleaner then Andre Monk  
Open up my closet and you in the Galleria  
Im the shit homeboy call me Lucky Diarrhea  
Covered in diamonds, get a load of this wrist  
Just to show out and stunt, I'm the Dope House Prince

[Chorus 2X:]

[SPM]

I'm kinda hotta than lava, I got a dog that slobba  
I might be yo father betta ask yo mama  
I practice Karate like the boy Chuck Norris  
I'm Papa Bear I'm like "Who the hell dem eatin my porridge?"  
I'm still Ralph Lauren and I'm still Mike Jordan  
I'm still commin down Orem just floorin the foreign  
Never borin or simple, man I'm really excitin  
I got to clubs and be fightin, i be kickin and bitin  
I might poke ya eye out, i dont fight that fair  
I fought a dudde with some braids, and started pullin  
his hair  
But my boys back me up and leave nobody standin  
I'm like "Why ya'll jump in man I almost had'em"

And they was like "Los he was beatin yo ass"  
I was letting him get tierd, man you messed up my  
plans  
Anyway, I'mma write a song about it and tell  
All my fans that I beat him up all by myself--haha  
[Chorus 2X:]

[Low-G]  
I might play Chalupa, that's Mexican Bingo  
Peace to my boys up in Coffield and Beto  
My Benz take diesel, dejame explico  
If I hit the pen walk around with a pico  
I used to slang cincos, chilled on Domingos  
Dickies look young aint got no wrinkles  
Shoot like Ming when he hit 12 footaz  
I be pulling hoes like a kid pick boogaz  
You can see my Rolly when I dip guacamole  
Got all white pit like Angelina Jolie  
I put red dots on 9 milla glocks  
Might make you think that you got chicken pox  
Got rims like a spida, weed to the lighta  
It's ya boy Low, I'mma killa not a fighta  
Roll with my china, phone off ringa  
I know you hear the hook, nigga that's my lil prima

[Chorus 2X:]

I'm at Dope House smoked out, Baby Bash loc'd out  
Doin tracks with Charlie Brown when he broke out  
He chocked out his C.O., did it on the D-lo  
Went to see his wife and his daughter and his hijo  
The game is so frio, now he tippin Styrofoam  
said he gotta be right back before the lights is on  
But it's all gravity, learn from tragedy  
Just to let you know how cold them batches be  
Cause when it comes to the jealous man it get messy  
I fuck around and gotta turn into some Joe Peci  
I pimp the blood ouy ya mama and ya loved ones  
Sell dog shit to ya uncles and ya cousins  
And guaranteed that you won't say nada  
Radio or not, man you still don't want no brrr--aaa,brrr--  
aa  
And that's the really really realest shit I ever spoken  
Don't get it twisted mayne, Dope House is still open

[Chorus X2:]

Creepin and we crawlin, time to do you all in...

