

South Park Mexican

"House Mind"

Visit "[House Mind](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I gotta palomino horse with versacci saddle
I'm a cocaine cowboy with crops 'n' cattle
Half dog & jackal pop Don like snapple
Got my first paycheck when I robbed the randall's
Flow hot like campbell's change broads like channels
2 or 3 at time cause we all just mammals
The songs I sample bought my mom a castle
Bought pops a fuckin' non filter box of camels
Comp soft 'n' fragile get stomped & trampled
While they bitch in my car tryin' to bob for apples
Sport glocks in flannels with the common vandals
Takin' hits off homemade bong with handles
It's a lawless battle as my thoughts unravel
Pull my gun and like eggs niggas dodge and scramble
Still lost in travel and my hearts in shambles
While the seeds in my weed snap pop 'n' crackle.

[Chorus:] [x2]

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 cause the others to scared to live it.

I do videos with a bunch of pretty hoes
In a benz wearin' K-mart dickie 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 chilli bowls
& used to dream about rappin' on Jenny Jones
My city thowed stop actin' like you didn't know
Gettin' rich 'n' we still screamin' "Give me mo'!"
In the props 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
& his toes colder than my Michelobs
Diggin' holes like I'm a tryin' to find some hidden gold.
He got nice shoes, wonder if I fit on those?
The sickest flows, I got guns that can kill a ghost
At the club wearin' dead man's Kenneth Coles.

[Chorus:] [x2]

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 cause the others to scared to live it.

Candy blue 5 parker & a moonlight sparker

Let me tell you 'bout the life of a pure white rocker

A true live baller, might cruise my 'paler

Or just soak in the sun & take poolside caller

It's the hood fly talker & if you like drama

I'm a the rapper that'll rap you in a 2-ply partner

With fruit flies gonna my ginsu knife sharper

Then that thing they was swangin' at the Luke

Skywalker

Listen boo, I gotta notta screw tight on the

Fuckin' brain that ain't been sane since a cute shy

toddler

My new 9's hotter than a July jogger

Or even me on the news sayin' "Oh hi Mama"

Never knew my father til I grew quite larger

But by the I was 10 walkin' through high water

Old dude tried harder then a suicide bomber

I'm like "Dad is too late, I'm a fool, why bother?"

[Chorus:] [x4]

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 cause the others to scared to live it.

Visit [South Park Mexican](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.