

South Park Mexican "Tex To Cali Part 2"

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(feat. Kid Frost)

[Kid Frost]

Home boy
Home boy
Yes sir
Yes sir
From Tex to Cali part two
Ha ha

[Verse 1: SPM]

I gets down and dirty
Stood at 7:30
My team for a birdy
I don't think ya heard me
Take a journey to where boys
Die too early
In the land of the hand of the district attorney
Controversy
Make you beg for mercy
45 where niggas will rob you for ya jersey
Ariberdiheri
All my shots be fatal
Little pigs coffin my hands to my ankle
Too much bail
Got to make bail
I got a 2000 Benz and I can't even spell
Take a fine ass gal to a cheap motel
And if she hungry
I take that bitch to Taco Bell
Oh weell
Her pussy ain't made of gold
And if I trip you be sittin on the side of the road
Yo Frost

[Kid Frost]

What up dawg?

[SPM]

Let me hit the pine o fine
I done jumped in this game
And now it's mine all mine

[Chorus: Kid Frost and SPM]

From Tex to Cali
Every hood every alley
Puffin on smalley
In the candy coated Cadi
Maan that blocks to go glocks
Wit 17 shots
[Gun shot]
Cops
Swearin to God, we sell rocks
[Repeat 2x]

[Verse 2: Kid Frost]
I'm still standin in the sunset
Hand on my pistola
Little John Gotti
From baja Califrnia
Sippin on Corona
With the chip Motorola
Betta watch out for my coner
Or you'll be an organ doner

1part pure
3 parts bakin soda
Take it out the microwave
Before it bubbles over
Betta look ova ya shoulda
Shits getting colda
Don't flip the strip and you might dip into a coma
I the bomba
Bomba
I'ma let you know que onda
Que onda
In the South Park smokin on some smoka
On some smoka
SO what youo sayin
I'm down in club payin
It's crunk I'm drunk
Fucked up cuz parlayin
Chillin wit ya baby moma
Sellin dope to her brotha
Everyday that you in jail
She beggin me to fuck her
Don't touch the cap
Cuz I best get the saddle
From Cali to Tex these fool G's ride cattle

[Chorus: Kid Frost and SPM]
[Repeat 2x]

[Verse 3: SPM]
It's the SPM aka

Grando cinquero
Come to me for a ki
Fuck a pebble
Look to me in the hazel eyes wedo
Ha ha
I'll break you off with one dedo
Anyway anyhow when my gun go blow
We can settle this shit right here right now
Actin foul with the crack child
Leave a smile
Have you shinin up my reptile
Now I got em tryin to dial nine eleven
Pray for me Reverend
In the hood I'm a back street legend
In a 7 7 Seville
And only 17
I jus saw a beauty queen become a dope fiend
In the land of the lost it's the same ol story
I jus gave my mom some change for a 40
Got many wets luxurious and sporty
I'll be on the stage when you kill that shit for me

[Chorus: Kid Frost and SPM]

[Repeat 2x]

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