

South Park Mexican

"The 3rd Wish"

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f/ Grimm, Marilyn Rylander

First Verse [SPM]:

Another deadly ceremony,

In a sacred territory,

It was all done for the glory,

You bitches ain't got nothin' for me

O-G, from the H-I, double L, W, double O, D

Live the life of the lowly,

Movin' white ponies, still puttin' in work for the dead
homies,

Show me the way out, stayin' ready for anything under
the sun,

Under the moon, under the stars, God I'm lookin' for
somewhere to run

Dumpin' my gun, as soon as I'm done,

Leavin' 'em numb, with one in his lung,

Livin' fast and dyin' young, always business never for
fun

Chorus [Marilyn Rylander]:

Tell me what it is

Tell me what you want

For your 3rd Wishhhhhhhh

This is your last wishhhhhhhh

Tell me what it is

Tell me what you need

For your 3rd Wishhhhhhh

This is your last wishhhhhhh

Second Verse [SPM]:

Bussin' our teflon, at the red dawn,

I ain't fuckin' with nothin', get stepped on

The purest, I'm the surest, playin' a tourist walkin'
through Saigon,

Been a hustler servin' up big bricks,

And livin' my life to hit licks,

Trip on a G like me and see the beads of banana clips
Trick

Stamina cannot be duplicated,

Bite on the dust, you get faded,

So many wannabe criminals up in the game of drug-
related

Open up, open up your dopehouses

Turning you men into mouses

Saggin' my burgundy trousers,

Letting you know how the South is

Chorus

Bridge One [Grimm & SPM]:

SPM: "Dopehouse Records"

Grimm: "Say man Los, man it ain't go right man, I'ma
tell you man, Lil' Drugs

dead man."

SPM: "What?"

Grimm: "Yeah, he's dead man"

SPM: "Fuck"

Grimm: "And I got big Jon with me man, he got hit bad on the side, it don't

look good bro, it don't look good, he bleedin' bad. We can't go to the

hospital man, we ain't goin' to the hospital."

SPM: "Yeah"

Grimm: "We headed straight to the Dopehouse. Call Doc, tell him we need him."

SPM: "Alright my nigga, are you sure about Lil' Drugs?"

Grimm: "I'm sure man, he's gone baby, he's gone. We gotta get these

muthafuckas."

SPM: "Alright, hurry up."

SPM: "Okay, this is it, I've wished for money, and I've wished for fame, but

what good is it, if I'm still stuck in this game? So, for my 3rd wish...I

just wish for all this shit to stop. Just please make it stop."

Third Verse [SPM]:

I'm back once again for revenge,

In an all-black bulletproof Benz,

How will I get 'em? It just depends,

Hook his ass up with all his dead friends,

Here ye, here ye, sincerely,

Why so many haters fear me?

Dearly departed, y'all started some shit, and struck but
couldn't come near me

We're the odyssey, young prodigy, runnin' the top
notch properties,

Where snitches get shot in they arteries, but gettin'
nobody's apologies

Follow me how do we master the first jack?

Since the day I was born I was cursed Black,

H-Town's where I'm doin' my dirt at,

Robbin' you hoes on horseback

Chorus

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