

## South Park Mexican "These Streets"

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[SPM:]

Sunshine in the wind with the bald fade gotta keep my  
dream down cus them laws hate out roof deuce  
chunking 45.  
dunkin H town is just like Compton kick doors telescope  
hit folds make you boys sound softer than wet dough  
stack dollaz  
went to crack college I like my salad with extra black  
olives acknowledge keep my lac polished  
don't mistake for a fuckin rap artist im the one that shot  
slugs in yo hot tub leave yo bitch ass screwed and  
chopped up  
none left known for car theft but in the kitchen im the  
one top chef I cool whip it I ain't bull shittin turn 25oz to  
a new chicken

[Chorus:]

Smoke bud cus its my therapy, take a 44 slug turn the  
bitch to a memory, can show no love,  
cus these hoes bring jealousy so run them thugs these  
streets keep calling me (calling me)

[Rasheed:]

Let the bombs fly nigga we can all die but wait a  
second first I gotta tell my mom bye,  
maybe we can talk it out up in gods sky rasheed got  
more nuts than pecan pie.  
Im the wrong guy homie I don't fuck around I've been a  
gangsta since way before hustle town,  
SP low G ain't no holding us there ain't no holding us, I  
don't eat a lot of sweets but I smoke a bunch,  
you can go to lunch and nigga you could go to hell, I  
fucked the radio this shit is still going to sell,  
like I told my bitch if im ever killed, you neva gonna  
find another muthafucka more real,  
but say los maybe we can get some airplay and talk  
about some of that bullshit that they say.  
All my ladies in the house say "OHHHHH" damn I forgot  
im in this bitch all alone.

[Chorus:]

Smoke bud cus its my therapy, take a 44 slug turn the  
bitch to a memory, can show no love,

cus these hoes bring/greed jealousy so run them thugs  
these streets keep calling me (calling me)

[SPM:]

Los is a crawler, House-ton got taller up in H town move  
slow lie koala 20's on the prawler starring at the mirror  
17 coats to make the paint clearer. Up in my ride got  
more nuts than my pride keep a few hoes that I fuck on  
the side.

paper chase me crib on the lake, ride through the tre,  
sfree wheel skater.

Breaker 1-9 shitting in the sunshine my nextel phone  
sound like the love line,

all day service got jane burnin my weed is lime green  
like frog named kermit,

Bustin fuck the reprocaution, blast him right before the  
radio lunch in, bloody murder,

not much of a converser cus I say more bad words than  
a computer cursor.

[Chorus:]

Smoke bud cus its my therapy, take a 44 slug turn the  
bitch to a memory, can show no love,

cus these hoes bring jealousy so run them thugs these  
streets keep calling me (calling me)

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