

South Park Mexican "Wizard of Oz"

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Now come follow me down yellow brick road
To easier to see Hillwood hustla, got what you need
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It were plain to see since the age of three
One day dope fiends'll be pagin' me
I got crunk in the game, niggas knew my name
Hillwood the place, I gain my fame

Sixteen in a '77 Seville
Smoke gray gold trim, big daddy grill
Back in '86 I was choppin' bricks
To think a damn paper made got me rich

I got love for the hustlas in every hood
But hate in your heart it'll never be good
I feel blessed but confess, I blow sess for my stress
It's that Mex with a S on my chest

None the less I was real with the homies
With the OZ's running from the police
No peace, blow sweets on cold streets
Dope fiends gon' bring a nigga more green

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My money triple, sippin' ripple, living simple
Rolling paper squares out a fat ass nickle
Trick on my dick for the bricks I chop
Pigs in my mix when they hit my block

Used to catch a raid 'bout every six months
Just a check up to see if I'd slip once
Call it one time, some rhyme 'bout this shit
I can slide in my sandals but never will I slip

Under covers hit the set man y'all funny
Taking them crumbs and giving marked money

Trying to convict 'em I ain't fallin' victim
Fool, I know your face and my boys I done hipped 'em

They want me bad so mad as they burn off
Fucking with them hoes, now my blunt done turned off
No other way just another day on the spot
If you play then you pay, it don't never stop

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I wrote this book 'bout a hopeless crook
Living in the land where the coke is cooked
Where hoes get took and the joke is good
Where smokers hooked and the soldiers hood

That lonely wood where his homies stood
Trying to change myself if I only could
I'm just your Hillwood hustla street rhyme rustler
Blowing more smoke than a broke down muffler

But I'm taking losses
It ain't easy working jobs with no fucking bosses
Selling dope is the hardest thing a man can do
Risking life and your freedom for a buck or two

Still I feel if you loose control, homie you'se a hoe
Real G's keep they life on cruise control
When the police kick door and raid my crib
I tell 'em pigs of the slippers, that's not what I did

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