

South Park Mexican "Woodson N Worthin"

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[SPM:]

Yeah just erase everything let me do this huh
This is damm Filero this is damm Filero
He on the mothafucken what sobrero
The bake hood bring me some bake
Hey Filero pull up bass in this song
Man I don't hear no bass ok
Yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo
Here we go man

Smoke on the kill popped up on three wheel
Want another peel naw nigga I'ma chill
Gone off the X it's the SP-Mex
Just made 2 twenty-thousand dollar bets
Hoes wanna speak nah I need a freak
I be freestyle flowing in my sleep
Out to Hous-tone that's my dam home
I like to get high I need a bowl of Honeycomb
Man put em up man I can't quit
I need a forty and a forty cigarette
Down for my raza mira lo que pasa
When it get hot I'ma have to buy a raspa
Maybe horchata check my palabras
I like girls with the real pretty patas
Ima throw vato back to chase gato
SPM mean South Park Mojado
1 in a billion V-12 engine
In the same city with Destiny's Children
I'm off the rocka peace to Lil' Papa
I be the shit in Spanish I'm the caca
I'ma take a picture of you're but naked sister
And my killas got more pliers than wrencha
Gangsta gangsta read all about it
22 holes in ya' brand new outfit
Feestyle flow is all I come with
I don't give a fuck ya'll stupid dumb bitch
In the land of g's smoking QP's
Smoke on kill I'ma smoke trees
Man I get crunked do what with my thang
Swang lang lang in the mothafucking brain
Dumb diddy dum did I did I get dumb
I'ma get my gun I'ma shoot off your thumb

Shoot you in the buns I mean the dam ass
I'ma get a glass and then pull up some rasp
Mothafucking berry with a lil cherry
My mothafuckin niggas is so dam very
So dam very mothafuckin scary
With the mothafucking what what the Dirty Harry
I'ma say hi to my favorite cities
I don't even care if they what little bitty
I get on my knees and I thank the Lord
Whipping boys down with my microphone cord
Swurl to the world diamonds and pearls
All my girls died like Devirl Ashurl
Straw to the nose curl up my toes
Selling that cane to them buttnaked hoes
Man I aint foolish but I do talk to bullets
Better tell ya boys to cool it
Cause I grab it and I pull it man

[Chorus X2:]

As I look up at the sky
My eye starts bliking a tear drops my eye
My body temperature falls
I'm shakin can they break in
Tryin to save a dog

[Second Verse:]

Man I put it down I ain't tryin to trip
But I talk shit in the syrup I'ma sip
Peace to Lil' Flip and my big homie Hump
Hillwood Cloverland Sunnyside ain't no pump
Trowed from the jump purple ice in my cup
Man I gotta have it I ain't lying I'm in love
With the codine on the Martin Luther King
Left on crest crump creep creep my sterling like a hole
scene
I'm a mothafucken hook pirex get shoked
I sell dope on foot I'ma understand I'ma
Hustling man rock the white sand
Wash the white van get the fuck
Out if you see yall jump out
Undercover cops got their eyes
On the south just bought a house
Never took a louse everything
I got come from a quarter ounce
That's what I started in the game with
Niggas short stoping at the bunny what ridge
If they want bricks gotta come to the
Hill taking no less than a ten dollar bill
You can have the three five seven
Dollar pieces I'ma dress like a fein no
Gold and no creses I got my gun

No time for fun is saturday night
Slang till I see the sun peace
To Hulon and the what Tio drinking
In the plut and my nigga Pancho
Ed loco and my boy Jimmy Green
Mothafucken Ken and my brother
Roni man can you see don't put it pass
Me fuck the R.I.P I die for my G in the
Orlens way back to scott plaza Woodson n Worthin
Patna cause as I hillwood hustla that's my damm click
Were we sell bricks and we like to
Fight pits I just had puppies but somebody
Stoled my dogs I'm telling young niggas I don't
Call the laws when I fucken catch you I'ma
Pistol whip you man better ask you older
Brother and sister look what you done it'll
Fell off the subject who wanna off my
Bananan republic man lets who back the
Clover land park bough my white teeth
From super k mart on this damm mic I go so hard
Forty five hundred jolly rancher in my car man

[Chorus X2:]

As I look up at the sky
My eye starts bliking a tear drops my eye
My body temperature falls
I'm shakin can they break in
Tryin to save a dog

(Low-G)

Time to reload shots trough your door
I love fucken action I could never say no
Duce doubled o duce till I go I wannna act
Dumb like I did one's before
Like toe to toe any day low but if
They know minute gone strike but the show
Pack mack 11 drink chronic 7 fuck it low-g
My last name is 187 shit is getting hicted
Thug and convicted they all want my dope
Cuz my shit is so addicted I'm down for my
Lana my shit is pure scama I'm riding on my low low
Banging screwed up Santana

[SPM]

What yall think me and Low- G wouln't ride
Together no more my boy working on shit
Getting it right coming out this year 2002 this is
For all the mamis but fuck yall if yall can't make
Tamales man this is for all my niggas I'm drunk
Nigga I got the hiccups and it rhymes huh.

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