

## **Mercedes F/ Jamo, Mac**

### **"Mexican Radio"**

Visit "[Mexican Radio](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Spoken)

One-double-oh-seven (100.7)

This is for you fellas

Ha ha ha

Something I cooked up the Dope House

In my kitchen ha ha ha yeah

[Verse One]

Roll Cadillacs never lie on ravs

Smoke killer herb till my lungs collapse

Lost two grand last night shooting craps

The I hit the Ritz and bought a few laps

Just got a letter from my old best friend

Doing twenty-five in the federal pen

Wanna come home but he said until then

Could I look over his three children

They wake em up at five am for Fruit Loops

Draped in white overalls and black boots

Used to drive a Lac sipping gin and juice

Now we need money for some chips and soups

Run around town with a sack of rocks

Polo shirt with the matching socks

Mom I promise one day I'ma stop

I'ma grow up and be a astro-naut

[Chorus]

I'm on the Mexican radio radio radio

I'm on the Mexican I-Oh radio radio radio

I'm on the Mexican radio radio radio

I'm on the Mexican I-Oh radio radio radio

[Verse Two]

Now daddy come first and daddy come next

Daddy represent that Screwston, Tex

Silly punks jealous of the S-P-Mex

But your whole crew should be wearing Kotex

I'ma get by and I'ma get high

Thirteen five I'ma let my birds fly

Everybody knows that my back is not dry

If you say it is you a d-d-damn lie

Rolling through life like a tumbleweed

I'm the young pres of my company  
Home catching hell cause I love my weed  
Baby can you please let your husband breathe  
Trying to dodge death and trying to dodge jail  
Old damn friends trying to do my gal  
People use to call me a bum from hell  
Laughed at my car when my muffler fell

Chorus

[Verse Three]

Pull another bud from the fat ass dime  
Grippin wood grain let the seat recline  
Got the Asian girl with the big behind  
Take her to the telly and she love me long time  
Remember when I begged you to buy my tapes  
Now I buy cribs on the sides of lakes  
Pray to the Lord and ask why they hate  
Cuz they got the nuts 'bout the size of grapes  
Twenty-two inches on the thirty-two ton  
And the candy paint cost eighty-five hun  
Even if I'm in my swimming pool having fun  
Still I stay strapped with the waterproof gun  
I'm asking you please can you pray for me reverend  
When I die will I go to heaven  
Trying to count the tvs in my car I got eleven  
Pioneer read one-double-oh-seven

Chorus

The day is here  
What up baby  
Hustle Town  
Two double 0 one hun  
And it just don't quit  
No it just don't stop  
Chunk duce  
Blow truce

Visit [Mercedes F/ Jamo, Mac](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.