

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

### **"The Beach House"**

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(South Park Mexican talking)  
Uh, yo, pick up the music a little bit  
For my nigga, Filero on this biatch  
Yo, what's up, what's up JC  
Man it's real man, here we go

[South Park Mexican]  
I'ma have to smoke, I'ma have to fucking toke  
Keep it in my lungs like an inside joke  
No damn hope, I loc with the game  
Got married at the crack hotel in south man  
Holler if you feel me, wet like willy  
Got my own island like that little nigga Gilly  
And the dang Skipper, fucking that Ginger  
Could of played proball but I got injured  
Man I wouldn't kid you, I'ma throw dew  
Got a fine bitch in the 6-0-2  
It's more on the menu, I'ma get in you  
You watch Ms. America, I fucked Ms. Virginia  
I'm known to burst, skip go to church  
Got the block hotter than your girlfriend penurch  
I'ma scrape the curbs with my brand new twenties  
Go buy some more cause to me they just pennies  
I won two emmys, man I win awards  
Got so much heat I could open up your pours  
Fresh out the county, fresh like downy  
Now my mama high, cause she ate my weed brownies  
Now she tripping calling 9-1-1  
I'm sad cause she called me a what a bad son  
But I promise it's gone wear off soon  
Do what I do and just watch some cartoons  
I'm on calhoun, sometimes I feel used  
Cause a hoe just want to get in my fruit of the loom  
I'm about the shrooms, I'ma spread the news  
SPM undefeated can't lose  
Hit the dank smooth, all night long  
I love mama tattooed on my arm  
Dopehouse charm, with the diamonds in it  
I'ma fuck Missy Elliot for one minute  
Then I be finished, I smoke spinach  
Just like Popeye except a little different

I sell reggie but I smoke hydro ponie  
I got more brown bags than shoes and sonic  
Man I'm on it, I mean I'm on my hustle  
Never love a bitch cause I just don't trust her  
Never popped the question, I'ma stay a bachelor  
I'm in the kitchen flipping cookies with my spatula  
Do what I have to, on the third chapter  
Talk with my glock when I come holler at you  
Call me the greaser, roach and a tweezer  
Don't fuck with that nigga cause he's a  
Motherfucking killer out the Hilla, cocaine dealer  
Get my shit off a eighteen wheeler  
My niggas, niggas, bar sippers  
Now I'm packing flippers, large old flippers

(Chorus: scratching)

Roll 80 vogues till them hoes start clacking  
If you want to jack, I got something for you  
Not the chimmy change for the beans and rice  
Then to the store I need a 40 on some dice  
Hillwood hustler, never caught sleeping  
Caught another case so I got to call my lawyer  
Got a fine chick that look just like Latoya  
Run you out my city like them Tennessee Oilers

[South Park Mexican]

You can play hockey, I'ma play hookie  
On the mic niggas say that I'm the dookie  
They trying to shoot me, cause I'm making movies  
Went gold twice, buy ice and rubies  
I'ma eat at Lugies, save my doobies  
She in a D cup cause I bought them boobies  
I'ma take the tuna, shoes are puma  
I'ma go on vacation to Blue Lagoon  
Cause I like to scuba, on the island Aruba  
I'ma eat a bowl of beans and I'ma play the tuba  
See I'm awful throwed, y'all should also know  
That I'm with a swamp thing and Papa Dough  
And he frozen, got the what house on the ocean  
Fuck her in the ass with some suntan lotion  
All in the open, where people could see  
My nextdoor neighbor's taking pictures of me  
I'm a powerful man, I bought a house on the sand  
Bought the lot and told the cops get off of my land  
With my barbie, I'ma throw a party  
They want my autograph but I don't got a sharpie  
No more bacardi, I'm drunk I need some coffee  
About to throw up bitch get the fuck off me  
But anyway man, hold them up, who is you  
You ain't my girlfriend, my girlfriend was wearing blue  
But you suck a good dick, so I won't say shit

Then I saw the bitch kissing on my boy Nick  
But what he don't know ain't gone hurt him though  
But hold up when he hear this song he'll be swoll  
Man, I'ma have to tell him that his album sucks  
And he shouldn't buy it or even listen to it once  
So let it be a lesson any girl that you meet  
Take her to the store and tell that bitch to brush her  
teeth

(Chorus)

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