

# 2 Joints

## South Park Mexican

Verse 1

I hit it from worst ways  
After the first day  
I'm needin it everyday  
And twice on a Thursday  
Blood thick than water  
In pounds better than quarters  
I smoking two joints  
While I'm knockin down yo daughter  
Dope House Records is on fire  
So grab the estinguisher  
I smoked out in the beamer  
Bout to get emphezema  
Gun slingers rap singers  
With more stripe than the bengals  
No need for the gang sign  
I'm using my trigga finga

[Happy P]

Now won't you roll one  
Po the four one  
Sometimes I'm real selfish and I'll smoke my weed  
with no one  
You know me  
I'm young Happy P  
Kick back and blow a sweet  
While my niggas move keys  
Bitch please  
I got G's  
Sippin corona with lima squeeze  
And platinum P's  
Only smoke on the fine leaves  
I started out  
Sellin five dollar sweets  
And now I'm elevating  
Sellin 5000 dollar beats

[Chorus: Grimm]

I smoke two joints when I wake up  
In the car I smoke two joints  
I smoke two joints when in play video games  
And every 10,000 points  
I smoke two joints in time of peace  
And two in time of war  
I smoke two joints before I smoke two joints  
And then I smoke two more

[Verse 2: SPM and Low-G]

[SPM]

Maan this killer herb got me runnin over curbs  
And writing these raps full of misspelled words  
I curse on my verse snatch yo bitch like a purse  
Cause she like the twinkies that I slapped on my  
herse

I take two charges it's really quite harmless  
The only side effect is that it makes you retarded  
ha ha

I started in 82

In fifth grade

You can say I was in high school

True smoka

[Low-G]

I got married at an early age

Con mi hermosa

Maria es mi esposa

Mi sanchas Nina Rosa

Mafiosa

Pero es un otra cosa

My wife es celoisa

No yores mariposa

Tan chiclosa

Te triago from coasta coasta

I got your corizon droppin mi bolsa

Borracho de tu besos

Hoja pa mis wesos

Me trais pesos

Con hidea pa me seso

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Diamond and Grimm]

[Diamond]

Dimaond pop the balla scene  
Smoke two joints where I can beam  
Flip the scene bizatines  
Sippin lean sticky green  
Come out fresh when it spring  
Steady flossin diamond rings  
Bustin gats with Bing  
Catchin squares at ten  
Baby Beeshi got the throne  
Happy P we fitin to roll  
And shut em down we livin throwed  
Got the keys  
We got the vo's  
Hit and run cause the scheme  
Hold my breath and feel my spin  
Since diamond came around  
Now she down with a team

[Grimm]

Now I'm down with Bobby Brown  
But I love Al Green  
Keep a sweet in my mouth and anotha in my jeans  
Bout to blow em back to back takin two to the dome  
Home grown hydroponic always wanna get blown  
Stay stoned out the mode  
Drop a flow rock a show  
Got to go out the do  
Boppin hoe after close  
Nose hits roach clips  
Place a pink in my eye  
And I'm always down wit tryin new ways to reach for  
the sky

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Baby Beesh and Lil Bing]

[Baby Beesh]

Now I be blowin only one but less than three  
That's the recipe  
Yes indeed blowin oooley gooey a neccesity  
Don't question me  
Blowin' heavily till I'm 70  
That's the remedy  
Feelin famous like the Kennedy's  
From here to Tennessee sippin hennesse

Smokin with intensity  
Feel my ghetto energy  
Fools be sweatin me for that rush in the Lebanese  
I be getting higher than the hills of Beverly  
Beverly

[Lil Bing]

Two joints be smellay in my Cadi  
From the Valley to Cali  
In the alley servin patties  
Hastled by federales  
Drippin candy  
Sippin brandy  
Twenty inches look fancy  
On my way to the grammys  
Hoes droppin they panties  
Got a freak named Sandy  
Makin hits like Sammie  
I'm posted up with biscuits and chicken fried steak  
at Grandy's  
Smashin off maan fo sho  
Got my tv's on glow  
Smokin two smokin four  
Then back door hit two mo  
[two mo repeats till fade]

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Lyrics submitted by jessie.

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