

# Don't Let Them Foolya

## South Park Mexican

Baby beesh and grimm [chorus 2x]  
Don't let them foolya  
We just come to school ya  
Glory glory haleloya  
No red against no blue  
You know you know  
Verse 1 [baby beesh]  
Now you livin that fast track  
Chasin that ass crack  
I be making my money fucking with the jones and nasdaq  
We be blowin on fat sacks  
And cacthing amnesia with these heaters  
Making beleivers out of haters and cheaters  
You know that violence interrupts my dope trade  
I just do the herb no cocaine  
Don't be afraid boy  
To be all about your bread boy  
But wath the devil cuase the devil he's decoy  
Destroy all the hate in your veins  
Count your change and rearrange  
Them games is played out man  
Them dirty macks they to stop me but I'm a player profit  
I get the dope cook it up and rechop it  
[chorus] 2x  
Verse 2 [south park mexican]  
Smoking smelly  
Put a hole in your belly  
You wan't to test us oh really  
Got a call on my celley  
They wan't to bury us  
You fucking haters sound halerious  
The I turn the brave into the sariest  
Smoke water and get wetter than aquarious  
Thuggish ruggish million dollar budgets  
I chop a bird and cook 36 chicken nuggets  
My future is clear just like a shot of vodka  
I got love from corrpitos to uganda  
If you jelous listen up fellas

It's no problem to show you where hell is

[chorus] 2x

Verse 3 [rasheed]

While some niggas is stickin with ya

Your murder is being choreographed

Soldiers never sleep I got your back in the aftermath

After the last laugh

When the mutherfuckers smoke clears

Niggas broke hear

Choking hanging like chandliers

I bust at the man in the mirror

Making my face crack

Replace that rasheed dope house killa

Keep it coming back or running back

With a ball and chain in my hand

Ain't no substain

The man with the vision of the galexys span

Verse 4 [low g]

Respect that

It's the million dollar wetback

In jet black

You cross my line and get your head cracked

Yea yea ya tu sabes qien soy

Don't sweat me boy

Ya tu sabes donde estoy

I'm on the hunt g

The only street with the palm tree's

It's low g

I only rap about what's done g

You can't stop me

Came to your city on a donkey

The slavea I'm bringing back the wet flava

[chorus] 2x

[south park mexican]He's on crack

She's on snow

He's so old he can't fuck no mo

She's a whore he's a snicth

Most of my niggas dying over a bictth

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