H-town G-funk

South Park Mexican

Thanks to younghtownplaya@aol.com for these lyrics. My sweet Lac fall back just creepin' on three wheels [First Verse] A bitch to my right cocked giving me cheap thrills I see meals, coming down my path In the ghetto cat's wrath making math I'm the last to blast, on that ass now you the past Who the fastest punk em' like cashes It's no joke you get smoked like buddah grass And when I crash this you catch whiplashes Bitch I'm on a mission to listen and give descriptions Hung G's in my hood in their intentions I hear gunshots ringing like hell's bells I see drug sells check out my thug tales Fuck jails, bank swells keeps hella grip And I can sell dope on ice, and never slip They serving Kibbles N' Bits while I'm cooking bricks Save my crumbs for the ones who sucking dicks I made it rich on the ditch you quick snap I left that cut now they wonder where the brick's at My green shit stacks, still clip packs It's the wet back hitting on the bongs Thirty-six lead homies so don't trip jack Son in the long run, I'll be the strong one. Chorus: (4X) If you step in my hood bitch you will get blasted It's nothin but that h-town g-funk (Yeah this is for all them hustlers in Hillwood, South Park. Huh.) [Second Verse] Trying to jack now you're on your back breathing anastesia I told yah, boy you must have caught amnesia You got blasted 'cause you trespassed it They never lasted, in the game I mastered You stupid bastard, tell me what's your final word Before I let this lead tip hit your spinal cord Oh you was ready just begging to gank me Now your ass is just dead and stanky I put my foot in your shit like the hokey pokey Leave the scene, now everything's okie dokie Your homies know me, but they won't fuck with this So you little jackers best stick to crackers 'cause now they know that I could show buck a bitch 'cause fucking with this mex gets your neck broke I'm the macker plus the gun packer Stuck like chuck straight fucked and in check Loc 'cause I think fast when I'm in the slow lane Get in my domain and fall back with no brain So dont raid, or try to rain on my parade 'cause i'm strapped from my blade, to my grenade. Chorus [Third Verse] My sweet Texas, restless, wanting to ride Lexus Check this or flex this, I get wreckless Unbelievable lyrical synical Here we go mary go round I down critical Street stamina dammin' a cop Slammin' a punk, and jam in my funk Guard my grill with steel, on Sundays I kneel I'm the man with the skill foreal On my knees to Jesus, please seize us 'cause my boy's in trouble, and he needs us Got a bat, my homie's on the double Punks want trouble, I bam bam rubble Come and get some, I leave you wet mon Still the son of a gun having big fun Fill your lead with an infared I put the best to bed, they call him dead fucking fred Shed my skin like a snake on a vine We fall in ranks like a motherfucking pyramid Climbing on the crime side, coming around the blind side And I'm the top block will I stop never did Make you pass the 9th grade, but got life made Chose that dope and I hope I picked the right trade. Chorus

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