

# Blazin Janey

## South Park Mexican

[Chorus:]

Skies are dark & days are rainy  
Houston Texas Blazin' Janey  
Things been kind of crazy lately  
But they'll never fade my baby.

[South Park Mexican:]

Hard in the paint I don't think you can stop me  
Sell so much yay, boys call me Lil' Rocky.  
Guess what I bought me? An old ass jalopy  
Slapped it out nasty, goin' down Scott street  
Workin' on my tape, I'm a call it What Just Rate  
Workin' on my movie, called Planets of the Dranks  
I'm true to my hood, real with my patnas  
Houston went Screwston that kind of shocked us, shocked us  
Flip flop, white leather, bring it down at nice weather,  
I'm a big dice bedder, Polo on my tight sweater  
It's the eye opener, strike like cobra  
Pockets on swoll, I mean bad like Oprah  
Bang to the boogie, the game gettin' uhugly  
Roll with the bird just like the dog Snoopy  
Rivals, punks tryin' to hold my title  
You couldn't pass me on a muthafuckin' motorcycle.

[Chorus:]

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But they'll never fade my baby. [x2]

[Powda:]

Shit ain't the way it use to be, baby things is kind of crazy  
Be Blazin' on a Janey just to keep me sane  
See this cats is actin' shady but I promise they can't fade me  
Too real to the game can't touch me or that SP  
Like the birdman. Why? Cause I fly in any weather  
On the rainiest of days I still be doin' better  
Stackin' cheddar that's my mission, never cease no doubt  
You can hate it you can love it, but you can't stop my route

I be reppin' to the fullest Dope House, ride or die  
Don't test my soldiers, we don't click we familize  
Damn the skies if they dark, cause we still gon' shine  
Every time we come around, we gon' leave them boys blind  
Stay high, I'm a keep my head up  
Stay on my grind, I can keep my bread up  
Never lead up player, we ain't goin' nowhere  
We some veterans in the game, been hustlin' for years.

[South Park Mexican:]  
DVD changer, stacker & a slanger  
Bring her to the party with one in the chamber  
Married to the cut, renew my vows  
Walkin' down the isles in my pink crocodiles  
I'm a scorer & a chopper, cook like Betty Crocker  
Boys wanna knock me, but fuck a nigga knock'a  
I'm the realest in this business, more ikas than a chemist  
But the fear in hymnist, but got love like tennis  
I'm a menace, squeeze triggers like lemons  
I could win a rap contest with 1 sentence  
& they jealous but I could show em' what hell is  
I bring the rain & you bring umbrellas  
I'm restless, black lock, cock it back, aim & shoot  
Nigga blowin' up like some muthafuckin' Romen soup  
Kandy coupe, I use to be too fat to hoop  
Now I jump so high niggas think that I got magic shoes.

[Chorus:]  
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Lyrics submitted by Mike.

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