

Hillwood Hustlaz II

South Park Mexican

Chorus:

Hillwood

Hustlaz

You can't

See us

We run

Houston

Thousands

Of tons

First verse:

I'll take my gun and make you run

'cause it really don't make me none

Slip through the hood, dope I could

Deliver my life the best I could

Robin hood, youngest crook

Here they come now watch y'all look

Go by the book, charge I shook

It's that mexican dance with wolves

Swimmin' pools, we some fools

Diamonds and them ruby jewels

Makin' moves, gator shoes

Just last week I made the news

They accused but I won't lose

Mama's happy, daddy's cool

What about you? what do you do?

If you young, stay in school

We stay true, dopehouse crew

Smokin' yabba dabba doo

Jam this crew, we brand new

Followin' up this plan I drew

Sp-mex bubble jet

Countin' dollars and them cents

Kick your door down and have you tryin' to jump your own fence

Chorus

Second verse:

You haters ain't no friend of mine

Boys don't wanna let me shine

That's all fine, take in mind

Bust a rhyme, like a nine

How many times do I have to tell ya?

All my life I've been called a failure

Write my friends in the pen

"are you gettin' these letters I mailed ya? "

Rock and roll, ophthalmals

Then go eat at poppa dough's

So many hoes in the club

Pull my cash and buy them all a rose

Eighty-four, the story goes

On about that boy carlos

Sippin' fours, hittin' dro

But never put nothin' up my nose

Body froze, casket closed

Nightmares of the life I chose

Try my dope and overdose

Suckin' up my killer flow

Freestyle pro, style: girbauds

Silky socks and matchin' clothes

Mama told me life was like ballet, you gotta stay on your toes

Crackin' jokes, spin a spoke

Silly question, do I smoke?

Breakfast? milk and quaker oats

Eighty thousand dollar boat

Better not puff, better not pout

Spm is in your town

El coyote in el mote, a.k. senor charlie brown

Chorus

Third verse:

The barbarian

Look where we buried him

In the hole, right next to the librarian

I married in, to the very end

Have your kids askin', "daddy, who are those scary men? "

Make a stripper bitch, wanna be my fuckin' wife

She told me "this the biggest tip I ever got in my life"

Nothin' can save us, starched, stuffed ben davis

Sellin' dope, to my coked out neighbors

First full trip and let my clip get to rippin'

Blood drippin' out his shit, tryin' to run, but he limp'in'

I come from the slums, survived on crumbs

I live like a man, and i'ma die like one

Chorus

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