

# Anything Goes

## South Park Mexican

South Park from the heart jump start  
The game everybody in my hood selling  
Crack cocaine

On my block everything goes (goes)  
Diamond rings on my pinky toes (toes)  
Candy paint on my Cadillac (lac)  
Who the fuck wanna battle rap (rap)  
Believe me you don't have a chance (chance)  
I come down like an avalanche (lanche)

Load the pieces widreeses watch out lo que me dices  
I'm on the mic and Jaime's on the Alecis Dickie Crieses  
Fucked all your nieces I eaten up for breakfast  
They taste so delicious smoke fill rooms popping mushrooms  
I feel like I'm inna mutherfucking cartoon sipping on Red Rum  
You should join us a million haters and they still can't destroy us  
On the mic I'm known to get it started cold hearted and half ass retarded  
Dearly departed and those who god guarded  
The young and the lost is who I'm trying to target  
The Sergeant's narcotic's division is crocked  
They found my bloody money and the mutherfucker's took it  
Whoop this nigga and book this nigga  
And they wonda why i such a Ruthless nigga  
You can act like you can't hear me  
I know your listening  
I hear you talking out the pot that your pissing in  
Street specialist respect my intelligence  
I got gats that's made to drop elephants

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20 ounce Mountain Dew mix it with a 2  
With my nephew smoking Pepe Le Pew  
Talking about a dude we don't think is groovy  
I'm gonna put him to bed like Sleeping Beauty  
I told you once and I'll tell ya twice  
But I'm not gonna say this three or four times  
You boys wanna play we don't runaway  
Got damn i forgot what i was going to say  
Something about 45's and Mac 11's  
Desert Eagles and A K 47's  
Slice your throat just like a goat  
You boys can't see me with a microscope  
Kick down your door and found your Snow  
Smoking tough cause you had a fucking pound of Dro  
After I jack all the birds in the kitchen  
I hit the butt naked-n-go feed the pigeons

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Crack hotels digital scales  
Platinum necklaces laced on Rockells  
Shine my jew-els buff my toe nails  
Who kisses and tells beez who seez hell  
Smoke like rasta watch the imposts  
Who's at my door a fucking cookie monsta  
Hasta la vista bon a patista  
12 gauge shotie make your chest look like pizza  
Call me Flintstone; Land of Bedrock  
I bought 2 clubs and a fucking restaurant  
Take a journey where the boys die early  
45 underneath a niggas rocket jersey  
Turn the table buck shot be fatal  
Pigs hand cuffing my wrist to my ankle  
Mira muchacha's it's all about the Raza  
Burn my finger try to smoke a cucaracha  
They prejudice that's why they don't play mexicans  
I get my dick sucked by my new receptionist

I started out with 100 tapes  
If you wasn't down then get the fuck out my face

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Lyrics submitted by isaac.

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