Spm Diaries

South Park Mexican

[SPM:]Whats the deal man, we back in this camp
I'm doing this right here off the shot of ? my boy Flaco gave me you heard..
Crease in my pants as I dance with the devil
I used to ride a bike that only had one pedal
No nike kicks, broke than a bitch
I started comin' up sellin' fat ass nicks
I'ma flip it like a script at the ?
Thats my new spot, 8 by 10 cubic
Nah, I ain't stupid, never have been
They locked up they ? now they all laughin'
Celebrating life with they kids and they wifes
They wishing I would die as my lil' girl cries
Always knew that these hoes would be coming for me
But my comeback's gone be something to see
I can't stand a hoe, on a tv show
That say I'm hispanic around latino
Bitch you a mexican, say that shit
Why the fuck is you acting scared to represent
[Chorus x2:]Everytime the wind blows I reach for my heat
Peace to Sam Boone and my homie Pistol Pete
I'm from the South East but got love for the North
And these are just the diaries that SPM wrote
[Rasheed:]Mr. SP can you spare a few pages
To write whats on my mind and record a few tapes and
It's the Rasheed creepin' in my Batman boat
My money tripled like the chin on a fatman throat
But haters could they hate yo voice I was kinda bored
You know I always be the Dope House spinal cord
I just been chillin', showin' boys how to wreck screw tapes
And also how a haters body fits in one suitcase

[SPM:]I told you once, I eat you motherfuckers for lunch
I pull more stunts than Knievel, bring it in by the tons
I got guns, Homie I got guns
I heard you had some heat too, but not much
I'm the pusha, run 'em like Alaskan huskys
And still smoke the finest, right by the trust SKS
Bring it to your chest
You should know by know, I don't aim for the legs

[Chorus][SPM:]Everybody gather round the fire, blow like a dryer
I'ma run a lil' something by ya
In the battlefield is nothing like you've ever known
Soy el pelon de Houston con fe y corazon
Estereo, en serio, Houston hasta Mexico
Cortalo, vendelo, SPM dejalo
Vato es maton, con su homie Low-G Flores
Juan Gotti bring dolores y casa de millones
Y Fiero, en este juego, necesitas huevos
Mi treinta y ocho, ya no te quiero
Puro AK-47, ya vete
Tu vas pa tras y dile que te respete
Cuando sales tengo jales en muchas partes
Te doy coca y cuetes que son cuates
Como mi ruka, maria juana, no hay otra
Fumando me llamo Rolando Mota
[Chorus]Every time the wind blows I reach for my heat
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