

Dope House Mind

South Park Mexican

I gotta palomino horse with versacci saddle
ima cocaine cowboy with crops n cattle
half dog and jackal pop Don like snapple
got my first paycheck when i robbed the randall's
flow hot like campbell's change broads like channels
two or three at time cuz we all just mammals
the songs i sample bought my mom a castle
bought pops a fuckin non filter box of camels
comp soft n fragile get stomped and trampled
while they bitch in my car tryna bob for apples
sport glocks in flannels with the common vandals
takin hits off homemade bong with handles
its a lawless battle as my thoughts unravel
pull my gun and like eggs niggaz dodge and scramble
still lost in travel and my hearts in shambles
while the seeds in my weed snap pop n crackle

Chorus:x2

Who fuks with the rhyme of the dope house mind
who shines in the dark in these end of times
line after line who keep it the realest
(Carolyn:) Only u cuz the others to scared to live it

I do videos with a bunch of pretty hoes
in a benz wearin K-mart dickie clothes
give a toast listen close to dat nigga Los
when we was hungry Mom would say "Get the fishin poles"
really thou back when I sported chilli bowls
and used to dream about rappin on Jenny Jones
my city thowed stop actin lik u didnt kno
gettin rich n we still screamin "Gimme mo!"
in the props gotta stay on ya tippy toes
they tryda kill me few bullets came really close
now tha bitch is froze twisted in a wicked pose
and his toes colda than my Michelobs
diggin holes lik ima tryna find some hidden gold
he got nice shoes, wonda if i fit on those?
the sickest flows, I got guns dat can kill a ghost

at the club wearin dead man's Kenneth Coles

Chorus:x2

Candy blue 5 parka and a moonlight sparka
let me tell ya bout the life of a pure white rocka
a true live balla, might cruise my 'pala
or just soak in the sun and take poolside calla
its the hood fly talka and if you lik drama
ima da rappa dat'll rap ya in a two-ply potna
with fruit flies gonna my ginsu knife sharpa
den dat thang they was swangin at the Luke Skywalka
listen boo, I gotta notta screw tight on tha
fukin brain that aint been sane since a cute shy toddla
my new nine's hotta than a july jogga
or even me on the news sayin "Oooh hi Momma"
neva knew my fatha til i grew quite larga
but by the i was ten walkin through high water
Old dude tried harda then a suicide bomba
Im like "Dad is too late, Ima foo, why botha"

Chorus:x4

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>