

Hillwood Hustlaz II

SPM

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, ophimals
 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 limpin'

 I come from the slums, survived on crumbs

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

 Chorus

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>