

Broadway

South Park Mexican

[Verse 1: South Park Mexican]

Now we sleep all day & party all night
I'm pickin' up my homey from the what, Northside
Tommy's on my shirt & nikes on my shoes
We rollin' in the 'burban on them killer 22's
Hit the Southside & pick up 2 twins
You can take Kelly's booty, I'm a do Kim's
Cops don't like me, not everyone agrees
I sag so low that my belts around my knees
Bass be boomin' make the girls asses wiggle
My girls gettin' drunk & she's showin' me her nipples
23rd & Sherman, I stop to get a sack
Sunday afternoon, I put Mason on the map
Cause the dopeman got 'em in a 6-4 drop
Sometimes I'm on elbow, sometimes I'm on chop
Dope House Clique & we all got cloud
Peace to DJ Lobo & my homey Bill Styles.

[South Park Mexican:]

Cause my posse's is on Broadway...

[Rasheed:]

I ride with my nigga, lie for my nigga
Smoke fry with my nigga, shine with my nigga
I'd die for my nigga, cry for my nigga
Stay high with my nigga, my nigga
My Nigga.

[Verse 2: South Park Mexican]

Hangin' with my niggas in the Hillwood Grove
Chickens in my kitchen cookin' in my stove
Imagine I've been saggin' ever since I could walk
Been beggin' you to listen ever since I could talk
Double-in my money, even make it triple
I've never been a bum, but I'm beggin' for a nickel
Still dippin' sticks with a throwed ass bitch
Workin' those lips, but I don't mean a kiss
Roll with fuckin' killers, we all got straps
Walkin' through my hood with a woodgrain mac

Slip 'em in a coma, slangin' on my cut
It took alot of work to get my block so crunk.

[South Park Mexican:]
Cause my posse's on Broadway...

[Rasheed:]
I eat with my nigga, sleep with my nigga
Cook beef with my nigga, Creep with my nigga
On feet with my nigga, drink with my nigga
Pack heat with my nigga, my nigga
My Nigga.

[Verse 3: South Park Mexican]
Now we back in population, we all got straps
Run around town, in trophy trucks & 'lacs
The wheels keep turnin' I'm choppin' up the wind
I see the ladies lookin' they wanna jump in
Now the front ends hoppin' & the car begins to dance
My 40 ounce bottle, is spillin' on my pants
Ridin' too deep, in the 4-door '77
I'm tryin' to count my TV's, I think I got 11
Now we all got love for the '63 Impala
Ruby is the short one, claimin' Guatemala
Bobby is the mix-breed, people think he's funny
Behind us in the Cougar & he's hoppin' like a bunny
Bird's keep flyin' I feel like a Hawaiian
Cause my backyard looks like an exotic island
Creepin' Harrisburg, the party broke left
I make a U-Turn, 'cuz I'm "Broadway to my death"

[South Park Mexican:]
Cause my posse's on Broadway...

[Rasheed:]
I roll with my nigga, smoke with my nigga
Fuck hoes with my nigga, blow with my nigga
Buy clothes with my nigga, throw with my nigga
Cook dope with my nigga, my nigga
My Nigga.
I chill with my nigga, deal with my nigga
Pop pills with my nigga, steal for my nigga
I'd kill for my nigga, feel my nigga
On wheels with my nigga, my nigga

My Nigga.

"South Park's in the muthafuckin' house ya'll
South Park's in the muthafuckin' house ya'll
South Park's in the muthafuckin' house ya'll (*gunshots*)
South park's in the muthafuckin' house!!"

Lyrics submitted by Mike.

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