Red Beams And Rice

South Park Mexican

[South Park Mexican] Stop at the store make my bitch pump the gas And when we get home bitch you fitting to cut my grass In my cutlass, 1982 My baby mama tell me Los I ain't afraid of you Fuck you during 15 percent of all my skrilla Man that's the mother of my children I can't kill her So I break bread and proceed to get head From a blonde bitch but her pussy hair red These other niggas rapping but they can't catch up Strawberry patch got my back scratched up I'm blessed by the lord, Trinity keybord Peace to Filero representng Freeport I'ma rock the casper, cold as Alaska I'm sipping on a twoza and a twelve ounce shasta Docha Cabanna on my Nana Republic I keep my shit rugged cause the real niggas love it What's the rock cooking, nah I'm cooking rock Got my bitch working at the butt naked spot Peace to Big Chief from the what, Rap-A-Lot I'ma bunny hop my new drop out the shop I'ma hogging dog while I creep in the fog If you want service, I'm at 1-800-Murders Pull out my dick and tell my bitch I need a job I'm sipping on Durbas, wetter than some surfers Flipping chickens while you niggas flipping cheeseburgers Man I'm so bad I should join the fucking circus Snatching hoes purses, hope my luck reverses I'ma take the two piece with the biscuit from Churches No way the churches could ever clean my paper Tell my mom I love her, tell my dad I don't hate you Soy Carlos Coy ese vato es bien loco Seventeen ki's and started off with one ocho We kick in doors, we robbing stores [Chorus] Creep 64's, welcome to gangsta life Sag dickie jeans, we make them see the light In studios, with mafios, fuck jazzy hoes Packing beams, destroying dreams That double C, my nuts is all I got It just don't ever stop, so industry, prepare for me [South Park Mexican] I walk in the club niggas stare at me Can't we just all live mare-ly Bitch you got something you want to share with me Motherfuckers just wishing they could burry me I pull my quete, mom say I'm just like my jefe Tropa F, soy el S P M for my jente Creeping my carrucha, banging screw They want me on the billboard to say got leche Remember me from Reveille, X bitch was bare-ly Teenage murderer, gat named Ursla Chunked her and the baker she the bitch they searching for Everytime a nigga got shot cops questioned me [Juan Gotti] Rolling out the hood, I came from the impossible Up a long gonna make it to a Conoco And if I did, what makes you think I'd have the dough Hollering like that, is making me unstoppable I'ma drop a fool and let him feel these things I'ma make a change, didn't show the game Ghetto vero pack a fero show you who I am Want to know my name, and you heard of me I don't love a bitch, and motherfuck a hoe Work at Stop-&-Go, cool like an eskimo Down to shovels, no, and blizzard blind the game I'ma see it, believe it we gone beat this man No more dying, this pusher just can't be in vein In the streets of game, this shit can't stay the same Steadily praying man, Diosito spread the wealth He said Juanito, dope is gonna sell itself [Chorus] [South Park Mexican talking] That's all I got in this, dirty, dirty fucking game Uh, slanging cocaine, uh, and pack my little thang, uh I got a nice aim, uh, it's about money, fuck fame It ain't no shame, I'ma come down sun or rain S.P. motherfucking mexicano, actin bad one throwed vato From H-Town to Colorado, uh, that's my mato I rock hoes, I rock shows, I pop foes, what's the deal We in this bitch freestyling [laughs]

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