

Dope House Family

South Park Mexican

[Verse 1: Juan Gotti]Razaville Texas Houston to McAllen

Deep in San Anto, screw Rich y Valles
Rollin' through Dallas, Boritos, and Corpus
Odessa, Laredo, the locos in Austin
Texas made Mexicans north of the border
Land of the free, smoking weed with my Gordo
Motherfuckers laid back in yo Cadillac
Let me jump in this shit like back to back
Stay real for life, roll down south
For the wreckshop, for the hometown crowd
My alias is that Go-Hard-Mexican
Flowin' through your veins like medicine
Wanna be down? On the H-town
Real ballas fight for the rebound
B-town to motherfuckin G-town
Creep around everybody G'd out
Can't see how you can dawg me out
Make me out, take me out
Deep south, my hood got more slack
Than eighty-eight cowboys ridin' on horse back
Top that! the Mexicans all that
Strike like a snake and attack like a bobcat

[Verse 2: Baby Bash]Hoe ass niggaz, there ain't nothing worse

They do it for panurch, but I do it for the purse
And I'm still on the search, sometime I go to church
Seven deuce old school Cadillac with the skirts
And I speak for motherfuckers on the couch and the flo'
Cause a Mexican like my self is out for some dough
But ya already know, if you got big pelotas
Anybody now a days, might be the chotas
A young Baby Beesh, he don't fuck with police
And all' beat the dog shit out your nephew and niece
If they ever get the snitching, yelling, telling and singing
I'ma call the whole squad and some heads gone be ringing
I'm Dope House stout, fuck a set up and no hear though
It's real talk, real breath, make it clear hoe!

[Chorus: Carolyn Rodriguez]Throw your hood up

All my G's represent
Turn up your deck

Dope House click came to wreck
[Verse 3: SPM] Money and the power, glass on the Prowler
Blaze up a blunt as I tell you all about it
Kill'a of the Hill'a, crawl like caterpillar
Pour a fo-fo up in my grapes as for real'a
This for my gangstas, forty-five stainless
Throw yo set up, let me see your sound language
Sell a crack rock, steal a laptop
Jack for a key and sell that bitch for half off
Rollin' with my comrades
Buddy and we all blast, everybody bought Lac's
Everybody got stacks, some of us puff Black's
Some Newports
Tap tap Too Short, even chop New York
If it ain't screwed up, I don't wanna hear it!
Lac on pancake, while I'm pourin' up the syrup
In the pen-agen, Hillwood represent'a
Home of the rock, inside a broken antenna
Motherfucker

[Verse 4: Coast] I throw my set rounds, I been at ups and downs
Anybody plays about it, my lady has sounds
Homie from the Nawf side, and I'm all about mine
Money paper chasing stack it up, I gotta count mine
Cause I...
Was raised in a broken home, the groceries gone
Momma snorting coke to the dome, but hold the foam
She left Coast alone, I'm slowly grown
And learned how to hold the chrome, My hope is gone
Fuck being broke! C'mon
I'm fanna take ya to the spot where the homies roam
We surely don't, take no shit from nobody
So don't trip on nobody, get a clip in to body huh
This the gut of the ghetto, Catholicism is in prison
We been with our religion, where I'm leaving
We been a victim, see we ain't just suspect here
We leaving proof, that there ain't been no justice here
My hood

[Chorus][Verse 5: Lucky Luciano] Came to wreck it huh!
Look up in the sky, is it a bird or a plane?
Naw Superman is arrived here to save the damn day
Fly than a pelican, leanin' of medicine
Johnny pay checks slash playa made Mexican
Theres my introduction, now let me start stunnin'
Blue and yellow diamonds on teeth, baby I'm bubblin'
Up like crack, Luck strike back

Wreckin' all this mics got my money on stack
Hold up, come dust me off pass me the weed (puffing sounds) aight
Now mix me up some zip but baby don't put too much Sprite
I'ma tip stacka, swang a big Lac'a
Watchin' Andy Milonakis in my den on big plasma
Addicted to Henne and that strip club shit
Tell them hoes of the jump I'ma pimp you dumb bitch!
Send to wreck and get a check
Turn up your deck, this dope
We iced up and priced up, and crawling in Benzos
[Verse 6: Powda]Seven twenty fo' I be sacking them digits
Cause I'ma hustle till I die and I'm in it to win it
Making my paper independent, got seven years in it
Dope House platinum eyes, nigga that's when we finish
Man it's a dirty game but yet I shine so clean
Nigga what ever you need and puff, now holla at me
Whether I'm hustlin on the side or I'm droppin this verses
I got a service for you hoes, just watch me disperse it
And I be hurtin 'em when I pull up in a big body
They be following me, stalking like the paparazzi
So fuck a hater they just mad, they can't shine like me
I got the fifteens, ten inch reclined on screens
And I'm a fine dime piece, I be sharp as a crease
Quick to get it poppin', like water in hot grease
And it ain't nothing new, it's just the same old shit
Another day, another dollar, another case to catch

[Chorus][Verse 7: Rasheed]Philly to South Park met him at Hillwood
Graduate eighty-eight, H-town we still hood
Remember me in the hustle town
I let the Mary-Go-Round put the hustle down
If yous' a Jane user
Throw your hands in the air on this track SPM is the producer
With the laws standing on the roof
Drop the flows in the booth
And drop the top on the coupe
Ain't no stoppin' the dude
My team making currency
Got 'em screaming Dope House up in Germany
Rasheed number one soldado
Puffin' on an avocado
With my foot up on the throttle
And a bottle of the Bourbon cause I swerve in the low-low
Solo, fo sho', homies gettin' more dough
Sleeping is for dreamers on the block like block

Throw your hood up, throw your hood up

Let it drop!

[Verse 8: Grimm]A Cadillac driver, up and down the slab maine

Cousin, man is nothing but supreme in my gas tank

Tippin' on the fast lane, chuggin' on some top flight

Grindin', shinnin', blindin' like a spot light

Swangin' on them cops like Cuttie that's Graimmie

Yeah they might want us, but they won't get behind me

Now I'm doing ninety, all gas no breaks

Fucking with your boy, get your punk ass whole face

Drop you like a dope case, faster than a pony kick

Nigga beat your feet, kick some rocks with that homie shit

Most the time we loading clips

Otherwise we holding chips

Hittin' scores, kickin' doors

Pimpin' whores, rollin' whips

So we dip skunk and we slide to them Screw tapes

Pistol in the waist line, money in the suit case

Drop it in a cool place

Everything is gravity

This is for streets, cause my hood is my family

Haha

[Chorus][Verse 9: Quota]You can call me Mr. Break-a- Brick, take a trip

Tape a thousand grams to the bumper, Man and make it flip

I'm an interstate veteran, pedal to the max

I see the federal for my stash, my Bereta on my lap

Cause I'ma street hustler, twenty thousand miles just this summer

Ever since the first day of June, napping on a cama

Got that Boomerang glow, once I throw it in the pot

Is coming right back I promise, dawg I'm blowing up the spot

Listen, is only me I got a million dollar corner

Feds tap my house phone and they still out of order

I'm the son of a preacher man, momma knows I'm thuggin'

And I should of been a chef the way I cook crack up your oven met

Teachers taught us ?just say no?, I had to hustle though

Even that I stayed broke, didn't want to struggle so

Buy half and eight ball, hit the block runnin'

Though the world was mine, till I saw the cops coming

And it's too late

[Verse 10: Low-G]My homie died and the cops called it drug related

I was standing right there when his mother fainted

And I felt trapped, cause I know I gotta choose fate

I grabbed my nina and made that bitch loose weight

Since eighty-eight with a nick in my tube socks

I been a G since you was tryin' to do the moonwalk

I'm from a place that they call Honduras
Nothing fake about my life except my car insurance
Bullet proof vest, my jefa sense stress
Nothing positive about me, except my piss test
I grew up in a house full of empty stomachs
While other kids was at Mcdonald's getting twenty nuggets
And I'm known all across the ghettos
Boy you think the fuckin' law, so don't pawn my huevos
My chrome spits and I know to chase hoe clicks
Nate at the club dancing with a glow sticks
[Chorus] Throw your hood up
All my G's rep...
[Pain interrupts chorus][Bridge one: Pain & Cee][Pain:] Carolyn!
[Cee:] Yeah what?
[Pain:] Uhm ... Los said he didn't want a hook at the end of the song
[Cee:] Oh you mean we're at the end of the song?
[Pain:] Yeah, everybody is already done their rap that's the whole Dope House family
[Cee:] What you mean everybody? What about mine?
[Pain:] Girl you don't know how to rap
[Cee:] Jaime, you got me fucked up!
[Pain:] Okay I'll let you try, but if Los doesn't like it I have to take you off
[Cee:] Just tell me when to come in
[Pain:] Right... right... now
[Verse 11: Carolyn Rodriguez] I ain't gonna lie Dope House till I die
With my niggaz in the studio, chillin' getting high
Rollin' up sweets, breakin' this beat
Sippin' on skurr and its slurin up my speech
Comin' out the H, where they bake cakes
I ain't talkin bout the kind that your momma makes
I need a little space, Texas is the place
Ya tu sabes homes, I'ma represent my race
New to the scene, but not to the game
Blowin' purple skunk and its fuckin' with my brain
Tryin' to stack change, up to the ceiling
Looking out the window another neighborhood killin'
When will they chill? I don't really know
Keeping my mind on a six double O
Rims dripped in chrome, and Benz dripped in paint
Just can't stop like a car with no brakes
Okay!
[Jaime:] Man you wrecked!
[Cee:] I told you foo