

South Park, Follow My Lead

[First Verse]

Well Baby Beesh, that's my handle, money mackin'
Commando, blowin' like a candle, on that pearl and
Wood panel, modern day Marlon Brando
Squares don't understando
Play like a piano when I'm flipping through the
Channel, man don't make me lose convulsions, chokin'
On some doja, cars keep flippin' over
Getting' Jags and Testerosas
Motorola, Coca-Cola, stay high and never sober
Got them hot girls makin' love to my poster
Attitude kinda flippy, pockets never skimpy
Married to Marijuana with that drama you can miss me
Fifty-fifty I'm a playa, slash money maker by nature
I get that paper pushin' green and snowyflaka
Make a good girl turn to sinna
Puttin' inches all up in her
Blaze the bitch up now she's a bread winner
I'm a gold digga, kick a hole through your front door
Nigga, don't try to fight it, give it up, let it go.

Chorus:

Follow my lead huh, do as I say not as I do. (x3)

Follow my lead huh, mayday mayday. (x5)

[Second Verse]

I remember way back in the day
I used to get spankings from my momma
But uh now this lil' ass baby smokin' on dank in The
Bahamas, got a pair of Versace pajamas
Little mommas say I'm a sex symbol
I come through with the blue Coug
And shit I'm thinkin' Lexus Limo
I'm a swang three lanes to the piece and chain
And the pinky ring I'm gonna blind
'cause it's my time, I pack my dime, I put two holes
Right in your spine
Every time you talkin' down my rhyme
Boy I beat yo lil' behind
And stop and rewind, feel my lines
Bottle like me, I'm gonna shine

Little Christian on a mission
But listen he gaining recognition
In the Expedition, it's gonna glistin'
Got a line and he went fishin'
Pay attention to the Louisiano recano regano with a
Blano, I be puffin' on a big Fano
Got mo' green than the motherf**king lotto
Nigga I'm the one, the Christian
The lucky motherf**ker outside of the Yukon
I'm swangin' fo's, I'm slangin' hoes
Representing of the way Houston
These boys ain't ready for the age of Levy in a SS
Chevy on perely
Nigga I be sippin' lean
And I'm counting green
'cause boy I'm all about my feria (feria).

Chorus

[Third Verse]

I promise this song is harder than my dick is
I won in the Olympics for cooking the most chickens
Gold medal around my necka, living la vida chueca
Puck checka, chuck wrecka, nobody do it betta
I'm best when under presha, smoke up in my chest
Momma mad, 'cause I just just failed my piss test
Brain deader than a door knob
This is, for my road dog
Fresh out the Pen I take him out to get a blowjob
I'm so shy, controlling the streets, like a robot
The one to put a dope house
I'm sorry but it won't stop
My door got kicked in once before
And I'm sho' they won't try that stupid shit no more
I put holes up in they asses
Broke em' like some glasses
Niggas was falling just like my motherfucking pants is
Answers your questions, throwed as Mexicans
Snatch your bitch up and dig deep in her intestines.

Chorus