

South Park, I Wanna Know Her Name

Chorus (Russell Lee):

She dance the salsa
She dance the cumbias
She dance merangue
I wanna know her name
(2x)

First Verse (Baby Beesh):

Now every time I see her, I wanna meet her
Go up and greet her, treat her like my Mamacita
Go home and freak her
Half boriqua, half mexicana
Shakin' her knocker like an epanada
I think I wanna be your baby father
?Como te llamas? Me llamo Baby Beesh
Seen you at the club, shakin' that
I love the way you dance, Salsa, Merangue, and cumbias
With a touch of hip-hop and bounce man, and ooh la la
Didn't even know she got a man, she gone keep him in check
She wanna jet with a vet, and it's just like that
'cause we go hard from the jump, she far from a punk
At the bar gettin' drunk, turnin' cigars into blunts
My bonita, the one I kill sippin' margarita
I wanna see her, come a little closer Mama mira
Ven aqui? How cool would it be?
If you and me had some ecstasy, sippin' on some hennessey?

Chorus

Second Verse (SPM):

It seems like every club I go to
I see you dancin' off the hook, I wanna know you
Body lookin' like you raised up on soul food
You kinda young and I'm a nigga from the old school
I hope you diggin' my style though
I drink and smoke hydro
I'm not that nigga in the gym doin' tae-bo
I hate the five oh, I swam across the bayou

A mojado, I only shop at the rocado
A soldado, I hit the Hen straight from the bottle
But I can teach you how to sing or even be a model
Follow my lead, down this yellow brick road
I'ma buy you a benz, and dip your rims in gold
A house with a heated pool so you can swim in the cold
Trust funds in your bank for when your kids get old
Sippin' remy in the bentley, kissin' you gently
Fillin' up the gas tank whenever it's empty, Man!

Chorus

Third Verse (Low-G):

Who is the girl in that tight red dress?
Shakin' that ass to the right and left?
The chick's boriqua, or maybe mexicana
I see Mami, con gana, con gana
(Yo Low-G, what about them knockers?)
Oh, that's my girlfriend Esmeralda
I remember sneakin' in her ventana

Plus don't say nothin' 'cause it's right next to her hermana
Que pena, I had to leave Eselena
Or run the porno I rented to Elena
Chino desmito e prima o se fina
If you can't take the heat, get your ass out the cocina
Mi esposa es latina, mi sancha la china
Y lolita la deje' solita
Letters in the mail for my girl named Raquel
A cheap hotel and after that Taco Bell
Oh well
I'm on to Orlando
Go to chica bailando el mambo
Manalo, manalo, manalo, manalo

Chorus (.5x)