

# South Park, Latin Throne

f/ Marilyn Rylander

Ain't no stoppin' this movement...gotta roll with it  
(SPM)  
Uhh....one time baby, yeah

First Verse (SPM)&#58;

Land of dum-dum, is where I come from  
Believe me when I tell you that you don't want none son  
A long, hard road for this, latin throne  
You can catch me in the club in the, back alone  
So, Mama's don't let your babies grow to be gangstas  
Killas taught to not give a f\*\*k, hit em up with sign language,  
I'm just explainin' how the game is  
Reach for the stainless, leave 'em brainless,  
The strangest of things come to me at no surprise,  
Utilized all my allies, I run with bad guys,  
F\*\*k pea shooters, all my gats are supersized  
I got seven dopehouses, that's a franchise  
Man cries if he was blessed with a heart,  
But I lost mine, in the backstreets of South Park  
Once again it's Mister SPM,  
And the shit ain't gonna stop until I'm dead or in the pen

Chorus (Marilyn Rylander)&#58;  
He's a hustler

He's a baller  
He sits on the  
Latin Throne  
He sits on the  
He's a hustler  
He's a baller

Second Verse (SPM)&#58;  
Latin Throne

I got scars jumpin' metal gates and sharp bars  
We shootin' stars, runnin' from cop cars

Everyday you see me in a different crackhead's car  
The hood is ours, save my pennies in a pickle jar  
So bizarre how so many bullets miss my head,  
I told my Mom, that I'm gonna stick with this instead  
F\*\*k the crack rock , I rapped and hit the jackpot  
Now I'm on a plane writin' on my laptop  
It's all wiggy rockin' city to city  
But I still feel my past catchin' up with me  
Got more ends, bought my Mom a Gold Benz,  
But she worry 'cause I still got all my old friends  
Hopin' that I slow up and change one day,  
But these Hillwood streets got me raised one way  
I told my lady one day we gone be like the Brady's  
But for now I teach her how to use this three eighty

Chorus

Third Verse (SPM)&#58;

Three years and countin', I've been drinkin' from the music fountain  
Who you doubtin'? This round is comin' out the South  
The Dopehouse sits in Houston like a f\*\*kin' mountain,  
I got non-believers with they foot in they mouth

I break guinnesses, keep 'em off my premises,  
Used to be menaces, now our dreams limitless  
Isn't this a trip? Not a slipper or a sleeper,  
Niggas wantin' dope still hittin' up my beeper  
But we can overcome the ghetto even G's without a mother,  
Bread without butter, I came crawlin' out a gutter  
Born hustler, used to drive an old gas guzzler,  
Servin' zombies, a following as big as Gandhi's,  
Fresh out the hood I was sellin' dope last summer  
Now I'm donkey dickin' Brunettes and Blondies  
Jammin' Jon B., with bottles of Don P.,  
The day of the Wetback has striked upon thee  
Chorus