

South Park, Lord Loco's Melody

[Verse 1]

The game on tilt Dope House what I built
Beans get spilt and niggas get killed
Sleepin on silk 'cause you head got peeled
Caught the hot slug blood spillin like milk
King of the Hill baby momma named Jill
Naw I aint trippin uhh maybe just a lil
Peace to Big Will up in what Mackadosious
Butt naked hoes's doing my promotions
Rats n roaches baseball coaches
That was '82 now I stay by the ocean
In a 3 story while I while I read all this
Jap on my lap ass flat like Sigourny's
She so horny outside its stormy
Get my hydro from a nigga named Georgie
Purple n sticky smoke like a hippie
In the game throwed till you hoes come and get me

[Chorus: JC ad libs]

[Verse 2]

I spit from the neck once again I'm a wreck
I like chicken salad with the what vinegrette
Like my girl sassy southern and sexy

Creep in my jet ski they tryin to arrest me
Im like Pesci in that movie Goodfellas
I hang with dope sellers dear God can you help us
Roll a lil forest for the ones who went before us
Nigga you aint ballin take them 20's off that Taurus
Appologizin momma I'm so sorry about the past
For everytime I didnt clean the house and cut the grass
Or the time I threw up on your brand new couches
Or the time you caught me cooking up them 9 ounces
Drug dealing son aint much to be proud of
My only f**king goal was to sew the whole town up
I promised to get out of the game so many times
Is hard to explain so I wrote these lines

[Chorus: JC ad libs]

[Verse 3]

I put the codeine in my soda pop
Cops lookin at me like I stole the drop
What I cant have things like swing-a-langs
Twelve hundred dollar shirts on plastic hangers
Im a Star li