

South Park Mexican, Dope Game

Check one, check two, lets take a cruise
I done did the game every which way but loose
Nothing left to do except collect my cash
And I bet that ass that the Mex gon' last
Put the past on paper, threw away my pager
Cuz these boys keep callin from locs to cookie baker
Mama saved em from the hate, now I'm hard with the pain
I'm in the place in your face tryin to sell you a tape
I break records in Texas creepin in Caddies and Benzes
And a pretender if he step up to the bullet bartender
I bet I check and wreck a sucker riding bumper to bumper
I might dump the whole clip and miss and hit your uncle
I ain't trippin, flippin, sippin on purple Lipton
Diggin women in the drop lemon, g livin
I was driven to my last nerve, hittin curbs
Puttin twenties on a grass hurst
End of verse

[Chorus x2]

No shame

Welcome to the dope game

This is were we don't play

Leave your boys with no brains

Whoridas

I remember long ago I never got no love
Still I knew that one day I'd be popular
I used to stand in the circle trying to smoke your bud
Just hopin that the blunt wouldn't pass me up
I used to ask for a sip of your syrup
I used to never walk around with the white cup
Now I eat eighteen steaks, on silver plates
Girls fanin my face, others give me grapes
By the grace of God, I was given the job
To run through the rap game like corn on the cob
So blessed in my test, I bought my sets in the southwest
I ain't got no credit cards except Mexican Express
I'ma dress my baby girl and rock the whole damn world
If you needs tracks Happy P got my referal
Your head twirl to the sounds of the SP Mex
Ridin in the Lex with a dog named Plex
Southside to the north, at the old golf course
The valet the white Porsche with the bulletproof doors

[Chorus x2]

It's the L-O-S C-O-Y

Pack the pistola, oh me oh my

My nina shine like the sun, I never ask for a crumb

For breakfast my chef makes me eggs-fuyon

I've come from the hills of ghetto thrills and chills

Three wheelin, dope dealin, killin nothin but squeels

My third wish was to break this curse and myth

Now I'm worldwide status on your satilite dish

Punk checker, chump wrecker, got the salt and the pepper

Left a mark in the game and never been a half stepper

Leopard skin on my couch, be like Oscar the Grouch

From the streets, pullin rocks out my kangaroo pouch

But I told these boys, never at my house

Whether it's the ounce that puts leather on my couch

A thousand dollars a week, my baby girl's allowance

Dope House bouncin cash to my forgein accounts

[Chorus x2]