

# South Park Mexican, Get Yo Guns

[talking]

Yeah man, uh, I'm in the studio with Big Flake  
Uh huh, that's my nigga, he fin to wreck this bitch  
Yo, we shut them down with Dopehouse Records  
We're family, we ride together we roll together  
For you hoes that don't understand it, fuck you  
Know I'm talking about, yo, uh

[Big Flake]

Big Flake bitch yeah, you know me  
Ride around in my city in a leg-O-D  
Like, I hit the block with a glock in my priches  
Fuck the pool shit and I got something for you bitches  
That's all in my space, trying to take a nigga place  
But I ain't with the shit, get the fuck out my face  
Fuck a case, the hooter can't hold me down  
I'm 300 pounds, six feet you know me now  
And show me bitch where the dance at shack  
Got a cannon on my waist and bitch I blast back  
Get the last laugh, cause I ain't stopping till I fold you  
I flip young boys like a ki of soda  
It's the take over, Shut Em Down on the map  
And we don't give a fuck I drop bombs like a jap  
And throwed tracks, and throwed raps, I bust caps  
Now what y'all little niggas know about that  
First we click clack, then you hear it go pop  
I'm a young little g and man I can't stop  
I'm non shalant, so I can't be detected  
And you heard the ghetto message, and bitch I wrecked it  
It's like I resurrected and just came up out the grave  
Cause everytime I grab the mic, all these niggas in a daze  
It's like almighty, when you creep up in the hood  
Every corner you weak, my g's up to no good  
It's understood, my crime stories and dope sales  
My nigga Los said, man dope sales  
You gone fell, if you try to test this  
I'm like daytime T.V., young and restless  
Check the guest list, me and D V.I.P.  
I'm a cold ass mex call me frosty  
Don't try to cross me, cause I don't like hoe niggas  
I bust down the door with a 4-4 nigga  
Do I like dro no nigga, Big Flake on the loose out  
Hold a grudge with two face niggas fuck they damn troops, bitch

[talking]

That's real my nigga  
Fuck these hoe ass niggas

[Chorus - 2x]

You bring your boys, I'll bring my boys  
You get your guns, I'll get my guns

[South Park Mexican]

On the play list, diamond bracelets  
Then we make hits, V-12's makeshift  
Spent a few years in this rap game  
Slanging cocaine, nasty sacks say  
Niggas I was selling kilos, and elbows with  
Are the same motherfuckers that I do shows with  
Smoke indo, and fuck with some thick hoes  
My enemies roll deep like some minnows  
I'm ?stilloes?, the one you came to for caine fool  
When you got robbed when you had to explain to  
I can't do the dope, said it before  
Devil in the mic, mesmerized be the row  
As a plan of skills, I'm still cracking rims  
I got a beer belly look like I'm having twins  
I'm the youngest, mom say I'm the worst

The finest bitch in my school was the fucking nurse  
Only heaven knows, what I've been through  
In third grade I got busted with ?hijitsu?  
Now I rest my head in a hotel room  
With a gun and a bitch and some used balloons  
Watching cable half a eight on the table  
Mix a two liter with four O's of maple  
I'm wago ami wathro, come through the back door  
And went for bout 80 pounds of wacky tabacco  
I jack hoes, but now I'm trying to rap though  
My nextdoor neighbor played for the Astros  
And last night he hit two home runs  
Everywhere I go I got at least four guns  
I got two plants, that grow under lamps  
I'm at the club just wishing I could dance  
Man I got cash, still I'm a quetho  
I like to watch my dog eat up other dogs and let go  
I'm murdering, I'll destroy any earthling  
Choking on his own blood, gargling and gurgling  
Step to me, you better be hard  
I know you motherfuckers remember me from Reveille Park  
[Chorus - 4x]