

South Park Mexican, High So High

(feat. Marilyn Rylander)

[First Verse: (SPM)]

I'ma roll 84's til' them hoes start clackin
Put 'em on they back and got 'em askin' "What happened?"
Homie was crackin', it's good to be back
See me on the slab with a beautiful 'llac
If you wanna jack, I got somethin for you
Caught another case, so I gotta call my lawyer
Got a fine chick that look just like LaToya
And I bet fifty G's on my boy De La Hoya
Tryin' to stay free with the loot they pay me
Boy I'ma vet and you still a trainee
Ballin' daily with my green lady
She asked what have I done for her lately?
I'ma dog like Scrappy, my girl tried to slap me
Caught her by the hand and told her "Don't get happy"
Still sport khakis, got the Savvy Yola
Mr. High-Roller movin Coca-Cola
While I stay...

[Chorus (Marilyn Rylander)]

High so high.....reachin' for the sky
High so high.....please don't blow my high

[Second Verse (SPM):]

I feel off the wagon, dickies still saggin
Blow more smoke than Puff the Dragon
Choppin' big things, but you never hear me braggin
Pick your chick up and it's gonna be a stabbin
Haters get mad and they want my autograph
Let me hear you rap, man I promise not to laugh
Walked the wrong path when I went and bought a half
Sold out on the cut, now it's time to call a cab
Stop at Chimmy Changs for the wings and rice
Then to the store, I need a forty and some dice
What they hittin' for? Come out with Little Joe
Can you play five-hundred on a what? Ten or four?
Let'em go, let'em go, boys start leavin
Hillwood Hustla, never caught sleepin
Bobbin' and weavin', still block bleedin'
Ain't gonna quit til' you haters stop breathin'
And I stay

[Chorus]

[Third Verse (SPM):]

Who said money didn't grow on trees?
I came up slangin' them coca leaves
Many stories about territories
At the Dopehouse, we don't call the Police
Feel a cold breeze when I get below freeze
Got no love for you studio G's
I buy four Jeeps and I got a gold leash
But what the Hell is money if you got no peace?
Homies in the back and they ready to attack
And we don't go to clubs where you can't wear your hat
Homie where you at? Represent, where you from?
Land of Dum-Dum where you don't dare to come
All you jealous boys is tryin' to destroy us
Run you out my city like the Tennessee Oilers
Got nothin' for us, listen to my chorus
While I sit back and blaze a damned forest
Stayin' so...

[Chorus (2x)]

[SPM]

Mr. S-P-M

And you know it don't stop...
For all my playa partners

Dopehouse baby,
We don't quit...we ain't goin' nowhere,
MAN!