South Park Mexican, The Beach House

[South Park Mexican talking] Uh, yo, pick up the music a little bit For my nigga, Filero on this biatch Yo, what's up, what's up JC Man it's real man, here we go [South Park Mexican] I'ma have to smoke, I'ma have to fucking toke Keep it in my lungs like an inside joke No damn hope, I loc with the game Got married at the crack hotel in south man Holler if you feel me, wet like willy Got my own island like that little nigga Gilly And the dang Skipper, fucking that Ginger Could of played proball but I got injured Man I wouldn't kid you, I'ma throw dew Got a fine bitch in the 6-0-2 It's more on the menu, I'ma get in you You watch Ms. America, I fucked Ms. Virginia I'm known to burst, skip go to church Got the block hotter than your girlfriend penurch I'ma scrape the curbs with my brand new twenties Go buy some more cause to me they just pennies I won two emmys, man I win awards Got so much heat I could open up your pours Fresh out the county, fresh like downy Now my mama high, cause she ate my weed brownies Now she tripping calling 9-1-1 I'm sad cause she called me a what a bad son But I promise it's gone wear off soon Do what I do and just watch some cartoons I'm on calhoun, sometimes I feel used Cause a hoe just want to get in my fruit of the loom I'm about the shrooms, I'ma spread the news SPM undefeated can't lose Hit the dank smooth, all night long I love mama tattooed on my arm Dopehouse charm, with the diamonds in it I'ma fuck Missy Elliot for one minute Then I be finished, I smoke spinach Just like Popeye except a little different I sell reggie but I smoke hydro ponic I got more brown bags than shoes and sonic Man I'm on it, I mean I'm on my hustle Never love a bitch cause I just don't trust her Never popped the question, I'ma stay a bachelor I'm in the kitchen flipping cookies with my spatula Do what I have to, on the third chapter Talk with my glock when I come holler at you Call me the greaser, roach and a tweezer Don't fuck with that nigga cause he's a Motherfucking killer out the Hilla, cocaine dealer Get my shit off a eighteen wheeler My niggas, niggas, bar sippers Now I'm packing flippers, large old flippers [Chorus: scratching] Roll 80 vogues till them hoes start clacking If you want to jack, I got something for you Not the chimmy change for the beans and rice Then to the store I need a 40 on some dice Hillwood hustler, never caught sleeping Caught another case so I got to call my lawyer Got a fine chick that look just like Latoya Run you out my city like them Tennessee Oilers

[South Park Mexican]

You can play hockey, I'ma play hookie On the mic niggas say that I'm the dookie They trying to shoot me, cause I'm making movies Went gold twice, buy ice and rubies I'ma eat at Lugies, save my doobies She in a D cup cause I bought them boobies I'ma take the tuna, shoes are puma I'ma go on vacation to Blue Lagoona Cause I like to scuba, on the island Aruba I'ma eat a bowl of beans and I'ma play the tuba See I'm awful throwed, y'all should also know That I'm with a swamp thing and Papa Dough And he frozen, got the what house on the ocean Fuck her in the ass with some suntan lotion All in the open, where people could see My nextdoor neighbor's taking pictures of me I'm a powerful man, I bought a house on the sand Bought the lot and told the cops get off of my land With my barbie, I'ma throw a party They want my autograph but I don't got a sharpie No more bacardi, I'm drunk I need some coffee About to throw up bitch get the fuck off me But anyway man, hold them up, who is you You ain't my girlfriend, my girlfriend was wearing blue But you suck a good dick, so I won't say shit Then I saw the bitch kissing on my boy Nick But what he don't know ain't gone hurt him though But hold up when he hear this song he'll be swoll Man, I'ma have to tell him that his album sucks And he shouldn't buy it or even listen to it once So let it be a lesson any girl that you meet Take her to the store and tell that bitch to brush her teeth [Chorus]