

South Park, Oh My My

Uhh...yo! I can't hear myself on the mic!
Uhhh....yeah maybe I can! ugh!

First verse: spm

Now take a trip off the trip let me trip you out
Cause I'm a trip, I'm a nut, I'm a fool no doubt
Y'all boys really trippin on the money I make
But I'm trippin wet tryin to kill some ? I hate
Separate all these fake niggas all in my face
You a disgrace, you should wish well for your own race
Tie your laces and hide your two faces
Guess I been lookin for love in all the wrong places
Follow in a trail to the land of hell
Everybody knows I belong in jail
For my raza, anyone else no tienen chanza
F**k with my click I'll put a hole in your panza
I give two f**ks, three shits, and one damn
Scram you bitch you ain't with my fam
I don't cut for the jealous
Guess where your gal is
All on my weenie like mustard and relish

Chorus: baby beesh

Oh my my, oh hell yeah
Let's all get to puttin' some in tha air
Fix me a drink and sing me a song
But do it quick baby cause I can't stay long
Oh my my, oh hell yeah
Let's all get to puttin' some in the air
Man I'm so blowed
Man I'm so throwed
Somebody grab the wheel I can't see the road

Second verse: spm

Mama mia
I wanna put somethin in aaliyah
Sippin sangria and smokin on maria
I drill a nine milli through your liver arm trilla

Lone star state home of the armadilla
Blow killa with priscilla and ganja with blanca
Catch me at the club in my nike chanclas
Vida chuca, my girlfriend's name is la mueca
Dios around my necka
Sangre de azteca
S p m on choppers like men
Y'all run and hide while I count to ten
I'm a wait till fall then I'll cut my grass
Stop and make my girlfriend pump the gas
I got enough birds to have a snowball fight
My dream is to keep the world up all night
I done sold you a dub sack
Used to chase a hub cap
Now I'm in this game tryin to see where my love at

Chorus

Third verse: baby beesh

Its the return of that nut, baby beeshie

Love my chicken greasy
Shittin on them haters that love to taste the feces
I'm a fool I'm a nutta
Gone off the butta
I'm from vallejo, california houston to calcutta
Gone wacko off tobacco mixed with the dough dough
You squares ain't ready for the modern day cholo
Used to be a player but now I'm an official
Doin big things like shine and pen & pixel
The only nigga with a benz still on welfare
No insurance, no license, and no health care
Computer illiterate
Smoke dank like a cigarette
A straight f**kin idiot
You think that I give a shit
I need a hearing aid for some handicap parking
Damn baby bash your so damn retarded

Chorus