

South Park, Somethin' I Would Do

(SPM)

I ain't got the last two sentences to this verse

(Grimm)

Then just freestyle it

(SPM)

Alright, I can do that

First Verse (SPM):

Bring it back, drop the top on the 'Lac
Screw put the tap on the wet Fatback
Got the black gat, can't come wack
'Member when clubs wouldn't let me rap
Now they call me up, all on nuts
Get 'em for about ten thousand bucks
Sippin' on Dom Perignon
Five, six songs and my ass is gone
Made a wrong catch or tone, grab my phone
See if my boy Baby Beesh is home
From San Anton to the Astrodome
Smoke weed with Cheech, and hash with Chong
Two A.M. sunglasses on
'Twice last night', that's my nastiest song
Now it's on, ask my T. Jones
Seem like the whole World on my ding-dong

Chorus (Baby Beesh & SPM):

(Baby Beesh)

Take two hits and pass it on to you...

(SPM)

Yeah that sounds like somethin' I would do

(Baby Beesh)

Fill my swimmin' pool up with some brew

(SPM)

Yeah that sounds like somethin' I would do

Second Verse (SPM):

Well I'm S-P-Mex in the place to be
And I went to Bedrock University
I hang with the poor, and steal from the rich
I chill with the real and I won't never switch
Jump out the bed, come from the head
Last name Flintstone, first name Fred
My low-low, hop like a pogo
Walkin' down the yellow brick road with a dog named Toto
Run from no one 'cause I might get a cramp
Ten dollar stone for bout twenty food stamps
Money ain't happiness, y'all some fools
Your baby's brown eyes in some diamonds and jewels

Chorus (Baby Beesh & SPM):

(Baby Beesh)

Smokin', chokin' on PePe LePew...

(SPM)

Yeah that sounds like somethin' I would do

(Baby Beesh)

Make a dollar bill turn into two....

(SPM)

Yeah that sounds like somethin' I would do

Third Verse (SPM):

You wanna play with the S, ha?
Twenty-five on my dresser
White tank-top, Dickie's from fiesta
Slow and low, here we go
Doin' the impossible
Jam rock & roll
Exotic cold
I done lost my high a lil' while ago
Put away your gun, have some fun
Not no star, but I'm stabbin' one
A stallion, saddle up the horses
My Gal gorgeous, I bought a fortress
Two divorces and only lost a Corvette
My third wife, STILL ain't born yet
No sweat, I relax in Houston
I'm the one that went gold, with no distribution
Rhymin', now them hoes mine and
Your boy went from muthaf**kin' dimes to diamonds

Chorus (Baby Beesh & SPM):

(Baby Beesh)

Drop my top and pick up DJ Screw

(SPM)

Yeah that sounds like somethin' I would do

(Baby Beesh)

Show my love, I'll show it back to you...

(SPM)

Yeah that sounds like somethin' I would do

(Baby Beesh)

Tell your kid to stay his ass in school...

(SPM)

Yeah that sounds like somethin' I would do

(Baby Beesh)

Step on stage and act just like a fool...

(SPM)

Yeah that sounds like somethin' I would do

(Baby Beesh)

Make my girl sneak in my twenty-two

(SPM)

Yeah that sounds like somethin' I would do

(Baby Beesh)

Say Homeboy you stepped in Doggy-Doo

Go outside and please wash off your shoe

(SPM)

Say Grimm, roll another Baby dick and let's get high, fa sho!