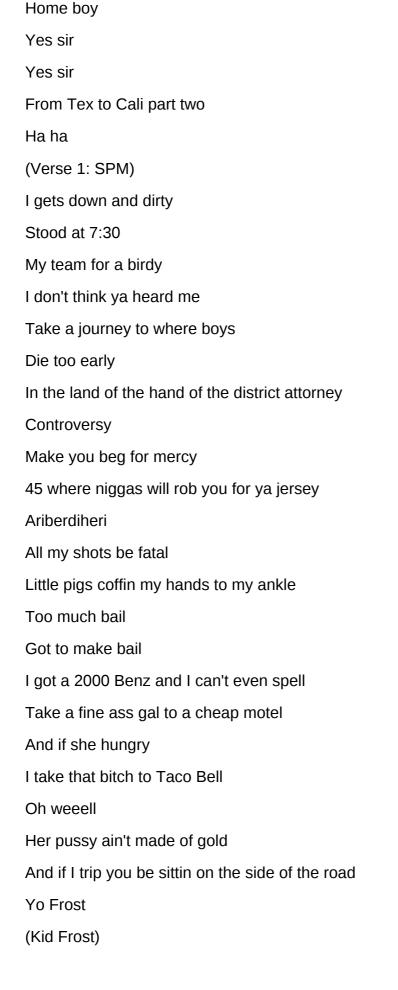
South Park, Tex To Cali Part 2

(Kid Frost)

Home boy



What up dawg? (SPM) Let me hit the pine o fine I done jumped in this game And now it's mine all mine (Chorus: Kid Frost and SPM) From Tex to Cali Every hood every alley Puffin on smalley In the candy coated Cadi Maan that blocks to go glocks Wit 17 shots (Gun shot) Cops Swearin to God, we sell rocks (Repeat 2x) (Verse 2: Kid Frost) I'm still standin in the sunset Hand on my pistola Little John Gotti From baja Califrnia Sippin on Corona With the chip Motorola Betta watch out for my coner Or you'll be an organ doner 1part pure 3 parts bakin soda Take it out the microwave Before it bubbles over Betta look ova ya shoulda Shits getting colda Don't flip the strip and you might dip into a coma I the bomba

Bomba

I'ma let you know que onda

Que onda

In the South Park smokin on some smoka

On some smoka

SO what youo sayin

I'm down in club payin

It's crunk I'm drunk

F**ked up 'cause parlayin

Chillin wit ya baby moma

Sellin dope to her brotha

Everyday that you in jail

She beggin me to f**k her

Don't touch the cap

'cause I best get the sattle

From Cali to Tex these fool G's ride cattle

(Chorus: Kid Frost and SPM)

(Repeat 2x)

(Verse 3: SPM)

It's the SPM aka

Grando cinquero

Come to me for a ki

F**k a pebble

Look to me in the hazel eyes wedo

Ha ha

I'll break you off with one dedo

Anyway anyhow when my gun go blow

We can settle this shit right here right now

Actin foul with the crack child

Leave a smile

Have you shinin up my reptile

Now I got em tryin to dial nine eleven

Pray for me Reverend

In the hood I'm a back street legend

In a 7 7 Seville

And only 17

I jus saw a beauty queen become a dope fiend

In the land of the lost it's the same ol story

I jus gave my mom some change for a 40

Got many wets luxurious and sporty

I'll be on the stage when you kill that shit for me

(Chorus: Kid Frost and SPM)

(Repeat 2x)