

South Park, We Ain't Goin' Nowhere

[SPM]

Master minded, boys get blinded

Where the f**k my weed sack? I just can't find it

Oh never mind it's right here

Got a roach behind my ear, higher than the hemisphere

Dear diary: my hood is so fiery

I remember when no one would hire me

used to sell ivory and pounds of that greenery

A grim scenery, but never had no fear of me

sag my Dickies like Cantinflas, mami no te chiflas

take my niggas out to Ninfas,

I need a table for thirty-seven gangstas

the way the streets raised us: double pump gauges,

close ranges, this money never change us, leave 'em brainless

Forever armed and dangerous

Bubbles in my tub, not a Crip or a Blood

I'm a thug, that's known to fight hate with love

[Chorus]

[Rasheed & SPM]

On fire

"We ain't goin' nowhere"

Hell nah homeboy

"We ain't goin' nowhere"

No way, no how

"We ain't goin' nowhere"

So f**k what you thought

"We ain't goin' nowhere"

[Rasheed]

Here we go,

It's them soldiers from the ghetto

the "mero mero's"

Rasheed puffing on golden pedals

Acapulco style Colombians from mi end
hydroponic chronic smokin' chokin' potency love me in 'em
crumblin' to a fine hyna, (hey)
{but that leavin' might}?
that I'ma love her so much
when the hustlin' get behind her
These senioritas be bangin' I hit 'em with the action
assassination of the heart but won't be no attractions
You see I'm calculating deep on my dividends
be givin' up friends, I don't need none of that shit in the end
Independent disposal is world wide
Convulsion aside, the laboratory where the papers
slide (slide, slide,slide)
Purity assure me the highest quality
I follows my cheddar, you countin' carrots in the Marriot
I carry a hit from my head to the planet
global, on my mobile, my click forever known
[Chorus]
[SPM]

In God we trust,
Partna, ain't no bossin' us
I used to get drunk and f**k a hippopotamus
but now I get surrounded by top notch bitches off the hinges
I guess I got my three wishes
To rock the world like a muthaf**kin' ounce of dope
Niggas couldn't see me, even with a microscope
I tag cities up, run right through 'em
other labels wonder what the f**k I'm doin'
I'm just pursuin' my dreams, it's not what it seems
I just wanna see my people live like kings and queens
Versace jeans, eighteen hundred dollar shirts
You jealous pigs on my dick act like f**kin' jerks
but face it, all that hatin' is gay shit

You mad 'cause your house costs as much as my bracelet

I'd rather die, then work for the man

No more saving pennies, no more collecting cans

[Chorus x2]