

# 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 firey  
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  
&quot;We ain't goin' nowhere&quot;  
Hell nah homeboy  
&quot;We ain't goin' nowhere&quot;  
No way, no how  
&quot;We ain't goin' nowhere&quot;  
So f\*\*k what you thought  
&quot;We ain't goin' nowhere&quot;

[Rasheed]

Here we go,  
It's them soldiers from the ghetto  
the &quot;mero mero's&quot;  
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 señoritas 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]