

South Park, 3rd Wish

First Verse [SPM]:

Another deadly ceremony,
In a sacred territory,
It was all done for the glory,
You bitches ain't got nothin' for me
O-G, from the H-I, double L, W, double O, D
Live the life of the lowly,
Movin' white ponies, still puttin' in work for the dead homies,

Show me the way out, stayin' ready for anything under the sun,
Under the moon, under the stars, God I'm lookin' for somewhere
to run

Dumpin' my gun, as soon as I'm done,
Leavin' 'em numb, with one in his lung,
Livin' fast and dyin' young, always business never for fun

Chorus [Marilyn Rylander]:

Tell me what it is
Tell me what you want
For your 3rd Wishhhhhhhh
This is your last wishhhhhhhh

Tell me what it is
Tell me what you need
For your 3rd Wishhhhhhhh
This is your last wishhhhhhhh

Second Verse [SPM]:

Bussin' our teflon, at the red dawn,
I ain't f**kin' with nothin', get stepped on
The purest, I'm the surest, playin' a tourist walkin' through
Saigon,
Been a hustler servin' up big bricks,
And livin' my life to hit licks,
Trip on a G like me and see the beads of banana clips Trick
Stamina cannot be duplicated,
Bite on the dust, you get faded,
So many wannabe criminals up in the game of drug-related
Open up, open up your dopehouses
Turning you men into mouses
Saggin' my burgundy trousers,
Letting you know how the South is

Chorus

Bridge One [Grimm & SPM]:

phone rings

SPM: "Dopehouse Records"

Grimm: "Say man Los, man it ain't go right man, I'ma tell you
man, Lil' Drugs

dead man."

SPM: "What?"

Grimm: "Yeah, he's dead man"

SPM: "F**k"

Grimm: "And I got big Jon with me man, he got hit bad on the
side, it don't

look good bro, it don't look good, he bleedin' bad. We can't go
to the

hospital man, we ain't goin' to the hospital."

SPM: "Yeah"

Grimm: "We headed straight to the Dopehouse. Call Doc, tell him
we need him."

SPM: "Alright my nigga, are you sure about Lil' Drugs?"

Grimm: "I'm sure man, he's gone baby, he's gone. We gotta get
these

muthaf**kas."

SPM: "Alright, hurry up."

ends phone conversation, SPM starts talking to himself
SPM: "Okay, this is it, I've wished for money, and I've wished
for fame, but
what good is it, if I'm still stuck in this game? So, for my 3rd
wish...I
just wish for all this shit to stop. Just please make it stop."

Third Verse [SPM]:

I'm back once again for revenge,
In an all-black bulletproof Benz,
How will I get 'em? It just depends,
Hook his ass up with all his dead friends,
Here ye, here ye, sincerely,
Why so many haters fear me?
Dearly departed, y'all started some shit, and struck but
couldn't come near me
We're the odyssey, young prodigy, runnin' the top notch
properties,
Where snitches get shot in they arteries, but gettin' nobody's
apologies
Follow me how do we master the first jack?
Since the day I was born I was cursed Black,
H-Town's where I'm doin' my dirt at,
Robbin' you hoes on horseback
Chorus