

South Park, He's A Bird, He's A Plane

First verse (spm):

The dopehouse, got it snowin' in the summer
Drug runner, f**k the 'i'ma gonna wanna'
Fast learner, attack like piranhas
My next big hit's called 'hubba, hubba, hubba'
I smoke her 'cause I love her
Bought a danny glover
Now I'm burnin' rubber in somebody baby mother
From the gutter diggin' in your trash can
F**kin' with my niggas it'll be your last dance
I came up off the cut, buyin' 'lacs and trophy trucks
The only thing I sell is submersible products
My all-white chucks turn a man into dust
You wanna meet the devil, ha? You in a bad rush
I'ma keep a smile, I was born the crack child
Got the rap game shinin' up my reptiles
Make your ears ring when I sting like a scorpion
Pronounce him dead by four p.m.
Call me los kevorkian

Chorus (ayana m.):

Some do it for the money and fame
He just don't wanna sell no more 'cane
Now his flow is a beautiful thing
S-p-m, he's a bird, he's a plane

(2x)

Second verse (spm):

In hillwood, we didn't have many choices
I'm hearin' noises, outside I hear voices
The coys is a family who didn't have much
Except the love of a single mother's touch
The lust of money, had me slangin' cane and weed
I was first on the block, and last to leave
Feel the rain as it falls on this, tricky game

Breakin' cane, clear your sinuses, like liquid dran...
Lift my name against my pain is used
To entertain, a simple thing in every city seems like...
Shit's the same
Born loser, v-12 cruiser
I opened up a store for the common drug user
Thirty-six eggs, come from one chicken
Some of you ain't livin', f**kin' with the unforgiven
I'm wishin' I could hug those dead or in prison
They go to jail or hell just because it's free admission
Man!

Chorus

Third verse (spm):

Five on the dot when I hit the crack spot
Thirty slab rocks in a little matchbox
Hoe ass cops hit the cut around seven
Got a fiend on the pipe, and arrested him for resin
F**kin' pigs want me so bad, they can taste it
But you bitches gonna have to settle for a basehead
'cause I don't slip, broke quicker than a ship

Wrap a platinum hit, make the police captain sick
Backstreet legends, the world feel my prescence
I'm the first man to touch it when the dope gets to texas
You can keep the lexus 'cause I bought two benzes
On the microphone I broke you off with one sentence
Stay aware for what's out there, I smell hate all in the air
They asked me what my race was, I told them it was player
A very rare breed, almost extinct
The way I walk, the way I think,
The shit I wear, the shit I drink,
The way I stink, I smell like fruity hydroponic
When haters see my car, they turn around and vomit
I'm loco, f**k any player hatin' punto
You ain't got no love for me? I ain't got no love tan poco

Chorus