South Park, Lobo Wanna Raise

SPM

uh, uhh pick up my voice a little bit
just a little man, just a little bit man, yo just a little bit dog, just a little bit, yeah
flippin ex-ho trippin... ohhh shit

flippin, ex-ho trippin
got them new kicks from that boy scottie pippin
???? livin skin off the chicken
and you hos already know what im sippin
still a big dippa'
still a straight killa'
still unloadin' off that eighteen wheela'
nobody betta', never ever ever
glass on my 'lac like that girl cinderella
hand on my 'retta
surf on the netta
lookin for a shredder in a polo sweater
beef gets settled
straight from the ghetto
say you comin back homeboy i keep espedo
hillwood tx, not many mexicans
'cept the one that got them two six hundred engines
don't ask questions, don't give answers
sittin at the bar cause im not a good dancer
its the day after, pray for me pastor
mix a little purple with the strawberry shasta
or the cream soda
rollin in the cobra
motherf**kin thug born the fifth of october
servin that coka
its la vida loca
catch her at the club ima slap her then choke her
still a baller haulin, bought and i shot it
call it what you call it, more brown bags than sonic
man im abra cadabra
struggler not a straggler
bubbler not a babbler
hustler not a hastler
never been a bachelor
always been married
to these f**kin streets
stayin long 'till im buried
now ima swang, ima swerve
i think im seein blurrs
wit my boy serge in the trunk watchin spurs
wit my persian princess
on twenty-two inches
when i sleep she say that my trigger finger twitches
im superstitious and i believe in ghosts
so many hos wanna be with the 'los
im tweakin on the motherf**kin weed that i smoke
goin ninety-five on my motherf**kin boat
ridin them waves
chunkin up my tres
lobo call me up talkin 'bout he want a raise
crime sho pays
don't do braids, keep a low cut like that boy norman bates
rattles and it shakes, jumps and it brakes
white candy paint look like the pearly gates
sellin my tapes in fifty different states
f**k the radio cause you motherf**kers hate
but its all good, im from a small hood
tie his bitch ass up and bring him back to hillwood

in my levi's sag down to my lugs
with a t-shirt that say "breeders not drugs"
be one of us, live in the rush
just put diamonds on my baby's hairbrush
i f**k with the plus and not the minus
and i might just let my black nine bust
and it goes like...

Uchei (chorus)

uhh ya'll ain't ready for this
nuh-uh ya'll ain't ready for this
uh ya'll ain't ready for this, come on, you no ready for this

SPM

i tightin up my laces on my brand new stacy's
hug and kiss my babies then call up my crazies
tryin to make it through another day no easy
motherf**kers hate cause im on top like zz
young niggas think we out here playin f**kin games
'til one niggas lookin at the other niggas brains
laughed and you giggled bout the words that i riddled
now we step in the coffin rock hard and dick shriveled
hoppin along in my '54 bomb
yes i hate pigs like them boys of islam
gone in the wind, not long 'till the end
no more talk with my glock in the palm of my hand
alize at the mandolay
got a call they shot two, the rest ran away
that's how the shit gets done in the deep south
im in vegas watchin vargas knock a bitch out
ice glisten ballitician hold it down and dirty
peace to all my f**kin raza up in alberquerque
sign a bonus with ???? now my house is roomy
niggas wanna do me but you bitches nothin to me
understand my killers love makin haters bloody
actin buddy buddy softer than silly putty
hang by a rope and gut 'em like you do a goat
and on his neck write this on a f**kin note
bitch pissin in the wind what began has begun
blast my heat once sweep 'em up then be done
im one in a catrillion, motherf**kin million
layin in my bed gettin head from a brazilian
mama still bitchin
gangstas still listen
im blowin weed with them boys from new edition
man im ballin
never ever fallin
skip to my lou my motherf**kin darlin
and it goes like...

Uchei (chorus)

uh ya'll ain't ready for this
ya'll ain't ready for this
uh ya'll ain't ready for this
nuh-uh ya'll ain't ready for this, listen

Uchei

so if you see 'em see 'em, go head tell 'em tell 'em
only music is my dope and i sell 'em sell 'em
or i slang 'em slang 'em
it don't matter what you call it

my shit so hot up in the hood you better record it
now some of ya'll niggas think my heart is so warm
cold motherf**ker me, you don't want none motherf**ker
have your whole crew ducka ducka
it happens when i pull out my nine milla placa
nigga watcha, be careful cause my blood gets hotter
chunk that bullit out my gun than stoppa
remember when i used to be a mic wrecker
but by the grace of your way i come to be the mic checker
now its betta, now that im makin that chedda
my belly stay full and my throat was never wetta
every ????, meet me at the back stage letta
cause when ???? we goin' go down to jamaica

that's what im talkin about
see ya later
uh ya'll ain't ready for this

that was kinda tight wasn't it (yeahhhh)
alright

eh he he yeah right