

South Park Mexican, Don't Let Them Foolya

[Baby Beesh and Grimm - chorus 2x]

Don't let them foolya

We just come to school ya

Glory Glory haleloya

No red against no blue

You know you know

[Verse 1 Baby Beesh]

Now you livin that fast track

Chasin that ass crack

I be making my money fucking with the Jones and Nasdaq

We be blowin on fat sacks

And catchin amnesia with these heaters

Making beleivers out of haters and cheaters

You know that violence interrupts my dope trade

I just do the herb no cocaine

Don't be afraid boy

To be all about your bread boy

But wacth the devil cuase the devil he's decoy

Destroy all the hate in your veins

Count your change and rearrange

Them games is played out man

Them dirty macks they to stop me but I'm a player profit

I get the dope cook it up and rechop it

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 2 South Park Mexican]

Smoking smelly

Put a hole in your belly

You wan't to test us oh really

Got a call on my celley

They wan't to bury us

You fucking haters sound halerious

The I turn the brave into the sariest

Smoke water and get wetter than aquaruous

Thuggish Ruggish million dollar budgets

I chop a bird and cook 36 chicken nuggets

My future is clear just like a shot of vodka

I got love from Corrpitos to Uganda

If you jelous listen up fellas

It's no problem to show you where hell is

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 3 Rasheed]

While some niggas is stickin with ya

Your murder is being choreographed

Soldiers never sleep I got your back in the aftermath

After the last laugh

When the mutherfuckers smoke clears

Niggas broke hear

Choking hanging like chandliers

I bust at the man in the mirror

Making my face crack

Replace that Rasheed dope house killa

Keep it coming back or running back

With a ball and chain in my hand

Ain't no substain

The man with the vision of the galaxy span

[Verse 4 Low G]

Respect that

It's the million dollar wetback

In jet black

You cross my line and get your head cracked

Yea yea ya tu sabes qien soy

Don't sweat me boy

Ya tu sabes donde estoy

I'm on the Hunt G

The only street with the palm tree's
It's Low G
I only rap about what's done g
You can't stop me
Came to your city on a donkey
The slavea I'm bringing back the wet flava
[Chorus 2x]
[South Park Mexican]
He's on crack
She's on snow
He's so old he can't fuck no mo
She's a whore he's a snicth
Most of my niggas dying over a bicth