

# South Park Mexican, Dope House Mind

I gotta palomino horse with versacci saddle  
Ima cocaine cowboy with crops n cattle  
Half dog and jackal pop Don like snapple  
Got my first paycheck when I robbed the randall's  
Flow hot like campbell's change broads like channels  
Two or three at time cuz we all just mammals  
The songs I sample bought my mom a castle  
Bought pops a fuckin non filter box of camels  
Comp soft n fragile get stomped and trampled  
While they bitch in my car tryna bob for apples  
Sport glocks in flannels with the common vandals  
Takin hits off homemade bong with handles  
Its a lawless battle as my thoughts unravel  
Pull my gun and like eggs niggaz dodge and scramble  
Still lost in travel and my hearts in shambles  
While the seeds in my weed snap pop n crackle  
[Chorus: x2]  
Who fuks with the rhyme of the dope house mind  
Who shines in the dark in these end of times  
Line after line who keep it the realest  
[Carolyn:] Only u cuz the others to scared to live it  
I do videos with a bunch of pretty hoes  
In a benz wearin K-mart dickie clothes  
Give a toast listen close to dat nigga Los  
When we was hungry Mom would say "Get the fishin poles"  
Really thou back when I sported chilli bowls  
And used to dream about rappin on Jenny Jones  
My city thowed stop actin lik u didnt kno  
Gettin rich n we still screamin "Gimme mo!"  
In the props gotta stay on ya tippy toes  
They tryda kill me few bullets came really close  
Now tha bitch is froze twisted in a wicked pose  
And his toes colda than my Michelobs  
Diggin holes lik ima tryna find some hidden gold  
He got nice shoes, wonda if I fit on those?  
The sickest flows, I got guns dat can kill a ghost  
At the club wearin dead man's Kenneth Coles  
[Chorus: x2]  
Candy blue 5 parka and a moonlight sparka  
Let me tell ya bout the life of a pure white rocka  
A true live balla, might cruise my 'pala  
Or just soak in the sun and take poolside calla  
Its the hood fly talka and if you lik drama  
Ima da rappa dat'll rap ya in a two-ply potna  
With fruit flies gonna my ginsu knife sharpa  
Den dat thang they was swangin at the Luke Skywalker  
Listen boo, I gotta notta screw tight on tha  
Fukin brain that aint been sane since a cute shy toddla  
My new nine's hotta than a july jogga  
Or even me on the news sayin "Oooh hi Momma"  
Neva knew my fatha til I grew quite larga  
But by the I was ten walkin through high water  
Old dude tried harda then a suicide bomba  
Im like "Dad is too late, Ima foo, why botha"  
[Chorus: x4]