

South Park Mexican, In My Hood

[Verse 1:]

One Two Buckle That Fool,
He's Fucking With Me, If He's Fucking With You
Hillwood To My Bones, To My Chromosomes
Got 2 44's So I'm Not Home Alone
Push a Pencil Like A Stone On A Saturday Night
I Choke a hoe From My Tow Like I'm Grabbing The Mic
They Bought Me A Used Dirt Bike
A Year Later It Was Used To Serve White
Ghetto Bird On Top Of Us,punk ass Officers
Mad Cause My Closet Full Of Guns & Nauticas
Rocking Up Duckies, for fiends and junkies
Got More Cheese Than Chuckies,And Get My weed From Ugliers
It's All Lovely,Just Bought A Pitbull Puppy
That's Guaranteed To Make Me A Shit Full Of Money
Man I Just Couldn't Study,In School I Was Nervous
So I Left I Cant even Write In Cursive.

[Chorus:]

What Do You See In My Hood, I See Gangsters Everywhere Every where [x2]

[Verse 2:]

And I'm Going Live,Liver Than The Rest,
I Told My Mom While I'm Lock Take It As A Test
Up In Garza West Smoking On A Skinny Square
Three More And I believe I Can Get Me There
Ill Be Home Soon I Promise That,
I Be Trippin Cause Now They Say My Daughter Rap
7 Years Old (I'm 8 Now Dad),They Say She Real Cold,
She My Motherfucking Life For Real Dow
Lord Knows That He Got Me Here For A Reason,
What It Is I Don't Know But Yo Boy Breathing,
They Dint Kill Me So Now Them hoes Gotta Feel Me,
I Been Slanging Since I Got Kicked Out Of Milby
Last Ten Years Been A Cold Jungle,
In The Streets Selling Dope To My Own Uncle
Born Thug They Gonna Hate Me Till I'm Bagged Up,
I'm My Casket Ill Probally Still Be Handcuffed.

[Chorus x1]

[Verse 3:]

I Come From The Slums,Southside Houston,
Changed To Screwston,The Day Screwed Moved On
And I Miss Em,Wish I Could Hug And Kiss Em,
He Was Asking For Help But No One Would Listen
Reminiscing Acting Like A Fool At Roxy,
Jealous Niggas Looking But Refuse To Box Me
I Don't Blame Em Dow,I Would Jump On Stage And Flow,
And Holla Fuck The Police And The Radio
They Cant Stop Me,But Certainly Them hoes Can Try,
I Started Dope House Back When I Was Smoking Fry
In The Penn I Just Wish I Had One Made,
I Swear To GOD these hoes Hate To See Us Paid
Just Made Mix-Bread With Roastbeef
Got My Boy Pulling Meat Out His Gold Teeth
On The Mic I Destroy Any Earth-a-ling,
My New Song Called pussy, Weed, and Burger King.

[Chorus x2]