South Park Mexican, Latin Throne

(feat. Marilyn Rylander)
[SPM]
Uhh....one time baby, yeah
Ain't no stoppin' this movement...gotta roll with it
[First Verse (SPM):]
Land of dum-dum, is where I come from
Believe me when I tell you that you don't want none son
A long, hard road for this, latin throne
You can catch me in the club in the, back alone
So, Mama's don't let your babies grow to be gangstas
Killas taught to not give a fuck, hit em up with sign language,
Reach for the stainless, leave 'em brainless,
I'm just explainin' how the game is
The strangest of things come to me at no surprise,
Fuck pea shooters, all my gats are supersized
Utilized all my allies, I run with bad guys,
I got seven dopehouses, that's a franchise
Man cries if he was blessed with a heart,
But I lost mine, in the backstreets of South Park
Once again it's Mister SPM,
And the shit ain't gonna stop until I'm dead or in the pen
[Chorus (Marilyn Rylander):]
He's a hustler
He's a baller
He sits on the
Latin Throne
He's a hustler
He's a baller
He sits on the
Latin Throne
[Second Verse (SPM):]
We shootin' stars, runnin' from cop cars
I got scars jumpin' metal gates and sharp bars
The hood is ours, save my pennies in a pickle jar
Everyday you see me in a different crackhead's car
So bizarre how so many bullets miss my head,
I told my Mom, that I'm gonna stick with this instead
Fuck the crack rock , I rapped and hit the jackpot
Now I'm on a plane writin' on my laptop
It's all wiggy rockin' city to city
But I still feel my past catchin' up with me
Got more ends, bought my Mom a Gold Benz,
But she worry cuz I still got all my old friends
Hopin' that I slow up and change one day,
But these Hillwood streets got me raised one way
I told my lady one day we gone be like the Brady's
But for now I teach her how to use this three eighty
[Chorus]
[Third Verse (SPM):]
Three years and countin', I've been drinkin' from the music fountain
The Dopehouse sits in Houston like a fuckin' mountain,
Who you doubtin'? This round is comin' out the South
I got non-believers with they foot in they mouth
I break guinesses, keep 'em off my premises,
Used to be menaces, now our dreams limitless
Isn't this a trip? Not a slipper or a sleeper,
Niggas wantin' dope still hittin' up my beeper
But we can overcome the ghetto even G's without a mother,
Bread without butter, I came crawlin' out a gutter
Born hustler, used to drive an old gas guzzler,
Fresh out the hood I was sellin' dope last summer
Servin' zombies, a following as big as Gandhi's,
Now I'm donkey dickin' Brunettes and Blondies
Jammin' Jon B., with bottles of Don P.,

The day of the Wetback has striked upon thee
[Chorus]