

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 guinnesses, 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]