

# South Park Mexican, Riddla On Da Roof

[Chorus: Robin]

He's a riddla aaaaaaaa

The muthafuckin riddla aaaaaaaa

[Verse 1: SPM]

Silently

I receive my degree

I got my masters in dope fiend psychiatry

Like the weed my brain buzzin like a bee

Flyin free I only fear sobriety

Shy police

Invading my privacy

We set a lot in court

They take my bribery

Finally I let this irony inspire me

They dying silently

Really jus tryin to be

Society denying me

So my pro-bity

Is flippin ghetto ivory

Oh my dear diary

My hood is fiery

They admire me

Will I die a G or will I build a dynasty

[Chorus: Robin]

[Repeat 4x]

[Bridge: Rasheed]

It's the riddla on the roof

Rose from the bottom came to speak the truth

It's the riddla on the roof

An eye for an eye

A tooth for a tooth

[Repeat 2x]

[Rasheed talking]

Yeah that's right it's ya boy Rasheed

All the way from the North Philadelphia ghettos

To the South Park slums

Representin in that Dope House with my man

The South Park Mexican

Say Los break these boys off once again

[Verse 2: SPM]

It's that vato

Convo you know how the song go

Get my freak on so

Watch for Santo

Pronto

Like a bronco

Turn him to a John Doe

I make ya body need bondo

I stomp hoes

Pop pop those hallows

A hard act to follow

A fool named Carlos

Ya know my matto

"Don't act like a star bro"

If ya talk don't pay ya damn car note

And although it's almost tomorrow

Cept for sorrow

Cause don't be a rap they can borrow

I swallow a ballo

Back at me lago

And G's hollerin bravo

Getting smoked like a Marlbro

[Chorus: Robin]

[Repeat 4x]

[Bridge: Rasheed]  
[Repeat 2x]  
[Verse 3: SPM]  
Ain't no sympathy in the street  
It's either him or me  
Officially he the man that can get with me  
Nigga please  
My trigga squeeze come like the killer bees  
Figure these the last days why stick wit G's  
Initially my millimi make em history  
Clinically approved to kill that ass instanly  
Spill the beans and get in between my guillotine  
Bitches fiend for my dope like nicotine  
Sippin lean ya started with the triple beam  
Competition tell me  
Are you listening?  
It's the king  
Livin life like Pistol Pete  
With me so heat  
That'll make yo body incomplete  
Epidemy of a mental facility  
I take ya nuts and hang em on my Christmas tree  
Simply I don't slip but I'm slippery  
Unseen like the n-tity  
Really be sick of beef  
I disagree wit ya trickery  
Blast like Yosemite  
Smoke ya ass like a hickory  
Industry  
Ya fixin to see my embassy  
Critically acclaimed forever yo mystery  
[Chorus: Robin]  
[Repeat 4x]  
[Bridge: Rasheed]  
[Repeat 2x]  
[Rasheed]  
A tooth for a tooth  
A tooth for a tooth  
[Robin]  
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa