

# South Park Mexican, Vogues

No...This is my last--how much time we got?  
Sometimes when I say something about drugs real loud you seem--haha,  
like last time it was heroin and methadone, every time I said that--hahaha  
In my Hummer with a tiger, chrome on the wiper  
Fired My Receptionist cause she a slow typer  
Candy green Viper with the white striper  
Choppin down Scott, slicer and dicer  
Keep my wrist iced up just like my white cup  
Ass on the tight buck bought Pop a nice truck  
Bang, Spice I round my neck a phyton  
Pack a four pound, "do you wanna die" gun  
Puff like a dragon, slab cdillc Broughm  
Stack cash in the back of a Crack home  
Wrec'em till da outro,show em' how the south go  
Hoes on the down low, feed my dog Alpo  
No Blues or red that's leaving fools dead  
Bang gray tapes and listen to what Screw Said  
Tre to the Clarke, back to the South Park  
Have you ever seen a nigga jus freak a Skylark?

[Chorus]

Ride, ride, ridin on them vogues, fa sho mayne, we gon'  
Crawl, crawl, crawlin on them vogues fa sho mayne,  
I was a neighborhood drug dealer  
Hillwood High life fuckin blood spilla  
In it for the money and not much else  
Picked up a pen and I struck wealth  
I was travelin to different cities, differeent hoods  
Sometimes in Arenas, Sometimes in the woods  
Met a lot of fans that I never knew had  
I get lil gifts and I give 'em to dad  
He puts'em in a room with all my old trophies  
Things he looks at cause he ain't got no stories  
Of me growin up as a kid on Corl Street  
He left to the store and now were four deep  
Came back ten years later  
Mom there's a man outside, is he a neighbor?  
He said he lived in our house a long time ago  
That's your dad, son, I guess he's back from Stop N Go

[Chorus]

Ride, ride, ridin on them vogues, fa sho mayne, we gon'  
Crawl, crawl, crawlin on them vogues fa sho mayne,  
Change out the couches, doesn't buy ounces  
So I had to open up seven Dope Houses  
Cadillac Bounces, started makin thousands  
Draped up in 3 thousands outfits  
Everybody happy, laws tryin to trap me  
Pissed cause I quit and started comin up rapping  
Higher than some scaffolding,sipping, laughing  
Stayin on my toes like them hoes that be tapping  
I'm a gambler, neighborhood camper  
In my jag trippin out on Zoolander  
Play fastball but I move kinda slow  
With some lil freaks , y'all must be from Idaho  
I think im from Ohio, cause im kinda high yo  
I'm a role model but I ain't gon' lie though  
Killin brain cells really isn't cool  
That's why I'm gon' quit in 2052l.

Yep...that's me...blowin weed with my grandpa watchin uhh...yo

[Chorus]

Ride, ride, ridin on them vogues, fa sho mayne, we gon'  
Crawl, crawl, crawlin on them vogues fa sho mayne,