

South Park Mexican, We Ain't Goin' Nowhere

(feat. Rasheed)

[SPM]

Master minded, boys get blinded
Where the fuck my weed sack? I just can't find it
Oh never mind it's right here
Got a roach behind my ear, higher than the hemisphere
Dear diary: my hood is so fiery
I remember when no one would hire me
used to sell ivory and pounds of that greenery
A grim scenery, but never had no fear of me
sag my Dickies like Cantinflas, mami no te chiflas
take my niggas out to Ninfas,
I need a table for thirty-seven gangstas
the way the streets raised us: double pump gauges,
close ranges, this money never change us, leave 'em brainless
Forever armed and dangerous
Bubbles in my tub, not a Crip or a Blood
I'm a thug, that's known to fight hate with love

[Chorus]

[Rasheed & SPM]

On fire

"We ain't goin' nowhere"
Hell nah homeboy
"We ain't goin' nowhere"
No way, no how
"We ain't goin' nowhere"
So fuck what you thought
"We ain't goin' nowhere"

[Rasheed]

Here we go,
It's them soldiers from the ghetto
the "mero mero's"
Rasheed puffing on golden pedals
Acapulco style Colombians from mi end
hydroponic chronic smokin' chokin' potency love me in 'em
crumblin' to a fine hyna, (hey)
{but that leavin' might}?
that I'ma love her so much
when the hustlin' get behind her
These señoritas be bangin' I hit 'em with the action
assassination of the heart but won't be no attractions
You see I'm calculating deep on my dividends
be givin' up friends, I don't need none of that shit in the end
Independent disposal is world wide
Convulsion aside, the laboratory where the papers
slide (slide, slide,slide)
Purity assure me the highest quality
I follows my cheddar, you countin' carrots in the Marriot
I carry a hit from my head to the planet
global, on my mobile, my click forever known

[Chorus]

[SPM]

In God we trust,

Partna, ain't no bossin' us

I used to get drunk and fuck a hippopotamus
but now I get surrounded by top notch bitches off the hinges
I guess I got my three wishes
To rock the world like a muthafuckin' ounce of dope
Niggas couldn't see me, even with a microscope
I tag cities up, run right through 'em
other labels wonder what the fuck I'm doin'
I'm just pursuin' my dreams, it's not what it seems
I just wanna see my people live like kings and queens
Versace jeans, eighteen hundred dollar shirts

You jealous pigs on my dick act like fuckin' jerks
but face it, all that hatin' is gay shit
You mad cuz your house costs as much as my bracelet
I'd rather die, then work for the man
No more saving pennies, no more collecting cans
[Chorus x2]