

# South Park Mexican, Wizard Of Oz

[Chorus 2X's]

Now come follow me  
Down yellow brick road  
To easier to see  
Hillwood Hustla  
Got what you need

[Verse 1]

It were plain to see  
Since the age of three  
One day dope fiends'll be pagin me  
I got crunk in the game niggas knew my name  
Hillwood the place I gain my fame  
16 in a 7-7 Seville  
Smoke grey gold trim big daddy grill  
Back in '86 I was choppin bricks  
To think a damn papermate got me rich  
I got love for the hustlas in every hood  
But hate in your heart it'll never be good  
I feel blessed but confess  
I blow sess for my stress  
Its that Mex with a S on my chest  
None the less I was real with the homies  
With the O-Z's running from the police  
No peace blow sweets on cold streets  
Dope fiends gon bring a nigga more green [echoes]

[Chorus 2X's]

[Verse 2]

My money triple sippin ripple living simple  
Rolling paper squares out a fat ass nickle  
Trick on my dick for the bricks I chop  
Pigs in my mix when they hit my block  
Used to catch a raid bout every six months  
Just a check up to see if id slip once  
Call it one time some rhyme bout this shit  
I can slide in my sandals but never will I slip  
Undercovers hit the set man yall funny  
Taking them crumbs and giving marked money  
Trying to convict em I aint fallin victim  
Fool I know your face and my boys I done hipped em  
They want me bad so mad as they burn off  
Fucking with them hoes now my blunt done turned off  
No other way just another day on the spot  
If you play then you pay it dont never stop [echoes]

[Chorus 2X's]

[Verse 3]

I wrote this book bout a hopeless crook  
Living in the land where the coke is cooked  
Where hoes get took and the choke is good  
Where smokers hooked and the soldiers hood  
That lonely Wood where his homies stood  
Trying to change myself if I only could  
Im just your Hillwood Hustla street rhyme rustler  
Blowing more smoke than a broke down muffler  
But I'm taking losses  
It aint easy working jobs with no fucking bosses  
Selling dope is the hardest thing a man can do  
Risking life and your freedom for a buck or two  
Still I feel if you loose control homie youse a ho  
Real g's keep they life on cruise control  
When the police kick door and raid my crib  
I tell em pigs of the slippers thats not what I did [echoes]

[Chorus 2X's]