

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]