

## Hillwood

## South Park Mexican

The year is 70' I'm due at the fifth,  
I done did my nine months now my life take a shift,  
In the freeworld now, you better raised me good,  
But instead I blaze in the crazy hood,  
I was three when my pops took a long vacation,  
Now I'm solo facin the revlation,  
Gotta bolo for a dope fiend to hit,  
And I show no feeny if u want some shit,  
I'm high as the sky, fishin for fry,  
Be a G till the D-A-Y I die, oh my,  
Y would u ever test this mex in a Lex just banging  
Outta Tex, you know I'm gonna wreck this shit,  
Along with any other bitch who disrespect my click,  
Like a bit, I got the heart if a killa,  
And them hoes come out like a three wheela,  
Cuz I freaks my draulics, fuckin' hoes in college,  
Bitches swingin' on my nuts it's so stylish, Model it,  
Hold my dick like a 64', peace to all my baby's mamas,  
But really though, I'm a damn fool,  
And G's can vouch that, up in the ghetto puttin'  
Cheese on a mouse trap, and one day I'm gonna rise,  
And come up, till then I'm dealin' dope from sundown  
To sunup.

Only Hillwood can deal with this (3x)  
You best not test this mex in a Lex

As I crept through my hood it felt good,  
All my homies have my back with a gat in Hillwood,  
Hustlin' is the hobby, brothers if you will,  
And all of those hoes really love is only Hill,  
Be real if your blood runs deep in the hood,  
All the punished shoulda woulda put a bunk in da wood,  
All stood, all good, keep they fucking bank if I take  
What you got, but my glock I degrate,  
You hate the way G's comin up with a mic,  
I write what u like, cuz it's my mothafucking life,  
I never shife not to type, indeed I am,  
But if they tryin to take my ends,  
I be damn bam bam to that man in the pen,  
Older boys too young to get stung,  
Come with the holy boys,  
Hold the noise I show boys to precise to  
Fend from the skunk my blunt,  
To be nice shoot dice hit killa,  
Straight the mothafuckin eightball,  
Pour a little for the ones who took that great fall,  
Cuz I keeps all my dead homies in my heart,  
They got a head start, and still we never part.

I remember December of 88', blue boys hit the cut was  
To late to break, Had to swallow three stones tossed  
My Chrome in the bushes, seven dirty pigs jackin' up  
Three bushes, my homie got a case tryin' to race the  
Van, got scooped and fixin' to face the man,  
In the black gown with the wooden hammer,  
Bamma, give my nigga seven in the slammer,

Damma, old mothafucka passin' time,  
All my frends gone guess I'm last in line,  
Betta find me a new way to hustle,  
Six years in the game and I still feel the struggle,  
Smuggle weed across the checkpoint,  
Just another day on the job as I mob but the pigs oink,  
Smoke a joint on the way to the valley,  
Now I'm comin' back and they wanna search my Caddi,  
It's a risk when you tryin to make that fast bank,  
But them mutts can't smell past my gas tank,  
So I catch 59 back to H-Town, arrive safely with my 38  
Pounds, fresh from the border, may I take your order,  
You just want them singled every five and a quarter.