

Hillwood Hustlaz II

South Park Mexican

Hillwood Hustlaz
You can't See us
We run Houston
Thousands Of tons

i'll take my gun and make you run cuz it really dont make me numb,
slip through the hood dope i cook.
living my life the best i could,
robin hood the youngest crook here they come now watch out look.
go by the book, jaws i shook.
its that mexican dance with wolves.
swimming pools we some fool's diamonds and them ruby jewels.
making moves, haterz lose, just last week i made the news.
They accused but I won't lose
Mama's happy, Daddy's cool
What about you? What do you do?
If you young, stay in school
We stay true, Dopehouse crew
Smokin' yabba dabba doo
Jammin' screw, we brand new
Followin' up this plan I drew
SP-Mex bubble jets
Countin' dollars and them cents
Kick your door down and have you tryin' to jump your own fence

You haters ain't no friend of mine
Boys don't wanna let me shine
But that's all fine, take in mind
Bust a rhyme, like a nine
How many times do I have to tell ya?
All my life I've been called a failure
Write my friends in the pen
"Are ya'll gettin' these letters I mailed ya?"
Rock and roll, opthimals
Then go eat at Poppa Dough's
So many hoes in the club
Pull my cash and buy them all a rose
Eighty-four, the story goes
On about that boy Carlos
Sippin' fours, hittin' dro
But never put nothin' up my nose
Body froze, casket closed
Nightmares of the life I chose
Try my dope and overdose
Suckin' up my killer flow
Freestyle pro, style: girbauds
Silky socks and matchin' clothes
Mama told me life was like ballet, you gotta stay on your toes
Crackin' jokes, spin a spoke
Silly question, do I smoke?
Breakfast? Milk and Quaker oats
Eighty thousand dollar boat
Better not puff, better not pout
SPM is in your town
El Coyote in el monte, a.k. Senor Charlie Brown

It's the barbarian

Look where we buried him
In the hole, right next to the librarian
I'm married in, to the very end
Have your kids askin', "Daddy, who are those scary men?"
Make a stripper bitch, wanna be my fuckin' wife
She told me "This the biggest tip I ever got in my life"
Nothin' can save us, starched, stuffed Ben Davis
Sellin' dope, to my coked out neighbors
First full trip and let my clip get to rippin'
Blood drippin' out his shit, tryin' to run, but he limpin'
I come from the slums, survived on crumbs
I live like a man, and I'ma die like one