

# Streets On Beats

## South Park Mexican

Yeppa Yeppa homeboys  
That's the nigga Low-G  
Puttin' it down for the nina eight  
We givin' prop, what we did this week  
So don't trip, if we forgot your click

I move a hundred pounds in my hustle town  
Come around fuck 'em down with my underground  
Puffin' pow-wow clouds in my T.P.  
But my hina' hollerin' release me  
Prime time like shines on the high mimes  
Hellafied rhymes, huh, you rewind twenty-five times  
Another fool puttin' down the truth,  
You can't fuck with the riddla' on the roof  
Mista', go get her, kick the mo' better  
If she wanna go, fuck the ho, let her  
The wanderer, hill wood hustler,  
Turn your back on your gail and I, uh, straight clown in my H-town  
Is you hoes really ready for the take down?  
Break down, stay ground, my niggas don't play round, pop pop,  
Make your whole click catch the Greyhound

Geto Boys, Master P, DJ Screw, Kid Frost, Mobb Deep,  
Ese Fools, Ice-T, Fat Pat, Public Enemy,  
We, put the streets on beats

Makaveli, Rakim, Hillwood Hustlers, Most Hated,  
Too \$hort, Bone Thugs, Dogg Pound, Nas, The Fugees,  
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Stick & move, hittin' lics, sweep 'em left to right  
Act a fool when I one two check the mic  
Come trip with the pimp in the smoke-ray lac  
I jump in this shit and there's no way back  
Creep the seven seven Seville convertible  
My Cadillac got a 3-foot verticle jump in the front  
Bump in the trunk, weed turn to smoke, skunk in my blunt  
I'm the cool homeboy, I'm a fool with no patience  
Got a dopehouse in seven locations  
Professional, but don't test my testicles  
On the pedestal I'm colder than an eskimo  
Gotta have it, causing panic with an automatic  
Believe in myself, no one else saw my magic  
Gifted child, raised in the wicked wild  
Put the street on beats, who trippin' now?

Run DMC, KRS-One, Mass 187, Spice 1,  
Herschelwood Hardheadz, Tolo G,  
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DJ Quik, Big Fifty Snipe, Criminal Rage,  
20-2-Life, N.W.A., Lil' Kim, Rasheed,  
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I be the actual, factual, rap supernatural, blowin' up national  
It's understandable, not to mention  
what I'm stressin' leave you second guessin'

Dope sell itself, saw my CD steady pressin'  
It can't see me, I flow so freely, you motherfuckers more slimier than seaweed  
Jus' to pee-wee, son you watchin' too much TV, I'm on CD  
See mo' pussy-cat than tweety!  
On the underground nation, layin' foundation  
The biggest problem that H-Town's facin'  
Did a lot of wrong, but mom, stay calm, cause now I drop bombs on CD-Roms  
Your raps get pimpslapped, you kickin' bubblegum  
Only real niggas know where I'm comin' from, under confusion  
Run up on Houston, and bow down to the styles I am usin'

Trinity Garden, E.S.G., Street Military, Bam, Al-D  
K-Rino, Point Blank, Klondike, Botany,  
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Wicked Cricket Troublemaker, A.C. Chill,  
Biggie Smalls, Outkast, Cypress Hill  
Lighter Shade of Brown, Malascho, W.C.,  
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