

2 Joints

South Park Mexican

(Lighting a joint)
(Coughs)
Go head maan
Boy that's fire
That's got to be
Pass that mayn

I hit it the worst ways
After the first day
I'm needin it everyday
And twice on a Thursday
Blood thick than water
In pounds better than quarters
I'm smoking two joints
While I'm knockin down yo door
The Dope House Records is on fire
So grab the extinguisher
I'm smoked out in the beamer
Bout to get emphezema
Gun slingers rap singers
With more stripes than the bengals
No need for the gang signs
I'm using my trigga finga

Now won't you roll one
Fo' the po' one
Sometimes I'm real selfish and don't smoke my weed
with no one
You know me
I'm young Happy P
Kick back and blow a sweet
While my niggas move keys
Bitch please
I got G's
Sip corona with lima squeeze
And platinum P's
And only smoke on the fine leaves
I started out
Sellin five dollar sweets
And now I'm hella paid
Sellin 5000 dollar beats

I smoke two joints when I wake up
In the car I smoke two joints
I smoke two joints when I play video games
And every 10,000 points
I smoke two joints in time of peace
And two in time of war
I smoke two joints before I smoke two joints
And then I smoke two more

Man this killer herb got me runnin over curbs
And writing these raps full of misspelled words
I curse on my verse snatch yo bitch like a purse
Cause she like the twinkies that I slapped on my
hearse
I take two charges it's really quite harmless

The only side effect is that it makes you retarded
ha ha
I started in 82
In fifth grade
You can say I was in high school
True smoka

I got married at an early age
Con mi hermosa
Maria es mi esposa
Mi sancha es Nina Rosa
Mafiosa
Pero eso es otra cosa
Mi wife es celosa
No llores mariposa
Tan chiclosa
Te triago from coasta coasta
I got your corazon dropped en mi bolsa
Borracho de tu besos
Hoja pa mis huesos
Me trais pesos
Con hidea pa mi seso

Dimond popped up on the scene
Smoke two joints where I can beam
Flip the scene bizatines
Sippin lean sticky green
Come out fresh when it spring
Steady flossin diamond rings
Bustin gats with Bing
Catchin squares at ten
Baby Beesh he got the dro
Happy P we fitin to roll
And shut em down we livin throwed
Got the keys
We got the vo's
Hit and run cause the scheme
Hold your breath and feel my spin
Since diamond came around
Now she down with a team

Now I'm down with Bobby Brown
But I love Al Green
Keep a sweet in my mouth and anotha in my jeans
Bout to blow em back to back
Takin two to the dome
Home grown hydroponic always wanna get blown
Stay stoned out the mode
Drop a flow rock a show
Got to go out the do
Boppin hoe after close
Nose hits roach clips
Place a pink in my eye
And I'm always down wit tryin new ways to reach for the sky

Now I be blowin not only one but less than three
That's the recipe
Yes indeed
Blowin ooey goey is a neccesity
Don't question me
Blowin' heavily
Till I'm 70
That's the remedy

Feelin famous like the Kennedy
From here to Tennessee
Sippin hennesse
Smokin with intensity
Feel my ghetto energy
Fools be sweatin me
For that rush in the Lebanese
I be getting higher than the hills of Beverly
Beverly

Two joints be smellay in my Cadi
From the Valley to Cali
In the alley servin patties
Hastled by federales
Drippin candy
Sippin brandy
Twenty inches look fancy
On my way to the grammys
Hoes droppin they panties
Got a freak named Sandy
Makin hits like Sammie
I'm posted up with biscuits and chicken fried steak
at Grandy's
Smashin off man fo sho
Got my tv's on glow
Smokin two smokin four
Then back door hit two mo