## **Anything Goes**

## South Park Mexican

South Park from the heart jump start The game everybody in my hood selling Crack cocane

On my block everything goes (goes) Diamond rings on my pinky toes (toes) Candy paint on my Cadillac (lac) Who the fuck wanna battle rap (rap) Believe me you don't have a chance (chance) I come down like an avalanche (lanche)

Load the pieces widreeses watch out lo que me dices I'm on the mic and Jaime's on the Alecis Dickie Crieses Fucked all your nieces I eaten up for breakfast They taste so delicious smoke fill rooms popping mushrooms I feel like I'm inna mutherfucking cartoon sipping on Red Rum You should join us a million haters and they still can't destroy us On the mic I'm known to get it started cold hearted and half ass retarded Dearly departed and those who god guarded The young and the lost is who I'm trying to target The Sergeant's narcotic's division is crocked They found my bloody money and the mutherfucker's took it Whoop this nigga and book this nigga And they wonda why i such a Ruthless nigga You can act like you can't hear me I know your listening I hear you talking out the pot that your pissing in Street specialist respect my intelligence I got gats that's made to drop elephants

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20 ounce Mountain Dew mix it with a 2 With my nephew smoking Pepe Le Pew Talking about a dude we don't think is groovy I'm gonna put him to bed like Sleeping Beauty I told you once and I'll tell ya twice But I'm not gonna say this three or four times You boys wanna play we don't runaway Got damn i forgot what i was going to say Something about 45's and Mac 11's Desert Eagles and A K 47's Slice your throat just like a goat You boys can't see me with a microscope Kick down your door and found your Snow Smoking tough cause you hada fucking pound of Dro After I jack all the birds in the kitchen I hit the butt naked-n-go feed the pigeons

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Crack hotels digital scales Platinum necklas laced on Rockells Shine my jew-els buff my toe nails Who kisses and tells beez who seez hell Smoke like rasta watch the imposta Who's at my door a fucking cookie monsta Hasta la vista bon a patista 12 gauge shotie make your chest look like pizza Call me Flintstone; Land of Bedrock I bought 2 clubs and a fucking restaurant Take a journey where the boys die early 45 underneath a niggas rocket jersey Turn the table buck shot be fatal Pigs hand cuffing my wrist to my ankle Mira muchacha's it's all about the Raza Burn my finger try to smoke a cucaracha They prejudice that's why they don't play mexicans I get my dick sucked by my new receptionist I started out with 100 tapes If you wasn't down then get the fuck out my face

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