

City Of Dank

South Park Mexican

It's your boy, Baby beeshherelli mane,
La Velvet clika,
Representin' that yay area dogg,
Down South mane, Houston, Texas mane, with my smokin' cousin

Mister S-P baby

S-P-M baby boy, South Park Mexican,
With my nephew, young Happy P,
Man on the track, one love,

One time for that Ikie

Ikeman my boy, representin' that 7-1-3 clique mane,
Houston, Texas mane,
We fixin' to show you how we get down mane, check it out

Where I come from, the city of dank,
Where niggas shoot hop, snort, and smoke crank,
Where anything's possible and nothin' fa sho,
High off Khadafi mixed with blow
Well I come from, the city of drank,
Where niggas drop tar, ride and drip paint,
Grip the grain, switch the lane,
Swingin' on them thangs,
Got the trunk with the bang cuz the South on there stayin'

Some of you G's can't help it,
We love our money green like the Boston Celtics,
They felt it cuz every saucy Chicano's down with Latino Velvet,
Don't get it twisted, we got some more in case you missed it,
Straight from the Buh-ay, where them niggas keep it playeristic,
Now every hour, a coward is devoured,
Some perkin', off the powder, some slangin' go mental flowers,
Smokin' cavys in the Navi, or the four door fleetwood caddy,
Geekin', while we tweekin' or smellin' the puporalli,
Valley jokers what we ran with,
And them haters just can't stand it,
They frantic cuz us hispanics,
Gigantic like the Titanic nigga,
Seven seas, I'm tryin' to cop seven keys,
All folks with the 2-0-9's got whole ones for eleven G's,
So I ain't passin' Baby Beesh all about that scrilla scratchin',
Hooked up with the Ikeman now we robbin' in Guerilla fashion,
Eighteen with a bullet, we bumpin' totally insane,
I'd like to praise the Mac God for showin' me the game

Off the top, all us realas double R we goin' hard,
Down South we hit the bar, smokin' 'dro up in the guards,
Foreign car we send low, bout my fetty and the dough,
For those that don't know it's three and a quarter for the bow,
Lime green lil' apartment, kind that make you wanna rhyme,
But oh, dollar shine, it takes time to make 'em blind,
I'm on the grind to go and get,
I got my gangsta ready to spit,
I-K-E about my digits,
Feds want me cuz I did it,

I done flipped it into green, with my cousin' lil' beam,
We be hoggin' up the scene with our mugs on mean,
7-1-3, we coldest, from the jump they can't hold us,
Got the bricks, got the boulders, let the World know it's over,
I-K-E and S-P-M, and that Mexican Baby Beesh,
Down to make major cash from the bay to seven one tre,
That's how we do it like some G's,
Makin' money from these ki's,
Every block we touch bleeds,
About to put this game on freeze

Cognac sipper, born to crack flipper,
Jugglin' hoes like my boy Jack Tripper,
Glass slippers, on my smoke ray Lac,
I was broke way back, walkin' down a train track,
Mary Jane sacks gave my ass a brain lapse,
Insane raps ridin' with strange cats,
Plain gats, nothin' special but do the job,
Rollin' 'round tryin' to find someone new to rob,
A lot of what you smoke, a lot of what you snort,
Playin' crack bars seemed to be my favorite sport,
My only dance floor was the hot corner store,
Beat 'em down, hol' 'em up, that boy don't want 'em no more,
Chest cracker, neck snapper, don't make the Mex act a,
Muthafuckin' fool on the best actor,
Lead blaster, I hope it hits you where it has to,
It's the S-P-M sippin' syrup mixed with Shasta