

Dope House Family

South Park Mexican

Razaville Texas Houston to McAllen
Deep in San Anto, screw Rich y Valles
Rollin' through Dallas, Boritos, and Corpus
Odessa, Laredo, the locos in Austin
Texas made Mexicans north of the border
Land of the free, smoking weed with my Gordo
Motherfuckers laid back in yo Cadillac
Let me jump in this shit like back to back
Stay real for life, roll down south
For the wreckshop, for the hometown crowd
My alias is that Go-Hard-Mexican
Flowin' through your veins like medicine
Wanna be down? On the H-town
Real ballas fight for the rebound
B-town to motherfuckin G-town
Creep around everybody G'd out
Can't see how you can dawg me out
Make me out, take me out
Deep south, my hood got more slack
Than eighty-eight cowboys ridin' on horse back
Top that! the Mexicans all that
Strike like a snake and attack like a bobcat

Hoe ass niggaz, there ain't nothing worse
They do it for panurch, but I do it for the purse
And I'm still on the search, sometime I go to church
Seven deuce old school Cadillac with the skirts
And I speak for motherfuckers on the couch and the flo'
Cause a Mexican like my self is out for some dough
But ya already know, if you got big pelotas
Anybody now a days, might be the chotas
A young Baby Beesh, he don't fuck with police
And all' beat the dog shit out your nephew and niece
If they ever get the snitching, yelling, telling and singing
I'ma call the whole squad and some heads gone be ringing
I'm Dope House stout, fuck a set up and no hear though
It's real talk, real breath, make it clear hoe!

Throw your hood up
All my G's represent
Turn up your deck
Dope House click came to wreck

Money and the power, glass on the Prowler
Blaze up a blunt as I tell you all about it
Kill'a of the Hill'a, crawl like caterpillar
Pour a fo-fo up in my grapes as for real'a
This for my gangstas, forty-five stainless
Throw yo set up, let me see your sound language
Sell a crack rock, steal a laptop
Jack for a key and sell that bitch for half off
Rollin' with my comrades
Buddy and we all blast, everybody bought Lac's
Everybody got stacks, some of us puff Black's
Some Newports
Tap tap Too Short, even chop New York
If it ain't screwed up, I don't wanna hear it!

Lac on pancake, while I'm pourin' up the syrup
In the pen-arena, Hillwood represent'a
Home of the rock, inside a broken antenna
Motherfucker

I throw my set rounds, I been at ups and downs
Anybody plays about it, my lady has sounds
Homie from the Nawf side, and I'm all about mine
Money paper chasing stack it up, I gotta count mine
Cause I...

Was raised in a broken home, the groceries gone
Momma snorting coke to the dome, but hold the foam
She left Coast alone, I'm slowly grown
And learned how to hold the chrome, My hope is gone
Fuck being broke! C'mon
I'm fanna take ya to the spot where the homies roam
We surely don't, take no shit from nobody
So don't trip on nobody, get a clip in to body huh
This the gut of the ghetto, Catholicism is in prison
We been with our religion, where I'm leaving
We been a victim, see we ain't just suspect here
We leaving proof, that there ain't been no justice here
My hood

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Came to wreck it huh!
Look up in the sky, is it a bird or a plane?
Naw Superman is arrived here to save the damn day
Fly than a pelican, leanin' of medicine
Johnny pay checks slash playa made Mexican
Theres my introduction, now let me start stunnin'
Blue and yellow diamonds on teeth, baby I'm bubblin'
Up like crack, Luck strike back
Wreckin' all this mics got my money on stack
Hold up, come dust me off pass me the weed (puffing sounds) aight
Now mix me up some zip but baby don't put too much Sprite
I'ma tip stacka, swang a big Lac'a
Watchin' Andy Milonakis in my den on big plasma
Addicted to Henne and that strip club shit
Tell them hoes of the jump I'ma pimp you dumb bitch!
Send to wreck and get a check
Turn up your deck, this dope
We iced up and priced up, and crawling in Benzos

Seven twenty fo' I be sacking them digits
Cause I'ma hustle till I die and I'm in it to win it
Making my paper independent, got seven years in it
Dope House platinum eyes, nigga that's when we finish
Man it's a dirty game but yet I shine so clean
Nigga what ever you need and puff, now holla at me
Whether I'm hustlin on the side or I'm droppin this verses
I got a service for you hoes, just watch me disperse it
And I be hurtin 'em when I pull up in a big body
They be following me, stalking like the paparazzi
So fuck a hater they just mad, they can't shine like me
I got the fifteens, ten inch reclined on screens
And I'm a fine dime piece, I be sharp as a crease
Quick to get it poppin', like water in hot grease
And it ain't nothing new, it's just the same old shit

Another day, another dollar, another case to catch

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Philly to South Park met him at Hillwood
Graduate eighty-eight, H-town we still hood
Remember me in the hustle town
I let the Mary-Go-Round put the hustle down
If yous' a Jane user
Throw your hands in the air on this track SPM is the producer
With the laws standing on the roof
Drop the flows in the booth
And drop the top on the coupe
Ain't no stoppin' the dude
My team making currency
Got 'em screaming Dope House up in Germany
Rasheed number one soldado
Puffin' on an avocado
With my foot up on the throttle
And a bottle of the Bourbon cause I swerve in the low-low
Solo, fo sho', homies gettin' more dough
Sleeping is for dreamers on the block like block
Throw your hood up, throw your hood up
Let it drop!

A Cadillac driver, up and down the slab maine
Cousin, man is nothing but supreme in my gas tank
Tippin' on the fast lane, chuggin' on some top flight
Grindin', shinnin', blindin' like a spot light
Swangin' on them cops like Cuttie that's Graimmie
Yeah they might want us, but they won't get behind me
Now I'm doing ninety, all gas no breaks
Fucking with your boy, get your punk ass whole face
Drop you like a dope case, faster than a pony kick
Nigga beat your feet, kick some rocks with that homie shit
Most the time we loading clips
Otherwise we holding chips
Hittin' scores, kickin' doors
Pimpin' whores, rollin' whips
So we dip skunk and we slide to them Screw tapes
Pistol in the waist line, money in the suit case
Drop it in a cool place
Everything is gravity
This is for streets, cause my hood is my family
Haha

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You can call me Mr. Break-a- Brick, take a trip
Tape a thousand grams to the bumper, Man and make it flip
I'm an interstate veteran, pedal to the max
I see the federal for my stash, my Bereta on my lap
Cause I'ma street hustler, twenty thousand miles just this summer
Ever since the first day of June, napping on a cama
Got that Boomerang glow, once I throw it in the pot
Is coming right back I promise, dawg I'm blowing up the spot
Listen, is only me I got a million dollar corner

Feds tap my house phone and they still out of order
I'm the son of a preacher man, momma knows I'm thuggin'
And I should of been a chef the way I cook crack up your oven met
Teachers taught us "just say no", I had to hustle though
Even that I stayed broke, didn't want to struggle so
Buy half and eight ball, hit the block runnin'
Though the world was mine, till I saw the cops coming
And it's too late

My homie died and the cops called it drug related
I was standing right there when his mother fainted
And I felt trapped, cause I know I gotta choose fate
I grabbed my nina and made that bitch loose weight
Since eighty-eight with a nick in my tube socks
I been a G since you was tryin' to do the moonwalk
I'm from a place that they call Honduras
Nothing fake about my life except my car insurance
Bullet proof vest, my jefa sense stress
Nothing positive about me, except my piss test
I grew up in a house full of empty stomachs
While other kids was at Mcdonald's getting twenty nuggets
And I'm known all across the ghettos
Boy you think the fuckin' law, so don't pawn my huevos
My chrome spits and I know to chase hoe clicks
Nate at the club dancing with a glow sticks

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All my G's rep...

Carolyn!
Yeah what?
Uhm ... Los said he didn't want a hook at the end of the song
Oh you mean one at the end of the song?
Yeah, everybody is already done their rap that's the whole Dope House family
What you mean everybody? What about mine?
Girl you don't know how to rap
Jaime, you got me fucked up!
Okay I'll let you try, but if Los doesn't like it I have to take you off
Just tell me when to come in
Right... right... now

I ain't gonna lie Dope House still I die
With my niggaz in the studio, chillin' getting high
Rollin' up sweets, breakin' this beat
Sippin' on skurr that slurs my speech
Comin' out the H, where they bake cakes
I ain't talkin bout the kind that your momma makes
I need a little space, Texas is the place
Ya tu sabes homes, I'ma represent my race
Move to the scene, but not to the game
Blowin' purple skunk and is fuckin' with my brain
Tryin' to stack change, up to the ceiling
Looking out the window another neighborhood killin'
When will they chill? I don't really know
Keeping my mind on a six double O
Rims dripped in chrome, and Benz dripped in paint
Just can't stop like a car with no brakes
Okay!

Man you wrecked!
I told you foo