

Gangsterous

South Park Mexican

(One time baby...for all my G's, for all my G's uh...)

Pistol grip pump on my lap at all times
Still I got thump like the boy Carmine
Hold the block down in my camouflage suit
Stomp when I walk and I'm stackin all loot
Bling in my mouth but I can take it out
Stepping up to me, something people think about
Long and hard til they lose courage
Mad cause they girl beat up and malnourished
Picked up a star and she spunt two nights
Chilled at my crib watchin Kung Fu fights
Swang and I swung from the Houston
Bet I go hard with no interruption
Woodgrain wheel with the big daddy grill
Higher than a hill, in my automobile
And we roll thick, takin no shit
45 on hip with the hollow point tip

We're comin gangsta, and gangsta's how we come
We're commin gangsta and wreckin for Houston
(2x)

Break it down, watch me clown I'mma break'em off
Can't fuck with this Mexican Bitch from the South
Under oath keep it true at all times
Love smoking weed and I love bustin rhymes
Fine dime, stay fly keep it tight like a rubba
Just fuck'em , don't love'em, like my shit undercova
Cause I'mma Hustla, gettin mine by any means
Don't be suprised, I aint quiet bout where the green
I like, I need, so that's how it be
You can hit it or quit it, believe I will proceed
Next - soon as I put cess in my chest
I forget, I ain't the type of chick you'll be hittin for free
Comin' gangsta, better believe and respect
Me and that boy S.P. reppin Houston Tex

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We're commin gangsta and wreckin for Houston
(2x)

Yo, it's the boy Los in a smoke gray 'Lac
Forver be puttin Hillwood on the map
Rollin with ten pounds of steel on my lap
I'mma let you know that I stay about that
Popped up pretty in a screwed up city
Might come Puerto Rican broad like Diddy
Might come Arabian or Venezuelan
'Mote control radio, 84 swangin
Mix the drank up, po it in my dang cup
My girl on the phone trippin so I hang up
Playboy status, man it's hard to break habits
Go through mo' cabbage than a pack of damn rabbits
Two cella-tels, million record sales
See ya boys puttin' caine in ya nostrills
I rock Phillys, my 'Lac pop wheelies

Now I'm locked up with a dude that robbed Chillies

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