

# 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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(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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