

# Hillwood Hustlaz II

## South Park Mexican

Hillwood Hustlaz  
You can't See us  
We run Houston  
Thousands Of tons

i'll take my gun and make you run cuz it really dont make me numb,  
slip through the hood dope i cook.  
living my life the best i could,  
robin hood the youngest crook here they come now watch out look.  
go by the book, jaws i shook.  
its that mexican dance with wolves.  
swimming pools we some fool's diamonds and them ruby jewels.  
making moves, haterz lose, just last week i made the news.  
They accused but I won't lose  
Mama's happy, Daddy's cool  
What about you? What do you do?  
If you young, stay in school  
We stay true, Dopehouse crew  
Smokin' yabba dabba doo  
Jammin' screw, we brand new  
Followin' up this plan I drew  
SP-Mex bubble jets  
Countin' dollars and them cents  
Kick your door down and have you tryin' to jump your own fence

You haters ain't no friend of mine  
Boys don't wanna let me shine  
But that's all fine, take in mind  
Bust a rhyme, like a nine  
How many times do I have to tell ya?  
All my life I've been called a failure  
Write my friends in the pen  
"Are ya'll gettin' these letters I mailed ya?"  
Rock and roll, opthimals  
Then go eat at Poppa Dough's  
So many hoes in the club  
Pull my cash and buy them all a rose  
Eighty-four, the story goes  
On about that boy Carlos  
Sippin' fours, hittin' dro  
But never put nothin' up my nose  
Body froze, casket closed  
Nightmares of the life I chose  
Try my dope and overdose  
Suckin' up my killer flow  
Freestyle pro, style: girbauds  
Silky socks and matchin' clothes  
Mama told me life was like ballet, you gotta stay on your toes  
Crackin' jokes, spin a spoke  
Silly question, do I smoke?  
Breakfast? Milk and Quaker oats  
Eighty thousand dollar boat  
Better not puff, better not pout  
SPM is in your town  
El Coyote in el monte, a.k. Senor Charlie Brown  
  
It's the barbarian

Look where we buried him  
In the hole, right next to the librarian  
I'm married in, to the very end  
Have your kids askin', "Daddy, who are those scary men?"  
Make a stripper bitch, wanna be my fuckin' wife  
She told me "This the biggest tip I ever got in my life"  
Nothin' can save us, starched, stuffed Ben Davis  
Sellin' dope, to my coked out neighbors  
First full trip and let my clip get to rippin'  
Blood drippin' out his shit, tryin' to run, but he limp in'  
I come from the slums, survived on crumbs  
I live like a man, and I'ma die like one