

Hoggin' And Doggin'

South Park Mexican

We we we mobbin
We hoggin and we doggin
We creepin and we crawlin
It's time to do you all in
fa sho

Hold up I'm too throwed, I'm the young capo
5 star general, Lucky Luciano
Yo my check's too fat, the banks can't cash it
Gimmie ten days, meanwhile i got plastic
Country to country I live in hotels
No ashy elbows, pedicured toenails
Sittin on a beach chair, 200 dollar chanclas
Am I in Acapulco or Puerto Vallaca?
Sippin outta pineapple, actin a fool
Step out my balcony and check out my view
Im lookin brand new, i get menages crunk
Lucky look cleaner then Andre Monk
Open up my closet and you in the Galleria
Im the shit homeboy call me Lucky Diarrhea
Covered in diamonds, get a load of this wrist
Just to show out and stunt, I'm the Dope House Prince

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(2x)

I'm kinda hotta than lava, I got a dog that slobba
I might be yo father betta ask yo mama
I practice Karate like the boy Chuck Norris
I'm Papa Bear I'm like "Who the hell dem eatin my porridge?"
I'm still Ralph Lauren and I'm still Mike Jordan
I'm still commin down Orem just floorin the foreign
Never borin or simple, man I'm really excitin
I got to clubs and be fightin, i be kickin and bitin
I might poke ya eye out, i dont fight that fair
I fought a dudde with some braids, and started pullin his hair
But my boys back me up and leave nobody standin
I'm like "Why ya'll jump in man I almost had'em"
And they was like "Los he was beatin yo ass"
I was lettin him get tierd, man you messed up my plans
Anyway, I'mma write a song about it and tell
All my fans that I beat him up all by myself--haha

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I might play Chalupa, that's Mexican Bingo
Peace to my boys up in Coffield and Beto
My Benz take diesel, dejame explico

If I hit the pen walk around with a pico
I used to slang cincos, chilled on Domingos
Dickies look young aint got no wrinkles
Shoot like Ming when he hit 12 footaz
I be pulling hoes like a kid pick boogaz
You can see my Rolly when I dip guacamole
Got all white pit like Angelina Jolie
I put red dots on 9 milla glocks
Might make you think that you got chicken pox
Got rims like a spida, weed to the lighta
It's ya boy Low, I'mma killa not a fighta
Roll with my china, phone off ringa
I know you hear the hook, nigga that's my lil prima

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I'm at Dope House smoked out, Baby Bash loc'd out
Doin tracks with Charlie Brown when he broke out
He chocked out his C.O., did it on the D-lo
Went to see his wife and his daughter and his hijo
The game is so frio, now he tippin Styrofoam
said he gotta be right back before the lights is on
But it's all gravity, learn from tragedy
Just to let you know how cold them batches be
Cause when it comes to the jealous man it get messy
I fuck around and gotta turn into some Joe Peci
I pimp the blood ouy ya mama and ya loved ones
Sell dog shit to ya uncles and ya cousins
And guaranteed that you won't say nada
Radio or not, man you still don't want no brrr--aaa,brrr--aa
And that's the really really realest shit I ever spoken
Don't get it twisted mayne, Dope House is still open

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Creepin and we crawlin, time to do you all in...