

In Hillwood

South Park Mexican

You see i smash on you pussy's, and creep wit the thugs
I got a t-shirt that say "weed is not drugs"
I got a tight spot that sits by the sea
Three story beach house lets throw a party
Fucked up in the head, i dont know what happened
I have nightmares and i wake up laughin
With the bottle of tequila, tryna reach the bottom
And why do all my aspirins have an "x" on em
Got two rusty gats
And two house cats
And i dont feed em shit so they live of the rats
Still didnt even pay my warrants
I just sat up in jail and my poriche

In Hillwood, where they ain't afraid to shoot
In Hillwood, where the fiends play the flute
In Hillwood, where they can't see the light
In Hillwood, where they don't sleep at night

Hit the-hit the dope house cause I had to recop it
I need some Purity so I screwed it and chopped it
Haters can't block it, fuck a judge hard bitch
Mexican's getting big so they start getting jealous
Overzealous when we dip through the spot 'n' to the club
hot blockers getting slapped with a muthafukin snub
You a thug, you a killa, you a gangsta, you a G
But i bet you with these hands man, you can't fuck with me
You just a silly trick mark mayne, talkin all that maza
You love the smell of sh?!*, yeah you love the smell of caca
While we love the smell of roses and we drivin something vicious
Yeah we comin down droppin all you punk bitches

Dicen que nos quieren matar pero ni se puedden acercar
Esta rola es una bomba que acaba de estallar
So fijate bien y mira quien es, no somos dos somos los tres
Los que fumamos mota para relisar estres
El mojado y el sur del park con el Bash listo para tumbarte
Listos para un desaster y por eso no quieren acercarse
So pescamos todos armados y el carro con rimes cromados
Escucha todo lo que yo te escribo por eso mi estilo es bien frio
Representando los ilegales y todos que crusaron el rio
Gritando sigan me los malos rodiando de mil caiga palos
Brincado en cada vecendario gritando librerén a Carlos

I solemly swear to tell the truth and nothing but
My niggas dead all because a fukin slut
I never love a hoe, that one fa sho
Fuck home cause I roam jus like a buffalo
I'm the baby of the family, runt of the litter
I can't stop smoking cause no one like a quitter
Every three months my house would get raided
This muthaFukin album is the fukin shit?, ain't it?
Hydroponic leaves, rollin up my sleeves
Throw your guns up in the sky for me
Hollin peace to my boys on the Hillwood strand
Tryna make some cash, momma please understand