Mary-Go-Round

South Park Mexican

Yo-yo homeboy, pass me that
Yo, this is the song I wrote for the girl I love.
Her name -- Mary Jane

Saggin my dickies, smoke like a hippy
Smell so good when she get wet and sticky
You lift me, girl you the bomb
Got a nigga blowing like Cheech and Chong
A bong, a blunt or a paper square
It really don't matter she'll take you there
You been my girl since the age of 13
And it's funny to me, you still make me fiend
You put a spell on me with the green voodoo
You love when my boys come and run us a choo choo
Mary-Jane deep in the game
The way I feel words can't explain
You been true to me, stood by my side
I wake up and get my mornings first high
Other hoes wonder why they get no love
'cause Mary got a big ol' BUD, HUH

Mary-go-round, round and round
Oh let the mary-go-round, pass the sweet
(2x)

If you're a Jane user
Throw your hands in the air with this motherfucking three time user
Producer wanna cool my future (pass the sweet)
Pass the madusa, I never knew her
Who you, who do you think you are?
you're fucking with a dopehouse shooting star

Smoking that budda
Drinking that puda
Booya, another killer from Honduras
I thug in rider chick gets me higher
There's no need tryna find a finer hyna
I decya my bitch your fya
People stare as we kiss on the player

Mary-go-round, round and round
Oh let the mary-go-round, pass the sweet
(2x)

Now you can do snow or get wet as the rain
Me man I got Jane in my brain
Of course I kick doors for white whores
But my wife mary-Jane I never get divorced
'cause she be the only one fit for a player
The green eyes and the pretty red hair
The hoes sick 'cause them jealous bitches wanna
Vyla como Juana, Maria-Juana
You was born in Mexico but I took the chance
And brought your ass across to the promise lands
I love to lay you down so soft in my swisher
act like a freak and let all my niggas hit you
I got your picture on all my walls

mama caught us kissing wanna call the laws
My family thinks you nothing but trouble
Can't see how you helped me through the struggle