

Streets On Beats

South Park Mexican

Yeppa Yeppa homeboys
That's the nigga Low-G
Puttin' it down for the nina eight
We givin' prop, what we did this week
So don't trip, if we forgot your click

I move a hundred pounds in my hustle town
Come around fuck 'em down with my underground
Puffin' pow-wow clouds in my T.P.
But my hina' hollerin' release me
Prime time like shines on the high mimes
Hellafied rhymes, huh, you rewind twenty-five times
Another fool puttin' down the truth,
You can't fuck with the riddla' on the roof
Mista', go get her, kick the mo' better
If she wanna go, fuck the ho, let her
The wanderer, hill wood hustler,
Turn your back on your gail and I, uh, straight clown in my H-town
Is you hoes really ready for the take down?
Break down, stay ground, my niggas don't play round, pop pop,
Make your whole click catch the Greyhound

Geto Boys, Master P, DJ Screw, Kid Frost, Mobb Deep,
Ese Fools, Ice-T, Fat Pat, Public Enemy,
We, put the streets on beats

Makaveli, Rakim, Hillwood Hustlers, Most Hated,
Too \$hort, Bone Thugs, Dogg Pound, Nas, The Fugees,
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Stick & move, hittin' lics, sweep 'em left to right
Act a fool when I one two check the mic
Come trip with the pimp in the smoke-ray lac
I jump in this shit and there's no way back
Creep the seven seven Seville convertible
My Cadillac got a 3-foot verticle jump in the front
Bump in the trunk, weed turn to smoke, skunk in my blunt
I'm the cool homeboy, I'm a fool with no patience
Got a dopehouse in seven locations
Professional, but don't test my testicles
On the pedestal I'm colder than an eskimo
Gotta have it, causing panic with an automatic
Believe in myself, no one else saw my magic
Gifted child, raised in the wicked wild
Put the street on beats, who trippin' now?

Run DMC, KRS-One, Mass 187, Spice 1,
Herschelwood Hardheadz, Tolo G,
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DJ Quik, Big Fifty Snipe, Criminal Rage,
20-2-Life, N.W.A., Lil' Kim, Rasheed,
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I be the actual, factual, rap supernatural, blowin' up national
It's understandable, not to mention
what I'm stressin' leave you second guessin'

Dope sell itself, saw my CD steady pressin'
It can't see me, I flow so freely, you motherfuckers more slimier than seaweed
Jus' to pee-wee, son you watchin' too much TV, I'm on CD
See mo' pussy-cat than tweety!
On the underground nation, layin' foundation
The biggest problem that H-Town's facin'
Did a lot of wrong, but mom, stay calm, cause now I drop bombs on CD-Roms
Your raps get pimpslapped, you kickin' bubblegum
Only real niggas know where I'm comin' from, under confusion
Run up on Houston, and bow down to the styles I am usin'

Trinity Garden, E.S.G., Street Military, Bam, Al-D
K-Rino, Point Blank, Klondike, Botany,
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Wicked Cricket Troublemaker, A.C. Chill,
Biggie Smalls, Outkast, Cypress Hill
Lighter Shade of Brown, Malascho, W.C.,
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