

# Suckaz N Hataz

## South Park Mexican

It's for real, they want to know why all these haters is talking about me  
and talking nonsense, This is Uchie with my man Filero  
Dopehouse Records, Shut Em Down, listen to this

And we want to know why these haters keep playing with me oh yah  
(Hey and we want to know why these suckers they talk about me)  
And we want to know why these haters keep playing with me oh no  
(Listen, and we want to know why these haters keep playing with me)

I'ma smoke kill, I'ma do what I can  
I'ma help them find that nigga up in Afghanistan  
I represent the hood, Benz what I push  
Just bought a house right next to George Bush  
In River Oaks, it's the nigga Los  
In the club drunk, nah nigga I'm fin to go  
In my 64 candy what Impala  
Fall to my knees and give all praise to Allah  
Still I blow big and I don't like pigs  
I'm trying to put my trailer on MTV Cribs  
But they say it's too small, not enough coverage  
But I got two bedrooms and a brand new oven  
I'm puffing and I'm pounding, I'm high as a mountain  
You could tell I'm fucked up when you hear my album  
The cadillac boucing I drunk my bitch a thousand  
In the mall balling while you motherfuckers browsing, ha ha

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This green is so delicious, mom's still bitching  
Why don't you ever listen and rap like a christian  
Mom you know I'm thugging there ain't no fucking hope  
The only time I run is when I'm running dope  
I shake it and I shook it, what you think I'm stupid  
Cause I smoke kill and my dick's fucking crooked  
Well fuck you too, I'ma call my crew  
Pack a 22 if you want some beef stu  
Sipping 80 Proof, chugging duece out the roof  
Stomp a nigga down and wipe his shit off my boot  
I'm at 3-25 if you want more than 50  
But I don't slang wiggy or that Milly Venillie  
I'm strictly moving carpet, on the black market  
Cause hoes talk to pigs like a spider named Charolette  
Valet park it, 600 starship  
Will this be cash, naw bitch you could charge it, ha ha

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I'm smoking on that doja, for my bitch Rosa  
I signed her love poster then she gave me the panocha  
Dopehouse soldier I feel I'm getting closer  
Peace to Faith up in that Atlanta Georgia

Coopa Cabanna, this song is a jammer  
I like to get drunk and start dancing like Hammer  
Loose dickie sagger, no I'm not a bragger  
Sometimes shave my head like the what Marvin Haggler  
Ya bitch I done had her, my dick gone gag her  
Squeeze her and I grab her, while I creep in a jagger  
Yab-a-dab-a-do it's the Mr. Flinstone  
20 inch chrome aimed straight and hit dome  
Leave my click alone unless you want your shit gone  
No chest no brains and no way to get home  
You want to be hard, I'll freeze your body up  
Five days in the dirt, I'm sure you'll soften up, ha ha yo

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What I'm talking about, this is Uchie and Filero On the beat ya heard me  
Y'all gone hear from me in a little bit, uh  
And y'all ready for this, I'm going to do a little freestyle  
While everyone is here watching me, uh listen

Hold up, Uchie in the cut  
Coming through the hood with my niggas in the truck  
And away uh from the school and the fools and the nuts  
I'ma tell ya right now we one balling never stuck  
And bitches show me love with some hugs and kisses  
Maybe cause the wheels on my right is 20 inches  
Maybe cause I ducked and some hard hitting lyrics  
Or mabe cause my name is at the top and they wished it  
Cause I come a long way, and I'm here to stay  
That Dopehouse Records til I die or my fame  
We got Screwston sippers they be microphone rippers  
Them creepers and crawlers artists are the hardest  
Throwdest shot callers, bone ass killers  
And if ya ready to go to war we got some throwed ass dealers, I'm out