

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

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)

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

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'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

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)

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