

The Beach House

South Park Mexican

Uh, yo, pick up the music a little bit
For my nigga, Filero on this biatch
Yo, what's up, what's up JC
Man it's real man, here we go

I'ma have to smoke, I'ma have to fucking toke
Keep it in my lungs like an inside joke
No damn hope, I loc with the game
Got married at the crack hotel in south man
Holler if you feel me, wet like willy
Got my own island like that little nigga Gilly
And the dang Skipper, fucking that Ginger
Could of played proball but I got injured
Man I wouldn't kid you, I'ma throw dew
Got a fine bitch in the 6-0-2
It's more on the menu, I'ma get in you
You watch Ms. America, I fucked Ms. Virginia
I'm known to burst, skip go to church
Got the block hotter than your girlfriend penurch
I'ma scrape the curbs with my brand new twenties
Go buy some more cause to me they just pennies
I won two emmys, man I win awards
Got so much heat I could open up your pours
Fresh out the county, fresh like downy
Now my mama high, cause she ate my weed brownies
Now she tripping calling 9-1-1
I'm sad cause she called me a what a bad son
But I promise it's gone wear off soon
Do what I do and just watch some cartoons
I'm on calhoun, sometimes I feel used
Cause a hoe just want to get in my fruit of the loom
I'm about the shrooms, I'ma spread the news
SPM undefeated can't lose
Hit the dank smooth, all night long
I love mama tattooed on my arm
Dopehouse charm, with the diamonds in it
I'ma fuck Missy Elliot for one minute
Then I be finished, I smoke spinach
Just like Popeye except a little different
I sell reggie but I smoke hydro ponie
I got more brown bags than shoes and sonic
Man I'm on it, I mean I'm on my hustle
Never love a bitch cause I just don't trust her
Never popped the question, I'ma stay a bachelor
I'm in the kitchen flipping cookies with my spatula
Do what I have to, on the third chapter
Talk with my glock when I come holler at you
Call me the greaser, roach and a tweezer
Don't fuck with that nigga cause he's a
Motherfucking killer out the Hilla, cocaine dealer
Get my shit off a eighteen wheeler
My niggas, niggas, bar sippers
Now I'm packing flippers, large old flippers

Roll 80 vogues till them hoes start clacking
If you want to jack, I got something for you
Not the chimmy change for the beans and rice

Then to the store I need a 40 on some dice
Hillwood hustler, never caught sleeping
Caught another case so I got to call my lawyer
Got a fine chick that look just like Latoya
Run you out my city like them Tennessee Oilers

You can play hockey, I'ma play hookie
On the mic niggas say that I'm the dookie
They trying to shoot me, cause I'm making movies
Went gold twice, buy ice and rubies
I'ma eat at Lugies, save my doobies
She in a D cup cause I bought them boobies
I'ma take the tuna, shoes are puma
I'ma go on vacation to Blue Lagoon
Cause I like to scuba, on the island Aruba
I'ma eat a bowl of beans and I'ma play the tuba
See I'm awful throwed, y'all should also know
That I'm with a swamp thing and Papa Dough
And he frozen, got the what house on the ocean
Fuck her in the ass with some suntan lotion
All in the open, where people could see
My nextdoor neighbor's taking pictures of me
I'm a powerful man, I bought a house on the sand
Bought the lot and told the cops get off of my land
With my barbie, I'ma throw a party
They want my autograph but I don't got a sharpie
No more bacardi, I'm drunk I need some coffee
About to throw up bitch get the fuck off me
But anyway man, hold them up, who is you
You ain't my girlfriend, my girlfriend was wearing blue
But you suck a good dick, so I won't say shit
Then I saw the bitch kissing on my boy Nick
But what he don't know ain't gone hurt him though
But hold up when he hear this song he'll be swoll
Man, I'ma have to tell him that his album sucks
And he shouldn't buy it or even listen to it once
So let it be a lesson any girl that you meet
Take her to the store and tell that bitch to brush her teeth

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