

# Valley

## South Park Mexican

I'm going to the valley el valle por halle  
Straight to the spot where the mexicans hold tons  
I know a place on the Boystown its trip  
Down in Mexico where the girls just strip  
But me I'm a pimp let them hoes keep dancin  
I'm chancin, grindin winnin, advancin  
Go it now im gone with a clovo full of hate  
And when I get to Houston fo show I'm getting paid

I'm coming from the valley staning em slanning em  
Rising realizing sizing em up  
Got my clavo small paper tall  
From smuggling a cross the ocean  
Roll me a sweet in a cadilac fleet  
Just clowning with the three wheel motion  
I flip the cash but my stash flips faster  
Cause I'm pushing the real good pine

I'm going to vauco in my black seville  
I follow two my behind a truck with half a mil  
I make my first stop at my homeboys ranch  
I ask him "whats in the bag" he says "two acres of plants  
It's easy going in but hell gettin out  
I wanna make this paper and I think I know how  
Suprise suprise I done made it back home  
in an ice cream truck "who wanna buy a snow cone"

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I'm goin to the valley what you think fo  
(2x)

From Texas to Cali we get our ye from the valley  
We be hustlin on blocks moving in and out the alley  
We call it medicine thats what u need when you get sick  
Sometimes it's hard rock sometimes it's white pearl brick  
Across, across the state line just me and my girlfriend  
From powder to pine I got money on my mind  
Stop wasting all my time and get me over to the spot  
Unload all the cargo and meet me at the docks

Going back to the valley staying on top of my game  
Meeting up wit my bitches snow white and mary jane  
Only thing that ever mattered to me  
Stacking dollars shit we making a week  
Who the cowards who the killas whos the niggas wit scrilla  
Felt all up in they pockets rocking fo' niggas that try to kill us  
Then maybe later you bitches bother me  
You wanted to pay you too late don't bother calling me

Going to the valley fo' soliders in a caddy  
And in the back of the caddy got fifty pound of smally  
Tryed to jack but can't catch me  
I just keep that paper stacking  
Always packin never slacking  
leaving you hoe ass niggas unhappy  
Chopping burs when able, fucking hoes on the table

Watching cable in a Sable, Dope House is the label  
Selling em three for ten to my closest friends  
Rolling back to H-town big body Benz

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Houston Texas cowboy wit a dime and a fiesta saddle  
And I'm moving mo weight then a whole herd of cattle  
I grip up the grain blowing up the panhandle  
mobile phone on scramble cause rap hustlin is a gamble  
Brick moving these H dudes gonna keep you grooving pursuing  
Shit, hell on my surella ice water lyrical good fella  
SPM got the hook up, say watch out  
I hit the highway, let twenkies crawl  
I'm going to the valley

Man I'm flipping up to Mexico to hit some licks  
In a Navigator bus bringing back some bricks  
Get to checkpoint now I'm past the border  
tell my guy alemar to play some more  
Fat money cause we in the mix  
I got that white girl and that stinky bitch  
Better ryders and roamers can't really ask  
"We going out T?" "Bitch I'm headed to the valley  
So I'm out about to make some money  
Pull up to a trailor wit about 800  
Unload it I flip it get paid let's ride  
Chunk a deuce to the guys and I'm back to Southside  
Cruisin wit a couple of pines  
Trying hard as hell to make it back to H-Town  
Flippin but only make one stop  
Then I'm burin out moving shit to a dope house

Cruisin to the valley checking up on me campos  
Make thirty calls so I can wire free samples  
Get me a plane so I can make my drops  
Flying real low to avoid the cops  
Weighing my weed on a digital beam  
Wrapping it in a plastic quick so I can make my green  
My windows are tinted so nobody sees in it  
Wit mary jane and snow white the sky's the limit

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My package is small, stack em in the entire wall  
Fuck the chotha must be loca  
Everything a nigga want make it to the border wit the motha  
Pockets rising better quit sizing me up  
But these coffe beans fucking the smell up  
What's up, back in the city  
de bull lada I'm talking pronto  
Call me the head honcho start a new revloution  
like a back poncho  
He yah see yah wouldn't want to be yah  
Gots to flee, start the G  
Switch the ride I'm headed back to the valley

Get um up hit em up  
They want to know what it is all about

They way that we roll down south  
Start baby wit dope house josie wells gonna  
there aint nuthin funna then being and outlaw runna  
stunna pimpin in a humma millenium smuggler  
Dope game juggla, no nuts no glory  
Real mobsters, they never worry  
but we ain't home yet so dont get happy  
we aint paid Officer O'Malley  
Thinking of my profits going to the valley  
It's all cavi

I'm flipping to the valley federalies  
Fucking wit michael decodie motorcycles  
cruises my disciples  
I'm the type to crew smoke two and synas  
wit my G's I'll hunt you  
like Arnold hunts Sarah Connors  
Primadonnas big tymers, playa, and rob reports  
benz sports,courts, naked hoes, lascivious resorts  
I get short my last resort tell L  
to keep the Cali cause little down wit his essays  
parlaying down in the valley

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I'm a creep 59  
to the end of the rainbow land of the llello  
Dope fiends on my payroll, got rocks to blow  
behind the stop and go they holla  
goodness graious great balls of snow  
Don't speed or trip when you see the lights  
cause they can tell you're nervous just by looking in your eyes  
in H-Town the business in booming  
but it won't last long if you don't know what you're doing

Yeundo pal el valle in a nice Expedition  
Got me creepin for mi ruka and my boys blowing swishas  
Mcallen brownsville harlingen  
six hour trip to get my endz  
I'm out to get my Benz  
on the lean coming clean  
lean man flashing green  
el meadow meadow meadow  
thendo vact is none stop  
daily stackes to the top  
keep my hoes by the flock

Who rides like me come wrapped that tightly  
L be's moving by the ton  
Packed up in tanks under the trunk, 59 to 77  
Collecting my lot not even sweating, back on 35  
wit my cheeder just gettin mine  
You know me your boy O-Z  
Never left lonely wit out my G see  
One trip cocks a flip  
The way I flip multiplies a chip  
I'm steady cash flow  
Transactions stacking paper rolls  
The currency connect from Houston to the valley

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