

You Know My Name (Remix)

South Park Mexican

I'm SPM, you know my name
I'm the one that came up but never changed
I make my moves, life is what you choose
I'm the one to smoke in different high schools
Stay off the streets, home boy you'll never win
You're goin' two places: the graveyard or the pen
Contradictions on my chest, lots of lipstick on my clothes
Can we ever be stopped? Only God knows
South Park sunny side, I roll with the realest
Represent my area from Hillwood to the village
At the grocery store they used to look over my shoulder
And saw a basket full of Arm Hammer baking soda
Conversation rules the nation, but in my hood
Talk is cheaper than a piece of old, wet plywood
You boys is more phonier than cubic zirconia
Make you suckas pay the very day I get a hold of ya
My name is....

Pass the greenery, tweedle lee, tweedle la
Layin' in my spa, takin' off my Heina's bra
Me and the law, had problems in the past
They smelled my grass, but could never find my stash
Who can it be?
It's that boy Los
I broke up with my chick, cuz my cash went up her nose
I tell ya what it was, and I tell ya what it is
There's ten year old men, and fifty year old kids
My flow is legendary, on the third of February
I wrote this song at the old cemetery
I did my time, no sunshine
They must be gettin' bonuses for lockin' up my kind
My name is....

You seen me and didn't believe me, now look
The World is listenin', the movement is here, the day is here.
We ain't stoppin' homie!
We just gettin' started!
I see you jealous, hateful people wishin' the worst for us
You'll pay like the last ones did!
You'll pay for my freedom!
We'll never be the same!
You'll never catch up!
I fight hate with love!

When I was young I used to be a shoe shiner
And work for a dime as a newspaper part-timer
Every now and then my real Dad would come around
Born and raised in Houston, a.k.a. Hustletown
My drop is on jock, and my game is on lock
My attic full of automatic weapons of assault
The streets live in us, I think I broke a Guinness
Last year I took the record robbin' forty dealers
Dancin' with the wolves, man, my hood is jet black
But they had love for the only back
I got a sauna in my eighty foot bus
We don't chase paper, paper chase us
You know my name....