South Park, Get Yo Guns

(talking)

Yeah man, uh, I'm in the studio with Big Flake Uh huh, that's my nigga, he fin to wreck this bitch Yo, we shut them down with Dopehouse Records We're family, we ride together we roll together For you hoes that don't understand it, f**k you Knowl'mtalkingbout, yo, uh

[Big Flake] Big Flake bitch yeah, you know me Ride around in my city in a leg-O-D Like, I hit the block with a glock in my priches F**k the pool shit and I got something for you bitches That's all in my space, trying to take a nigga place But I ain't with the shit, get the f**k out my face F**k a case, the hooter can't hold me down I'm 300 pounds, six feet you know me now And show me bitch where the dance at shack Got a cannon on my waist and bitch I blast back Get the last laugh, cause I ain't stopping till I fold you I flip young boys like a ki of soda It's the take over, Shut Em Down on the map And we don't give a f**k I drop bombs like a jap And throwed tracks, and throwed raps, I bust caps Now what y'all little niggas know about that First we click clack, then you hear it go pop I'm a young little g and man I can't stop I'm non shalant, so I can't be detected And you heard the ghetto message, and bitch I wrecked it It's like I resurrected and just came up out the grave Cause everytime I grab the mic, all these niggas in a daze It's like almighty, when you creep up in the hood Every corner you weak, my g's up to no good It's understood, my crime stories and dope sales My nigga Los said, man dope sales You gone fell, if you try to test this I'm like daytime T.V., young and restless Check the guest list, me and D V.I.P. I'm a cold ass mex call me frosty Don't try to cross me, cause I don't like hoe niggas I bust down the door with a 4-4 nigga Do I like dro no nigga, Big Flake on the loose out

Hold a grudge with two face niggas f**k they damn troops, bitch (talking)

That's real my nigga F**k these hoe ass niggas

(Chorus - 2x) You bring your boys, I'll bring my boys You get your guns, I'll get my guns

[South Park Mexican]
On the play list, diamond bracelets
Then we make hits, V-12's makeshift
Spent a few years in this rap game
Slanging cocaine, nasty sacks say
Niggas I was selling kilos, and elbows with
Are the same motherf**kers that I do shows with
Smoke indo, and f**k with some thick hoes
My enemies roll deep like some minnows

I'm ?stilloes?, the one you came to for caine fool When you got robbed when you had to explain to I can't do the dope, said it before Devil in the mic, mesmerized be the row As a plan of skills, I'm still cracking rims I got a beer belly look like I'm having twins I'm the youngest, mom say I'm the worst The finest bitch in my school was the f**king nurse Only heaven knows, what I've been through In third grade I got busted with ?hijitsu? Now I rest my head in a hotel room With a gun and a bitch and some used balloons Watching cable half a eight on the table Mix a two liter with four O's of maple I'm wago ami wathro, come through the back door And went for bout 80 pounds of wacky tabacco I jack hoes, but now I'm trying to rap though My nextdoor neighbor played for the Astros And last night he hit two home runs Everywhere I go I got at least four guns I got two plants, that grow under lamps I'm at the club just wishing I could dance Man I got cash, still I'm a guetho I like to watch my dog eat up other dogs and let go I'm murdering, I'll destroy any earthling Choking on his own blood, gargling and gurgling Step to me, you better be hard I know you motherf**kers remember me from Reveille Park

(Chorus - 4x)