

South Park Mexican, Power Moves

(feat. Bushwick Bill)

[SPM]

Yo, yo. It's all about these power moves, right,

(it's all about these power moves)

Yo, think you understand what I'm sayin'

Ugh,

I need to relax, and take a 48 hour cruise,

Power Moves, I'm sorry but you cowards lose.

Shout the news, we done paid our dues.

It's not how I can, it's how I choose.

The South done rule,

came up, out the blue.

I show hataz hell, and buy 'em flowers too.

If I was you, I wouldn't leave from around your crew,
they wouldn't find you 'till the year 2002.

I be countin' loot,

climbin' like a mountain boo,

in the land where dope fiends play the glass flutes.

Off in the night, at the scene stackin' green.

While most men sleep we're servin' fiend after fiend,

'86 breakin' bricks,

got hoes takin' tricks,

makin' hits, while I'm at Denny's eatin' steak and grits.

Bring the noise to you boys, feel my Hillwood Opera,

cuz ain't no stoppin' a mutherfucking conqueror.

[Chorus]

Power Moves

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[Bushwick:] [*laughing*] Ay yo, haha!

(Ay yo we got your turn over here, right?)

Power Moves

(we got my homie T, SPM in here)

[Bushwick]

Now it's all about team work,

there's enough to feed all on God's green earth.

I re-verse the game not me first.

Niggas try to act killa but I seen worse.

Feet first so get a taste of our de-sert

eagle. Wet T-shirts. I hurt, people.

Eagle trip talkin' shit be irrelevant (ugly laugh)

You like the smell of shit you lack street elegance.

I push bricks,

fuck hoes under the cushions.

If there's only one bitch, I bet she's sucking two dicks.

SPM and Bushwick: true top fillas,

Mexican assassin and me, Jamaican killa.

Power's the act performing e-ffective progress.

Remember that when you see our 600 topless.

3rd coast, H-Town to ???

You got three wishes mutherfuckers make the best of it.

[Chorus]

Power Moves

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[Bushwick:] you wanna diss a Mexican? Fuck with us cuz

[SPM]

Call me Papa Trump, or Daddy Mack-10

back when I took cities like, Cracklin.

The clash of the Titans, passin' my writin'

Boyz On Da Cut goin' faster than lightnin'.

My yellow hood's right past the woods,

so every full moon I dance with wolves.

Used to fool with crack, now I'm through with that,
I just opened up the SPM School Of Rap.
Jump for joy H-Town, the south takin' over,
like when they mixed weed with a cup of baking soda,
Playin' poker,
Breakin' boulders,
Shake your shoulders,
Make you haters know this that your silly game is bogus,
Can't control us,
We stay ferocious,
but lay the lowest, blaze a forest,
My brain's in orbit,
and they adore us,
Great performance,
I'm playin' organs,
and pray the lord-es,
Kickin' like Bruce, takin' all this,
Now bring the Chorus.

[Chorus]

Power Moves

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[Bushwick:] AY! Y'all thought I was gone, right? [*laughs*]

I wanna say wussup to my mutherfuckin' homies
from L.A., to New York, to the Midwest, to the Durdysouth.

You know what I'm saying?

keep it real, keep it real, keep it real [*fades out*]

Talkin' bout that Power Moves [starting after "L.A."],

Talkin' bout that Power Moves,

Talkin' bout that Power Moves,

Power Moves,

Hey!

Power Moves,

Power Moves