

# South Park Mexican, You Know My Name (Remix)

[Chorus (Ayana M.):]

S  
P  
M

South Park Mexican

[First Verse:]

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....

[Chorus (2x)]

[Second Verse:]

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....

[Chorus (4x)]

[SPM talking over chorus]

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!

[Third Verse:]

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....  
[Chorus (4x)]