Oh My My

South Park Mexican

Uhh...yo! I can't hear myself on the mic! Uhhh....yeah maybe I can! Ugh!

Now take a trip off the trip let me trip you out Cause I'm a trip, I'm a nut, I'm a fool no doubt Y'all boys really trippin on the money I make But I'm trippin wet tryin to kill some ? I hate Separate all these fake niggas all in my face You a disgrace, you should wish well for your own race Tie your laces and hide your two faces Guess I been lookin for love in all the wrong places Follow in a trail to the land of hell Everybody knows I belong in jail For my Raza, anyone else no tienen chanza Fuck with my click i'll put a hole in your panza I give two fucks, three shits, and one damn Scram you bitch you aint with my fam I don't cut for the jealous Guess where your gal is All on my weenie like mustard and relish

Oh my my, oh hell yeah Let's all get to puttin' some in tha air Fix me a drink and sing me a song But do it quick baby cause I can't stay long Oh my my, oh hell yeah Let's all get to puttin' some in the air Man I'm so blowed Man I'm so throwed Somebody grab the wheel I can't see the road

Mama Mia I wanna put somethin in Aaliyah Sippin Sangria and smokin on Maria I drill a nine milli through your liver arm trilla Lone star state home of the armadilla Blow killa with Priscilla and ganja with Blanca Catch me at the club in my Nike chanclas Vida chueca, my girlfriend's name is La Muñeca Dios around my necka Sangre de Azteca S P M on choppers like men Y'all run and hide while I count to ten I'm a wait till fall then I'll cut my grass Stop and make my girlfriend pump the gas I got enough birds to have a snowball fight My dream is to keep the world up all night I done sold you a dub sack Used to chase a hub cap Now I'm in this game tryin to see where my love at

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Man I'm so blowed Man I'm so throwed Somebody grab the wheel I can't see the road Its the return of that nut, Baby Beeshie Love my chicken greasy Shittin on them haters that love to taste the feces I'm a fool I'm a nutta Gone off the butta I'm from Vallejo, California Houston to Calcutta Gone wacko off tobacco mixed with the dough dough You squares aint ready for the modern day cholo Used to be a player but now I'm an official Doin big things like Shine and Pen & Pixel The only nigga with a Benz still on welfare No insurance, no license, and no health care Computer illiterate Smoke dank like a cigarette A straight fuckin idiot You think that I give a shit I need a hearing aid for some handicap parking Damn Baby Bash your so damn retarded

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