

Get Yo Guns

South Park Mexican

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, fuck you
Know I'm talking about, yo, uh

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
Fuck 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 fuck out my face
Fuck 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 fuck 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 fuck they damn troops, bitch

That's real my nigga
Fuck these hoe ass niggas

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

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 motherfuckers that I do shows with
Smoke indo, and fuck 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 fucking 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 quetho
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 motherfuckers remember me from Reveille Park

You bring your boys, I'll bring my boys
You get your guns, I'll get my guns
(4x)