

I Am Your Future

South Park Mexican

I'm gonna take you back .. to 1980
People thought she was crazy for keepin' her baby
Being only thirteen thinking' how she would love a son
Barely a child herself .. now she would mother one
When that had come to past some wondered how she had made it by
Some had bets on the side that she wouldn't live to see '85
But she would prove them wrong .. corazon kickin' strong
And like the calm before storm so was mom when it was on
Back in '86 .. as he grew up in the mix
Watchin' his mother hang around men
that slang the cain to make them licks
Strugglin' year after year switchin' daddy to daddy
Last one had him a Lincoln .. this one got him a caddy
Plus a house in the subs and apartments run by thugs
Pushin' dubs to them scrubs 'cuz he got a connect with killa bud
Little young buck seen all of that
then the man had a hand on that crack
And he out there lookin' for tear that come black
Cuz he know that smack on a comeback
He was nothin' but 9 years old doin' nothin' but what he was told
Always the one that would hafta hold
Till the man let him know when it was sold
Then he would take what wrapped in the paper sack
Make the drop and he'd make it back
Imagine that to play the mac
And not know how one's s'posed to act

When them hustlin' on them streets
Don't play them for weak cuz them will shoot ya
Real young killa gangsta rude-boy
destined for death yet O'm your future
How can the youth be humble
when we live in an age of rage
too young and naive to conceive that them diggin' an early grave

And by the time the nineties come around ..
Mom's had a frown since the man went down
Kites fly penitentiary bound and lil' man's left to hold his ground
Playin' his art stayin' in school ..
Nothin' short of payin' his dues
Mamas heart's what made him choose ..
Got him a start in breakin' rules
Hittin' them books hangin' with crooks ..
Watchin' out when that law man looks
Money's put in them pocket books
And business good 'cuz he got them rooks
To make the run getting' it done ..
With the advantage of bein' so young
Nobody cared about what had begun ..
Then by the end of '91
He was the kid in junior high ??
Lookin' to get some new supply
Got him a hook up through some guy
Livin' like either it's do or die
Under the influence of the game ..
Already been through the love and the pain
Feelin's to him that one in the same ..

Gotta maintain or go down the drain
It was the life he learned to live ..
He's never had an alternative
Most forbid the things he did ..
But what would you do if you were the kid growin' up
Around the cut only exposed to what's corrupt
Nothin' could break a boy so rough
except the touch of his mother's love

Around the summer of '93 ..
Everyone's packin' artillery
Do many wantin' to be a "g"
Ready to make a delivery
Whatever it took to get in a set ..
Not even worried about regret
It's who could pose the biggest threat
And catch the most of all respect
He can't stop ..
He won't stop ..
Even though every spot is hot
Givin' it everything thing he's got ..
Tryin' to keep from getting' caught
Never the one to be any place
Long enough to catch a case
After all no time to waste
When doin' your business face to face
He's comin' equipped to make the lick ..
Not about to play the trick
Puttin' in work to make the hit and keepin' it low to stay legit
Mom's and dad's i'm talkin' to you ..
These are the things our children do
Hopin' you listen and catch the clues then maybe