

# Revenge

## South Park Mexican

My homie called me in the morning from a hospital bed  
He got holes in his body from a glock full of lead  
He said, three motherfuckers that his lady knows  
Tried to jack his ass for his 84's  
Now in a Ben Taub sick bed, my homie lays up  
He got sprayed up, cuz he wouldn't raise  
Caught three of the seven of the shots that rang  
Them folks sayin' that he'd never walk the same  
It sounds like a job for the uzi gat  
And where the fuck did your bitch say these fools be at?  
For a real long time, we been the best of friends  
And I'll be damned if a nigga don't get revenge  
I feel anger, that I'm no stranger to  
Bustin' slugs in they guts just a thang to do  
Why they pray for you, come and spray they crew  
Got love for my homies, I thought you knew?  
He said "Los don't sweat it, let this shit alone,"  
but with these punk motherfuckers I must pick a bone  
Now will it be the cranium or the chest plate?  
Necks break back, snap, put him in checkmate  
Lead take me to vengeance, send this  
Ripping through tendons I end this  
Because you bleed inside and it hurts to cough  
I can't take no advice I gots to break them off

Cuz my revenge, it tastes so sweet, I gotta do,  
What my friends, would do for me,  
You muthafuckas gotta beg,  
Y'all askin' for action,  
Eat a fuckin' K,  
I'm blastin' some asses  
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My niggas check me, I'm thinkin' of a master plan  
I'm straight up blastin' glocks, them fuckin' bastards ran  
I'm steady missin' all my homies that done bit the dust  
Got revenge cuz them bitches wasn't shit to us  
Now what the fuck can I accomplish?  
And when I'm dead, will I find myself on God's list?  
Every night I give, thanks I wouldn't die today  
Turnin' cane into crack and my mic away  
We dealin' cuz we feelin' that the, pay's right  
Hopin' Mama never see me at my, grave site  
No daylight, play night cautiously  
Could be death, or my freedom what it's costin' me  
Lost in dear life my wife be that Mary Jane  
And my streets got me strollin' blueberry Lane  
Very same song sung in the South  
From the mouth of a hustler, never have I trusted a  
Trick or a hoe or a dope fiend either  
Cuz they smoke like a beaver buildin' dams on the river  
Live a, life of a "G" til' the d - a - y

Hittin' switches on the freeway high  
Don't reply cuz me don't give a fuck  
What you hoes got to say about me Hillwood funk

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Stop short in your tracks  
Gats got the place surrounded  
Sounded two warning shots, fuck on up and you'll be grounded  
Pounded bodies with a bunch of twelve gauges  
Now her face is too straight in the fuckin' dog cages  
Pages of my book, turn like the wind blows  
On the paper of a crook, muthafuck them hoes  
Hittin' flows as a hustler, rose as a "G"  
Saves his flows to big 8, now he scores half a ki  
Some say in his head he got insanity inside  
But all it really be is mathematically inclined  
Look behind, you might find others takin' over  
Rookies movin' cookies, they whipped in baking soda  
Baby learn the fuckin' rules, my cheese, is SOLID AS A ROCK  
With my homies and we BALLIN' WITH A GLOCK  
Tenderoni phony fraud motherfuckers  
Best to get out the game, 'fore you die motherfuckers  
Bustas trust us, but us hustlas trust no one  
You can sure run with no gun  
That be a nigga slow guns  
So roll one of them sweets  
Chug-a-lug on the eightball  
And see where this motherfuckin life is gonna take y'all  
And haters might fall

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