

## The System

### South Park Mexican

This Ones for those on the dead end street  
hustlin hard to make all they ends meet  
I hope one day I see yo benz creep  
watch for the jealousy that most friends keep  
S-P got the Bentley  
all I can do is thank god cause he blessed me  
I used to be just like you  
slangin crack rock on the avenue  
Packin glocks and runnin from cops  
most of my clients like they cane on the rocks  
Gun shots like 2 blocks away  
I wonda who the fuck caught a hot one today  
Neva mind cause I don't wanna know  
I just lost two good friends in the row  
One second things is lookin beautiful  
the next second you can start off the funeral

All my friends are in the dead end street  
Sum locked up and sum are R-i-P  
You cant win there aint no way no how  
Clock your change and get the fuck on out

We was Pirex shakers  
Sunny Side money makers  
In Hillwood we had rocks big as now and laterz  
Quick snappers the store where we slung at  
Everybody knew me for my hundred packs  
Across the street was law elementary  
my car was so clean kids was lookin up to me  
They wanna be like me a tru hustla  
cause they daddy drives an old gas guzzla  
The dope deala I aint tryina brag but  
fuck watchin roaches tryina climb out my bath tub  
I was a hard head tryina be a drug lord  
slow my roll nah homie what the fuck for  
im in the 2 bed trailor man im dirt poor  
when hurricanes would kome id run next door  
to my homies house his name is huet hodes  
we gonna make out this ghetto man I promise

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99 percent of all criminals are dope dealers  
get busted by bullets or fuckin squeelers  
And the One percent that made it was pure luck  
but even he'll tell that his life aint worth a fuck  
cause in his mind he was caught a thousand times  
and in his mind he was shot a thousand times  
Without peace there can be no happiness  
I wear a cross around my neck like the catholics  
Im not sure exaclty what my religion is  
I just know I thank god for my little kids  
this is the baddest sellin drugs like sum guinnie pigs  
then they arrest us after we done make it big

they take our money our cars and our houses  
now tell me whos really sellin the ounces  
and any cash that we might have hidden  
goes to the system tryin to stay out of prison

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You cant win there aint no way no how  
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(2x)