

Jackers In My Home

South Park Mexican

They wipe tears while I wipe fingerprints off led
They say shoot for the stars, I say shoot for the head
I believe in good times having peace and fun
But im still in my room tryna grease my gun
Cant let it get rusty, if a shoot out breaks
The only thing I want jammin' is my screwed out tape
And tomorrows the big day gotta get my rest
Fourty-Five G's outta town, lick buyin tres
Im all alone, my girl said that she could'nt make it
Cuz she caught a damn cold and her whole body's aching
And I feel kind of nervous, butterfly's in my stomach
But I drift off to sleep, really thinkin' nothing of it
Then, something wakes me up and I open my eyes
Somebody's in my house, I'm heartbroken cuz I
Couldn't tell my Mom "bye", they finally caught me slippin'
Ima die like a man homeboy I aint trippin

Gun shots to my dome, jackers in my home
Nothing to fancy, just your average tombstone
Im sorry that I chose the life under the curse
Ill be dressed in a suit and finally goin to church

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Dreams of the cream, enemies on different teams
Red beams in my house man this shit is so extreme
I saw em' dressed up in all black wit da mask
And I knew they was coming for the birds and the cash
So I rolled out my bed, hit the floor and start crawlin'
And this is the price that you pay when your ballin'
But how did they get the spare key to my crib?
It had to be my bitch, she gon' die if I live!
Usually I keep a black glock on my dresser
And im hearin' someone whisper sayin "los's ima getcha!"
And im knowin its the devil but I pay it no mind
I been dodging that fool ever since I was nine
Gotta make it to the closet, where I keep my Mossberg
Slug shots, one hit, never speak another word
Little did I know they had night vision goggles
When they saw me on the floor boy squeezed on the throttle

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Shots started rangin, I was tumbling and diving
Runnin out of time, with my mind on surviving
Dove out the window but I started seeing stars

I forgot last week bout some burglar bars
Now my face is all wet and I know it aint sweat
Bullet hit my leg so I rolled to the left
Guess where I was at? Damn right, in the closet!
Grabbed a pump, now its my turn to make a deposit
Damn slugs aint no punk hit the boy in his back
Saw his right leg flying and it knocked down my lamp
Unloaded, reloaded, was a three man army
Now they lookin like piñatas at the end of a party
One was still alive so I started askin questions
He could barely talk, spitin blood like venom
He said he had a team and people would rent him
I killed the messengers now I need who sent em'

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