

Los

South Park Mexican

I was raised on Red Beans & Rice
& if you shot up my crib I wouldn't be surprised
Mama used to trip cause I fed the mice
I'm the one they sent home cause my head had lice
I'm the kid that lost my sanity
I'm the kid that had the toys with no batteries
Mama sat me down for some serious talks
On how to keep the rats out the cereal box.

I'm a smoke 'til I croak nigga fuck bein' broke nigga
I need 7 bedrooms & my boat nigga
Watchin' rats with 87 new gats
The penitantiary's the only place when I can relax
I want some hoes in they heads they pushin' me to the edge
The only thing I'm a miss is my beautiful kids
I'm just sippin' pedron I handle shit on my own
I got a camera for every fuckin' inch of my home
It's in my blood to be a drunk & not give a fuck
I do a drive-by in my grandmas truck
A G daddy left me at the age of 3
Now every South Side crack-head pagin' me.

Muthafuck you nigga stop preachin' n'shit
I grab my muthafuckin' glock & start squeezin' my shit
No mercy for the weak bitch so save yo' speech bitch
You can't reach I'm too deep in these streets bitch
Don't piss me off I'll put this gat to yo' head
Can't you see these jealous bitches pray for us to be dead
You gettin' soft now? You must wanna die too
All it takes is one bullet to kill me & you.