

## Christopher John

### "Mexican Border"

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(Guitar)  
(Kid Frost)  
Yeah.....Rufless relativin'  
497 Somebody got shot

(Verse One: Kid Frost)  
When I was a kid no one gave a fuck about me  
had to get my shit 'cause my parents use to doubt me  
Got my first job working for the man  
who picked me off the corner, see I got my first grand  
and now I'm straight bankin' and payin' all the bills  
my mama said "Who the fuck did you have to kill?"  
it ain't even like that, I'm slick as a Fox  
I keep my gat hidden' in Nike shoe box  
underneath my bed the cash kept flowin'  
I gotta make sure my neighborhood keeps snowin'  
My daddy use to say that "I was no good"  
but If I didn't do it then somebody else would  
and so I sell it by the pound and even provide the key  
if somebody's gotta pay then It's gotta to be me  
so when I hed south muthafucka' cause I owe a  
payment that came in from Sinaloa  
(Now I'm...)

(Chorus: Kid Frost)  
I'm headdin' down to the Mexican Border  
Heading down to the Mexican Border  
Heading down to the Mexican Border  
I'm headin' down, headin' down  
Headin' down to the Mexican Border  
Headin' down to the Mexican Border  
Headin' down to the Mexican Border  
I'm heading down to the Mexican Border

(Verse Two: Kid Frost)  
I've got the good shit that couldn't be bought  
I'm rollin' up a Five with a truck full of Fuck  
My Homeis on the corner like tricks in a hat  
32 pounds it's like bricks in the back  
I'm watchin' my speed limit let the chevrolet slide  
Gotta keep it cool rollin' through Ocean Side

Then I see this Pig, rollin' up on my ass  
I let up on the gas, I was going kinda fast  
Now I see the red light about to get beat  
Man, I felt like my nut sack sankin' to the seat  
I gave her my I.D plus my registration  
and I gave her the place to my got damn station  
and give me the keys so I can open up the trunk  
man fuck that shit  
now it's one dead punk  
(hahaha)

(Police=P)(Kid Frost=K)  
(P)Hey beaner you wanna step (K: What?) out the  
fucking car?  
(K)Man,Fuck you...haha  
(P)No.No!!!! (K: Yeah!!! That's right!!!!!!)

(Chorus)

(Man)  
He's gotta reputation  
He's got a young bride  
He's going to leave this town wishing he was wive  
or of ever even been born

(Verse Three: Kid Frost)  
I'm a mean muthafucka' and I want it  
If I see something I don't got then I want it  
and so I hide by the bushese at the stop light  
a yo some my say that it's not right  
but What am I to do?  
get a job Homie check it  
you got 6 felenies on your record  
Man, you think pack tails ever gonna wan't me?  
The tatoos on my arm are going to haunt me  
I'm loading up my click in my (?????????)  
and some poor fulls about to get jacked  
I'm waiting for the right one, Creeping through the  
white one  
Looking for the tools and that stupid it's street dumb  
and then I see the Little Rob lookin' reluctant  
I put the gun on his head and now I gotta cut him  
I went to pick up some clothes from my Homeboy's  
house  
I hit a Five on a State Five going South and now I'm

(Chorus)

