

## **Clika One f/ Don Cisco, South Park Mexican/SPM**

### **"Dirty Dirty"**

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[South Park Mexican]

Yo, SPM's in the house

Puttin' it down with my homeboy, young Happy P on the track

I want y'all to look how we do this, mayne

[Verse 1: South Park Mexican]

What path should I travel

Whites and a hot gravel

Up the creek with no paddle

Laughin' at the

Bitches that wish us the worst of luck

Bust a slug in his back, and now, it hurts to fuck

I'm on a must-do system

Fuck-you mission

Everybody knows I belong in prison

Tryin' to listen to my elders

While this freaky bitch is

Swallowing my Elmer's

Gangsta nights

Sticky pants and a T-shirt

I jumped in the dope game

But my feet first

I relax in a

World, a pandemonium

Trust his friend

Just as far as I can throw 'em (Hun)

You tryin' to stay alive for my baby girl

With a chrome .44, but the handle's pearl

Y'all got a choice

If you wanna test my testicles

You can live like

Fruits or fuckin' vegetables

Uh

Chorus: Don Cisco

Now it's that dirty, dirty

Wild, wild south west shit

Mex and Cali

New Mexico thug shit

Federali

Speculatin' and we do shit  
But biotch  
This ain't nothin' but some music  
That dirty, dirty  
Wild, wild south west shit  
Mex and Cali  
New Mexico thug shit  
Federalis  
Speculatin' and we do shit  
But this ain't nothin' but some music

[Verse 2: Don Cisco]

I said, "Record this"  
But I guess they must have missed it  
According to statistics, you be dead or in prison  
I feel reincarnated  
Life after death, I've risen  
Must be oppression, I was lost within the system  
Gone for a hot one, a second, never too long  
The unforgiven make a reckon, time for me to move on  
Finally got my mind right, then time for the spotlight  
I bust a rhyme about my lifestyle, it's how I rock mines  
I came a long way from the block to (???), loaded crack  
pipes  
Still smoke  
Trees and hope  
Heat  
For to act right  
The streets, told, me  
Take a homey for my past life  
Memories  
Won't let me go, I hope this ain't my last night  
Hoes, to  
Homeys still  
Tryin' to get the cash right  
If not, they might get me, if they catch me slip in this  
fast life  
The Federalis try to set me with some drug shit  
Lock me up for like  
It's that Mexicali thug shit

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 3: Brown]

I got a letter from my road dawg, written in blood  
He told me, "Keep doing your thang, dawg, never give  
up  
I hear your music and your voice brings hope to the  
hood  
We might have made some bad choices, slangin' dope  
in the hood

They got me locked down and stretched out for federal  
time  
Them motherfuckers don't care if I'm dead or alive  
My hoe lady got popped  
Tried to sneak me a clavo in  
She had a Keyster, but fuck, I couldn't swallow it  
So now they cancelled all my visitations  
I'm an incarcerated Scarface, rehabilitatin'  
I use your music as my inspiration  
Its sounds for liberatin'  
So keep doing what you're doin' with no limitations  
One day, I'll get out  
I'm a get my life together  
I'm a get it quick and get it fast, cause nothin' last  
forever  
Don't let no one never knock you, God gave you that  
gift  
Because your music is life," it's that New Mexico thug  
shit

#### Repeat Chorus

[Verse 4: Romero]

I let the smoke in my  
Air pass  
It's just to stimulate the mind  
Let me rest, from the stress, for a second, in time  
My homey just did a bid  
I wonder if I'm next  
The possibilities of penitentiary's on my chest  
But I'm a mash, though  
And keep away from the system  
Put my music down, hopin' they listen, I'm no different  
From the rest of the bald heads, tryin' to survive  
In this city where these skinny niggas ridin' with nines  
And everybody's diein'  
It's like the world went crazy  
But Lord, who made this lady kill her own two babies  
And when I heard it was a baseball bat  
I shed a tear  
Cause I couldn't ever picture that  
God damn  
And then you wonder why I chief the dro  
Just lost  
Another homey couple agos  
Streets know me  
In the dirty, dirty  
The wild, wild southwest  
Where everyday, a nigga gotta pack his heat with a  
vest

Repeat Chorus

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