

South Park Mexican (Spm) "Carolyn's Hook"

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In the rancho everybody knows Carlos
Still riding y still fumando audibles
I'm locked with my gente, no ay salida
Trying to finish this up this about my vida
On appeal and it's going to take a full year,
They askin me if I wana go to school here
At a time when a person really needs a friend,
I'm thinking about getting back on them streets again,
I gave the Benz to happ and the vet to Beesh
I hope they use them to ride on my enemies,
I got two left what's up young Q Hueff
I heard my brother just singed up a new cheff,
Lucky Lu the Screwston Freestyler
Ya'll just wishing that the Dope House would die huh!
I heard you boys talking down bumpin lips
But big mouths is only good for sucking dicks,
When I was free non of ya'll stepped to me,
Now that I'm locked you hoes disrespecting me
I'll be out before you bitch niggas can count to ten
But I can touch you way before I'm out the pen,
No names I don't play that silly game
You smoking to much weed you ain't no killa mayne,
I bring vengeance I can't put it all in one sentence
But if there is a hell I can show you to the entrance

Everybody's day comes, I fucken at crumbs
I'm not a star but now I date some
Those who knew me as child growing up
Seen my benz turned around and starting throwing up,
What ya'll think that I'm happy cuz a new car?
They come to me saying I don't care who you are,
I knew you when you wasn't nothing and still ain't
You just Carlos Coy but on a little tape,
You think you bad with your big house and fancy ride?
But a man is only good for what he has inside
So I say that why are you so mad?
Have you ever heard of me to go brag?
On this earth I'm no better than anybody
I was more happier without any money.
I haven't changed not one little bity-bit
To be honest ya'll the ones who really did.
Hating me cuz you live in misery

But there is other ways to take your kids to Disney
No revenge I just want my family and friends
Fuck the benz and you can have the millions
All I want is a worm and a fishing pole
Behind bars it' the little things you miss the most
All the parties the clubs they don't mean nothing
I miss telling little kids they can be something,
Give them hope cuz I know they up against the odds
Tell them do they best leave the rest to GOD,
Man I know they make you feel like you don't belong
Can't see your own kind on a showbiz song
Little homey that's only cuz they scared of us
Don't play me cuz they say I bear to much ,
I' m not negative but trying to be a pessimist
But your fear got you hating on the Mexicans

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