

## **South Park Mexican (Spm) "Screens Falling"**

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[Chorus: Ayana]

Screens falling from the sky  
Boys swing in all those  
Lil' throwed folks  
We sunny side, for life  
Candy on my '4, I'm so throwed

[Verse 1: SPM]

It feel good givin back to the hood  
I'm tryin to make up for all the dope I cook  
And for all the dope fiends I woop  
Remember my first gun? I almost shot my foot  
Surrounded by crackheads, I would wonder?  
Will a nigga ever make it out this gutter?  
Cops would come, all of us would run  
There was nine of us, they couldnt catch one  
Good old days, I wont forget  
While I write on this laptop in this jet  
With the Universal Records President  
And they say everything I do  
I'm the first mexican  
Aint no love and aint no peace, bro  
My 12 gauge shotty will make  
Your chest look like a pizza  
Things I do, I'm a goddamn fool  
I'm puttin seventeen strip dancers all through school

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Coast]

And you can find me in a parkin lot  
Parkin a drop, hop in the X5  
That's my, SUV, yes ma  
Next time I pull up and  
Some of that old crazy shit  
I will roll down my windows and got  
Seven inches for the radius  
Maybe it's the attention that I'm gettin  
When they spinnin, or maybe  
It's the liqour that I'm sippin  
And got me feelin like  
I can't be taken lightly

Cause I been poppin pills  
So you aint gon' like me  
I might distributing llello  
Put you on my payroll  
Supply with a bird  
But you don't move it till I say so  
Make sure you don't take  
No money out from under me  
Cause I'm the type of player  
That's gonna run up in your company  
Don't trust me, cuz I never sober  
Usually I'm gone off for that  
Pink or Purple soda  
You better move over  
I'm not far from vomiting  
Los and Coast's the shit  
But still that diet aint no stoppin him

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: SPM]

I don't give a fuck, cuz  
We some hustlaz, friends we once was  
Now I once blood, scratchin on my six  
That's somethin that a bitch'll do  
I'll bet you squat down everytime  
Everytime you piss out brew  
Tomahawk, show these niggas your tattoo  
While we bang screw, Erykah Badu  
Knock knock, pop trunk on the boulevard  
How the fuck you gon' act like you pussies hard?  
Once again, S-P Man, true killer  
Fuck talkin bitch, show me what to do nigga  
Representer, bow before you enter  
There's a reward for a man that can find my temper  
Sick and tired of you jealous-ass bitches  
Send you to hell and you can call me long distance  
Don't't run your mouth homeboy, you aint deep enough  
Get on your phone and go and call some more people  
up

[Chorus]

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