

South Park Mexican (Spm) "Throw Away Gats"

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[South Park Mexican]

Personly, I feel my people is cursed to be
Ridas till eternity
My enemies tryna murder
Hot as an enfernity
But I clocked my doe verbaly
Curently I push a benz out of Germany
Tryna stay alive till I'm old and in the nerssary
My dead homies wife said today's they anniverssary
His blood on the seat done dried and turned burgandy
Dead on arrival there was no need for surjary
Purposly left to die in his Mercury
But he was the smart nigga on his way to university
It's hurting me, that he's lying in the earth beneath
It's fucked how we dying over turfs of streets
I heard this beat so I had to be first to speak
Helping my raza seems to be what works for me
Certainly I got killas doing dirt for free
Burst the heat cuase I never learned to turn my cheeks

[Chorus]

To the gunshow today
And bought a throw away
It's time to go to war is what the homies say
A different beat, a different rap
A different fool, a different gat
Sorry but we're never gonna go away

[Repeat 2x]

[South Park Mexican]

Fast life
My mom say's I'm a sad sight
Wake up and finish the beer I had last night
Glass pipes, soround my two bedroom trailer
Doctor feel good I graduated from Baylor
With Taylor made suits, real loose, a gym with masus
My hood is full of hustlers and fiends that play their
flutes
We shoot you first, I can see that my future's cursed
At the club with the gat inside my ruka's purse
To the hearst or to the nurse
You bicthes getting to my nerves

Mad cause my song came on and your girlfriend knew
the words
You stupid nerds
We pushing birds
Aztecs run this universe
My people living blind cuase every time they look it
hurts
Now push reverse, way before the two benzes
Way before my bich was wearing 8,000 dollar dresses
I was broke but happy
And now I'm rich and angry
Cuase you haters ain't got the nuts to say that you can't
stand me

[Chorus Repeat 2x]

[Low G]

En el segundo
Won't you come and step to my mundo
Soy prisionero
Este jale por si me muero
Es mi destino
Leaving muertos en el camino
Soy asesino
Mi primo es el materino
Desiadado, wath your back porque soy mojado
Violento ya tu sabes de donde vengo del centro
Atracando con mi matraca
Lone Star State that's my motherfucking placa
You heard about me ese vato si te mata
Como El Zapata a mi jente le doy la plata
Yo ando a pata los pinches haters no se escapan
Con El Chedar nunca jueges con mi dinero
Saco primero soy mas weno que un marinero
I se me muero mama entiera me en el ghetto

[South Park Mexican]

Dope House impire strikes again
You jealous biches say hello to my little friend

[Gun shots from Low G's AR15]

[Chorus Repeat 2x]

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