

South Park

"Beans And Rice"

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I was raised on beans and rice
And if you shot up my crib I wouldn't be surprised.
Mama used to trip cuz I fed the mice.
I'm the one that they sent home cuz my head had lice.
I'm the kid that lost my sanity.
I'm the kid that had the toys with no batteries.
Mama sat me down for some serious talks
On how to keep the rats out the cereal box.

I feel you homie, nigga I've lived that shit.
Nigga I've felt that shit, we never felt so rich.
Those were the good ass days bro.
Sho we was broke
It was bb guns
Havin hella fun on natural dough.
When you started to smoke that's when you changed.
The weed hit the brain and the man thought he came.
It was joint after joint after joint after joint.
In one month ur fucking brain was destroyed.
Now you got children and a beautiful wife.
The kind of money that you make nigga you set for life.
Enjoy yourself man you only live once.
Take your family vacation and relax for a month.

Ima smoke till I croak nigga.
Fuck being broke nigga.
I need seven bedrooms in my boat nigga.
Watchin rats wit 87 new gats.
The penitentiary is the only place where I can relax.
I want sum hoes and they heads they pushin me to the edge.
The only thing I'm gonna miss is my beautiful kids.
I'm jus sippin Patron, I handle shit on my own.
I got a camera for every fuckin inch of my home.
It's in my blood to be a drunk and not give a fuck.
I do a drive-by in my grandma's truck.
A G since daddy left me at the age of 3.
Now every southside crackhead pagin me.

Chill homie.
Cut dad sum slack.

Sho he left our ass but that was way the fuck back.
You all caught up hear the blastin on dub.
We was only 7 when our house got shot up.
Mom was all bloody, I saw that shit.
It was just glass from the mirror it's alright kid.
U blessed by god man.
You caint give up and run around town not givin a fuck.
Yeah
O course they jealous and pigeonhold shit.
It's hard to be that mexican that came up so quick.
U made it look easy.
But it's just an illusion.
U did the impossible and took over Houston.
Now everybody thinks they can do like you.
Losin thousands and thousands on a half-assed crew.
Talking down on you, but you got nothin to prove.
Let run they mouth all the fuck they want to.

Mother fuck you niggas.
Stop preachin this shit.
I grab my mother fuckin glock and start squeezin my
shit.
No mercy for the weak bitch.
So save your speech bitch.
U caint reach, I'm to deep in these streets bitch.
Don't piss me off I put this gat to your head.
Can't you see these jealous bitches pray for us to be
dead.
You gettin soft now, you must want to die too.
All it takes is one bullet to kill me and you.

(Gunshot)
(Talking)
Damn dog u hear that gunshot
Sound like it came from spm's room
Lets go check it out
(Singing)

All my people fight that evil
Some sink pain and sum shoot needles
Some take shots with salt and lemon
Get fucked up and beat they women
All the children need someone to show them they can
be someone
Mad at me cuz I came up
I don't understand what y'all want

(SPM talking)
Say Los check this out man.
Wut up SPM?
Say lets jus smoke a joint man, try to work this thing

out.

Well we could smoke a joint, I don't know bout all that
other shit.

Haha

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