

South Park "El Jugador (The Player)"

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-Que onda Frost, how you been homeboy?...
-Hey wuz up dawg...
-Check it out man, I want you to meet my number one
soldado Low-G...
-Hey, Low-G, where you from Homes?...

[Verse 1]

Mi querida... Centro America
Aqui en Houston ganando mi feria
En la esquina la vida es fina
Le pido a Dios que me cuide a mi nina
Mira, mi jale es la calle
Vendiendo libras que vienen del valle
Si mi madre me entendiera
Mi familia va primera
Mi bandera era mi guerra
Es whateva bustin no cualquiera
Quiero que sepas que yo soy la muerte
Si te escapas sera pura suerte...

[Chorus:]

Capish understand the touch
Let a G show you how to turn a man to dust
L.A. to Nueva York que es puro amor
For all who got love for El Jugador
Houston to Nuevo Leon
Three bandidos on tha microphone
Stike with crome
True crime family, enemies pay
Never die happily...

[Verse 2]

Assault riffles, professional snipers
Got my rival, shittin in they die
You don't like us cool, but don't show it
Who wanna fuck with this killers slash poet
I blow with duss, like nitro-gliset
You bitches, love talkin' off a pot you piss in
Chill homes, cause you ain't that hard
Faud, frossin' in your own backyard
I'm world wide in the two tone blow ride
You grow high, they might seen it

Baby that's my life hater, heart breaker
Life taker smile now, cry later...

-Dope House Records
-Man What's up "LOS"
-up with my bitch Snow White
-She's going for 13-5
-Cool, let's start with 50 then...

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]
I'm in the sport, where we import
What you snort
Leavin court, goin straight to the airport
I d

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