

## South Park "Los"

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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 'cause I fed the mice  
I'm the one they sent home 'cause 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'mma smoke 'till I croak nigga fuck bein' broke nigga  
I need seven bedrooms and my boat nigga  
Watchin' rats with eighty seven new gats  
The penitantly's the only place when I can relax  
I want some hoes in they heads they pushin' me to the  
edge  
The only thing I'mma miss is my beautiful kids  
I'm just sippin' pedron 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 grandmas truck  
A G daddy left me at the age of three  
Now every South Side crack-head pagin' me

Mutha fuck you nigga stop preachin' n'shit  
I grab my mutha fuckin' glock and start squeezin' my  
shit  
No mercy for the weak bitch so save yo' speech bitch  
You can't reach I'm too deep in these streets bitch  
Don't piss me off I'll put this gat to yo' head  
Can't you see these jealous bitches pray for us to be  
dead,  
You gettin' soft now? You must wanna die too  
all it takes is one bullet to kill me and you

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