

South Park "Real Gangster"

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intro: yo yo this ones called um.. the real gangster huh

chorus: she don't know why but all she knows is that
her youngest child is a real gangster now you see

verse 1: he was a good kid all through elementary, A's
and B's and had no enemys, but he saw all the g's as
he walked home, he couldn't read all the words on the
walls though, so many letters was crossed out x's, he
wondered but knew not to ask those questions, no pops
and his mom worked to the hour, she managed to buy
him some shoes on sale, she didn't know she got the
wrong color, and they stayed in the closet all summer,
even though the kid wasn't affiliated, he knew what
they loved and knew what they hated, now he's in
middle school, same individual, but this is where
things seem to get a bit difficult , this is the life of a
young mexican, first one done take me to the second
one

chorus:she don't know why but all she knows is that her
youngest child is a real gangster now you see, she
don't know why but all she knows is that her youngest
child is a real gangster now you see

verse 2:6th grade why so much homework got a pot pie
sittin in the stove burnt, momma still ain't back from a
job yet, so he eats it cause thats all he got left, then he
plays with his little puppy cinnamon, his last dog was a
victim of a hit-and-run, there's a knock on the door, its
his homeboy, "your moms gone", he pulls out a
chrome toy, "where'd you get that from", the kid
asked, "we broke into a house, we gotta bunch of shit
stashed", it was the first time he ever held a real gun,
"to get one of these you gotta steal one", "we're to
young", "they won't let us buy a gat", "now if they shoot
at us we can fire back", "who is they and why would
they blast at me?", "cause you're from the hood fool,
this is family"

chorus: she don't know why but all she knows is that
her youngest child is a real gangster now you see, she

don't know why but all she knows is that her youngest child is a real gangster now you see
verse 3: a year passes, now the kids dickies sag, his pockets got a knife and a nickel bag, and the homeboy that showed him his first gun, got killed last week in the burban, put workin 45 jerkin, lucky shot, head pop like a virgin, closed casket, touch as you stroll past, got his name tattooed on 2 hoes asses, so he'll still be remembered often while, his little bitch is gettin hit, doggie-style, it ain't stoppin now while is mom is on the ground, on her knees yellin please lord not my child, i wanna watch him smile, he can turn his clock up loud, he can sleep with his pittbull on the couch, and while the kid, is listening to her words, all he can think about is bloody, bloody murders

chorus: she don't know why but all she knows is that her youngest child is a real gangster now you see, she don't know why but all she knows is that her youngest child is a real gangster now you see

outro: yo man, this one guardian, i wanna tell my people to keep their dreams alive man, don't let the wronger lifestyle destroy your dreams, believe in yourself, and don't follow the blind, you deserve the best in life homito, and you can have it, its our time now (echo)

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