

South Park "Revenge"

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First Verse:

My homie called me in the morning from a hospital bed

He got holes in his body from a glock full of lead

He said, three motherfuckers that his lady knows

Tried to jack his ass for his 84's

Now in a Ben Taub sick bed, my homie lays up

He got sprayed up, 'cause he wouldn't raise

Caught three of the seven of the shots that rang

Them folks sayin' that he'd never walk the same

It sounds like a job for the uzi gat

And where the fuck did your bitch say these fools be at?

For a real long time, we been the best of friends

And I'll be damned if a nigga don't get revenge

I feel anger, that I'm no stranger to

Bustin' slugs in they guts just a thang to do

Why they pray for you, come and spray they crew

Got love for my homies, I thought you knew?

He said "Los don't sweat it, let this shit alone,"

but with these punk motherfuckers I must pick a bone

Now will it be the cranium or the chest plate?

Necks break back, snap, put him in checkmate

Lead take me to vengeance, send this

Ripping through tendons I end this

Because you bleed inside and it hurts to cough

I can't take no advice I gots to break them off

Chorus:

'cause my revenge, it tastes so sweet, I gotta do,

What my friends, would do for me,

You muthafuckas gotta beg,

Y'all askin' for action,

Eat a fuckin' K,

I'm blastin' some asses

'cause my revenge, it tastes so sweet, I gotta do,

What my friends, would do for me,

You muthafuckas gotta beg,

Y'all askin' for action,

Eat a fuckin' K,

I'm blastin' some asses

Second Verse:

My niggas check me, I'm thinkin' of a master plan

I'm straight up blastin' glocks, them fuckin' bastards
ran

I'm steady missin' all my homies that done bit the dust

Got revenge 'cause them bitches wasn't shit to us

Now what the fuck can I accomplish?

And when I'm dead, will I find myself on God's list?
Every night I give, thanks I wouldn't die today

Turnin' cane into crack and my mic away

We dealin' 'cause we feelin' that the, pay's right

Hopin' Mama never see me at my, grave site

No daylight, play night cautiously

Could be death, or my freedom what it's costin' me

Lost in dear life my wife be that Mary Jane

And my streets got me strollin' blueberry Lane

Very same song sung in the South

From the mouth of a hustler, never have I trusted a

Trick or a hoe or a dope fiend either

'cause they smoke like a beaver buildin' dams on the
river

Live a, life of a "G" til' the d - a - y

Hittin' switches on the freeway high

Don't reply 'cause me don't give a fuck

What you hoes got to say about me Hillwood funk

Chorus

Third Verse:

Stop short in your tracks

Gats got the place surrounded

Sounded two warning shots, fuck on up and you'll be
grounded

Pounded bodies with a bunch of twelve gauges

Now her face is too straight in the fuckin' dog cages

Pages of my book, turn like the wind blows

On the paper of a crook, muthafuck them hoes

Hittin' flows as a hustler, rose as a "G"

Saves his flows to big 8, now he scores half a ki
Some say in his head he got insanity inside
But all it really be is mathematically inclined
Look behind, you might find others takin' over
Rookies movin' cookies, they whipped in baking soda
Baby learn the fuckin' rules, my cheese, is SOLID AS A
ROCK
With my homies and we BALLIN' WITH A GLOCK
Tenderoni phony fraud motherfuckers
Best to get out the game, 'fore you die motherfuckers
Bustas trust us, but us hustlas trust no one
You can sure run with no gun
That be a nigga slow guns
So roll one of them sweets
Chug-a-lug on the eightball
And see where this motherfuckin life is gonna take y'all
And haters might fall
Chorus

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