

South Park Mexican

"Boys On Tha Cut"

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1st Verse:

I woke up quick, at around 2:00
Jumped in my benz & picked up D.J. Screw
Boys out there, makin' them tapes
Separate the real niggas from the fakes
My boy just got out, did a flat 10
& he just can't stop talkin' about that pen
My best friend, but time destroy's all men
Now he don't give a fuck about goin' again
It ain't all good, but I ain't missin' no money
I'm just a thug muthafucker & you can't take nothin'
from me
Somebody once said they wanna see me dead
The next week they found the boy with 2 holes in his
head
I break bread with my killers in the H TX
It's the S.P. Mex, in the all black stretch
Known for my purity, pride & security
A house costs as much as one piece of my jewelry.

Chorus:

Cause the Boys On Tha Cut don't give a fuck
You come talkin' that shit, your eyes get shut
Boys out there, slangin' that yay
Only pussy muthafuckers say that crime don't pay. [x2]

2nd Verse:

The time has come & the day is here
2001 is my muthafuckin' year
I come from the head, it's the boy named Los
The one that got everybody on they toes
Straight up & still I sell dope for a livin'
In the form of a compact disc, fuck prison
No more savin' cans, no more collectin' pennies
I'll have your fuckin' click hollin' "Who killed Kenny?"
For my Gangsta bitch, that I just met
She ridin' my dick, chuckin' up her set
I dance with the wolves, this is for my hood
Got the whole World fiendin' for the dope I cut.

Chorus:

Cause the Boys On Tha Cut don't give a fuck
You come talkin' that shit, your eyes get shut
Boys out there, slangin' that yay
Only pussy muthafuckers say that crime don't pay. [x2]

Breakdown:

Fire.....

We on fire.....

We ain't gon' stop....

Droppin' these bombs..... [x2]

3rd Verse:

I was 12 years old, when I did my first jack
& I don't think that bitch ever got her purse back
With 15 rocks, I bought my first car
Cooked my first batch of dope in a pickle jar
It's like uno, dos, tres, young Happy Perez
Got me sellin' this dope to anyone on 2 legs
Boys talkin' down, but I give 2 fucks
Step in my face, I put you in an all-black tux
Layin' in a casket, hard as a rock
My led, hit your head & make it snap, crackle & pop.
Now how many times do I have to tell ya?
All my life I've been called a failure!
My freestyle flow, is so untouchable
I just got out the county jail 2 months ago
Now I'm in the studio, just like Julio
In the city where them bitches never won a Super Bowl
Man I can't stop, I'm a keep on droppin'
7 of my bitches at the same mall shoppin'
At the galleria. Tell me have you seen her?
I fuck a country singer & a Houston ballerina
Plus a fine ass China, I used to be a dreamer
Now I bought my Mom & Dad a navigator & a beamer
Leave a mark in this game, ask Ted Indian
I don't give a fuck cause every month I make a million.

Breakdown:

Fire.....

We on fire.....

We ain't gon' stop....

Droppin' these bombs..... [x2]

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