

## South Park Mexican "Garza West"

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[Verse 1: SPM]

From the hood and I stood on them Houston streets  
We stick together like Cuban's links  
I had a nine on my waist, guns I straddle  
Forty four at the crib with the ivory handle  
I'm the rocker, Beatty Crocker  
Cooking cookies and cakes  
B-12 to blow it up, as my coke inflates  
I'm a swang'a, Gucci on my hang'a  
Just brought my cousin on the ranch a Ford Wrangler  
I like to ride horses like Mustangs and Porches  
Pain is my producer, leader of the dark forces  
Striking like matches, dropping like ashes  
I only buy dances, if they paying college classes  
Motherfucker

[Chorus:]

I'm wreckin' for my G's in Garza West  
I'm wreckin' for my G's in Garza East  
I'm wreckin' for my G's in T.D.C  
As I ball in this penitentiary

I'm wreckin' for my G's in Garza West  
I'm wreckin' for my G's in Garza East  
I'm wreckin' for my G's in T.D.C  
As I ball in this penitentiary

[Verse 2: Juan Gotti]

Mi esposa won't listen, keeps comin' up missing  
Feliz navidad aqui en transfer states prison  
No visits, no kisses, no of the same bitches  
No mas on T.V, magazine, and in wishes  
I work on the hoes, what? Living C-dorm  
Life with a fo-five got me this job  
Mix bread with my foo's, Ese, Locos, and Tontos  
Everyday tensions, fights for the tubo  
House regulation, dropping Cantones  
Bosses talk shit, cause I draw on my sobre  
Traded my corn bread dessert over juice  
Fight a pro, bullshit! that ain't no food  
As a foo on the cool, parole set me off guey  
Four years for sho' without no release date

You vatos don't feel me, you live in the free  
As I ball through this penitentiary

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3: SPM]

Swisha Sweet rollin', pockets still swollen  
Might meet a bitch and take her fine ass bowlin'  
Money of the colon, Benz ain't stolen  
Might watch Tiger Woods at the Houston Open  
And I got hoes, even one that's Aryan  
Slagin' more white balls than the Nolan Ryan  
Nine with the silence, might turn to violence  
This for all my pipe toting crack smoking clients  
And my grass is much greener, South Park Beaner  
Puttin' dick to a real famous R&B singer  
Blowing like a tuba, wet like a scuba  
Kandy coated Cougar, I'm a balla and hoop'a  
Hater heart break'a , bloody shirt stain'a  
Jumping on my diving board, faint to do a gain'a  
Blades on my Benz, tons of fake friends  
Spray down my seats with the cherry fragrance  
Motherfucker

[Chorus x2]

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