

South Park Mexican "S.P. So Bastardly"

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"S.P. So Bastardly"

(feat. Coast)

[VERSE 1: SPM]

I'm sippin' purple magic, gettin' stuck like traffic
On the back of his head, S.P.M. tatted
Boys down with me, like four flat tires
Got Benz's and 'Lac's and candy jaguars
Try to make it rich, breakin' bricks
My girl's name was cocaine, that's a crazy bitch
Was my first love, that I will admit
Watchin' dope fiends fight for half a cigarette
Do these rappers know, how it really go
Or are they just another fake on the microphone?
I listen to the 'Pac, I listen to the Pat
My homie's either dead or in the kitchen cookin' crack
Boys wanna' stare, take it to the square, hoe
Should I stay ag' or should I let my hair grow?
I know it don't stop, even though they try
45 years, in this like a homicide

[CHORUS: SPM]

Creep wit' me, S.P. so bastardly
And pull so fast-ily
And pack so heavily
Creep wit' me, S.P. so bastardly
And pull so fast-ily
And pack so heavily

[VERSE 2: COAST]

The world has got me on edge
I'm gettin' closer to that spot on the ledge
To where if I drop, then I'm dead
Man, it's probably best
'Cuz these days, innocent Mexicans get locked in the
'feds
Or either rocked wit' a glock fulla' lead
Or popped (of the death??)
Now, I don't wanna' be the next one to suffer the same
pain
I'm stuck in same game, I hustle to change things
'Cuz whoever says I just wanna see lead fly

The bullets done sped by, now that's where your head
lie
I be cruzin' down the back street, my screw tape bang
The caddy coop stay swangin' through the two-way
lanes
So come creep wit' me, let me show you the ropes I roll
frequently
Out the dirty, throwed coast
What the deal like baby, this is real life
This is what it feels like, when you in the trill life
This is what it still like, still fly the kite to Los
I'd like to welcome y'all on behalf of S.P. bro'

[CHORUS: SPM]

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And pull so fast-ily
And pack so heavily
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[VERSE 3: SPM]

I'ma stay strong, stronger then they thought
I made 'em so sick when I bought it off the lot
But I'd fall apart, if I couldn't spark
South Park, slap 20's on my Noah's Ark
Money ain't a thing, never will I love it
Guess that's why the Lord gave me plenty of it
I spent it on my homies, spent it on my kids
I put a diamond necklace in my momma's fridge
But all the jealousy kept me drugged up
I try to stuff a fuckin' whole ounce in one blunt
So many enemies, for no good reason
Guess they mad cause I make the dough look easy
In the club, smokin' on a hog leg
With some car friends wishin' I would drop dead
Now that I'm on lock, they still can't take it
Homie, I'm the king of this shit, man face it

[CHORUS: SPM]

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