

## South Park Mexican

### "System"

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[Verse 1:]

This One's for those on the dead end street  
Hustlin' hard to make all they ends meet  
I hope one day I see yo' benz creep  
Watch for the jealousy that most friends keep  
S.P. got the Bentley  
All I can do is thank god cause he blessed me  
I used to be just like you  
Slangin' crack rock on the avenue  
Packin' glocks & runnin' from cops  
Most of my clients like they cane on the rocks  
Gun shots like 2 blocks away  
I wonder who the fuck caught a hot one today  
Never mind cause I don't wanna know  
I just lost 2 good friends in the row  
One second things is lookin' beautiful  
The next second you can start off the funeral.

[Chorus:]

All my friends are in the dead end street  
Some locked up & some are RIP  
You can't win there ain't no way no how  
Clock your change & get the fuck on out.

[Verse 2:]

We was Pirex shakers  
Sunny Side money makers  
In Hillwood we had rocks big as now & later  
Quick snappers the store where we slung at  
Everybody knew me for my hundred packs  
Across the street was law elementry  
My car was so clean kids was lookin' up to me  
They wanna be like me a true hustla  
Cause they daddy drives an old gas guzzla  
The dope dealer I ain't tryin' to brag  
But fuck watchin' roaches tryin' to climb out of my bath  
tub  
I was a hard head tryin' to be a drug lord  
Slow my roll nah homey what the fuck for  
I'm in the 2 bed trailer man I'm dirt poor  
When hurricanes would come I'd run next door

To my homies house his name is Huet Hodges  
We gonna make out this ghetto man I promise.

[Chorus:]

All my friends are in the dead end street  
Some locked up & some are RIP  
You can't win there ain't no way no how  
Clock your change & get the fuck on out.

[Verse 3:]

99% of all criminals & dope dealers  
Get busted by bullets or fuckin' squealers  
& the 1% that made it was pure luck  
But even he'll tell that his life ain't worth a fuck  
Cause in his mind he was caught a thousand times  
& in his mind he was shot a thousand times  
Without peace there can be no happyness  
I wear a cross around my neck like the catholics  
I'm not sure exactly what my religion is  
I just know I thank god for my little kids  
This is the baddest sellin' drugs like some guinea pigs  
Then they arrest us after we done make it big  
They take our money our cars & our houses  
Now tell me who's really sellin' the ounces  
& any cash that we might have hidden  
Goes to The System tryin' to stay out of prison.

[Chorus:]

All my friends are in the dead end street  
Some locked up & some are RIP  
You can't win there ain't no way no how  
Clock your change & get the fuck on out. [x2]

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