

South Park Mexican

"Throw Away Gates"

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[South Park Mexican:]

Personally, I feel my people is cursed to be
Riders 'til eternity
My enemies tryin' to murder
Hot as an infernary
But I clocked my dough verbally
Currently I push a benz out of Germany
Tryin' to stay alive 'til I'm old & in the nursery
My dead homies wife said today's they anniversary
His blood on the seat done dried & turned to burgandy
Dead on arrival there was no need for surgery
Purposly left to die in his Mercury
But he was the smart nigga on his way to university
It's hurtin' me, that he's lyin' in the earth beneath
It's fucked how we dyin' over turfs of streets
I heard this beat so I had to be first to speak
Helpin' my raza seems to be what works for me
Certainly I got killers doin' dirt for free
Burst the heat 'cuase I never learned to turn my cheek.

To the gunshow today
& buy a throw away
It's time to go to war is what the homies say
A different beat, a different rap
A different fool, a different gat
Sorry but we're never gonna go away.

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[South Park Mexican:]

Fast life
My mom says I'm a sad sight
Wake up & finish the beer I had last night
Glass pipes, surround my 2-bedroom trailer
Doctor feel good I graduated from Baylor
With Taylor made suits, real loose, a gym with

masoose

My hood is full of hustlers & fiends that play their flutes
We shoot you first, I can see that my future's cursed
At the club with the gat inside my ruka's purse
To the nurse or to the hurse
You bitches gettin' to my nerves
Mad 'cause my song came on & your girlfriend knew
the words
You stupid nerds
We pushin' birds
Aztecs run this universe
My people livin' blind cause every time they look it hurts
Now push reverse, way before the 2 benz's
Way before my bitch was wearin' 8,000 dollar dresses
I was broke but happy
But now I'm rich & angry
'Cause you haters ain't got the nuts to say that you
can't stand me.

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[Low G:]

En el segundo.
Won't you come & step to my mundo?
Soy prisionero
Este jale por si me muero
Es mi destino
Leavin' muertos en el camino
Soy asesino
Mi primo es el materino
Desiadado, watch your back porque soy mojado
Violento ya tu saves de donde vengo del centro
Atracando con mi matraca
Lonestar State that's my muthafuckin' placa
You heard about me ese vato si te mata
Como El Zapata a mi gente le doy la plata
Yo ando a pata los pinches haters no se escapan
Con El Cheddar nunca jueges con mi dinero
Saco primero soy mas weno que un marinero

I se me muero mama entiera me en el ghetto.

[South Park Mexican:]

Dope House impire strikes again

You jealous bitches say hello to my little friend.

[Gun shots from Low G's AR15:]

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