

Mexican Southpark

"Latin Throne"

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LATIN THRONE

[verse 1]

Land of dum dum is where i come from
Believe me when i tell u that u dont want none son
A long hard road 4 this Latin throne
You can catch me at the club in the back alone
Mamas dont let your babies grow up 2 be gangstas
Killas taught 2 not give a fuck
Hit 'em up with sign language
Reach 4 tha stainless, Leave 'em brainless
I'm just explainin' how the game is
The strangest of things come 2 me at no surprise
Fuck peashooters all my gats are superisized
Utilize all my allies, I run with the bad guys
I got 7 dopehouses thats a franchise
Man cries if he was blessed with a heart
But i lost mine in the backstreets of South Park
Once again it's Mr. SPM
And this shit aint gonna stop until i'm dead or in the
pen

[chorus-2x]

He's a hustla, He's a balla, He sits on the, Latin throne

[verse2]

We shootin' stars, runnin' from cop cars
I got scars jumpin metal gates and sharp pars
The hood is ours, save my pennies in a pickle jar
Everyday u see me in a different crackhead's car
So bizzare how so many bullets missed my head
I told my mom that im gonna stick with this instead
Fuck the crackrock, i rapped and hit the jackpot
Now i'm on a plane writin' on my laptop
It's all wiggly rockin' city 2 city
But i still feel my past catchin' up with me
Got mo' ends, bought my mom a gold Benz
But she worried cuz i still got all my old friends
Hopin' that i slow up and change one day
But these Hillwood streets got me raised one way
I told my old lady one day we gon' be like the Bradys
But for now i'll teach u how 2 use this 380

[chorus-2x]

[verse3]

3yrs and counting i been drinking from the music
fountain

The dopehouse sits in Houston like a fuckin mountian
Who you doubtin', this browns comin' out the south
I got 9 believers with they foot in they mouth
I break guineses, Keep 'em off my premeds
Used 2 be menaces, Now our dreams limitless
Isn't this a trip, not a slipper or a sleeper
Niggaz wantin dope still hittin' up my beeper
We can overcome the ghetto, even g's without a
mother

Bread without butter i came crawling out a gutter
Born hustla, used 2 drive an old gas guzzler
Fresh out tha hood, i was sellin' dope last summer
Servin' zombies all followin' as big as Ghandis
Now i'm throwed diggin' brunettes and blondies
Jammin Jon B with bottles of Don P
The day of the wetback has striked upon thee
[chorus-2x]

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