

# Bloody War

## South Park Mexican

We heard the word now, we know just what you're thinkin',  
you want us dead now, you wanna see us sinkin'.  
We have no choice now, this is the game you've chosen,  
my clique is killa, just like the dank i'm smokin'.  
It's time for action, time for retaliation,  
you ain't a real G, been watchin' too much Jason.

Ball my fists around my clips,  
may you sleep in peace with the fish.  
You's a hoe, and in the pen, you be a bitch,  
using red m&ms for lipstick...

They want to go to bloody war,  
are you sure you want to take me to war?  
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I got my G's, I got my team,  
put me down for murda in 1st degree.  
My clip is full, but that'll change,  
heard you got your vest on, but I want brains.

It's lonely days and lonley nights,  
'cause I need my revenge right by my side.  
My gun is hot, my heart is cold,  
everyone around me has killed before.

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I snatch your bitch then snatch your life,  
and keep your fingers for braggin' rights.  
Next week you'll be washin' my trocka,  
'cause your ass ain't shit but a panocha.  
You have a choice: die or be miserable,  
dopehouse, home of the invisible.  
I warned y'all to stay off my genitals,  
now I gotta turn you fruits into vegetables.

Having nightmares, homie you ain't dead yet,  
wakin' up with your motherfucking bed wet.  
I have fun with fuckin' punks like you,  
tell his mama not to worry, he'll be dead by two.

His head impounded, they never found it,  
he in the dirt, you can say he got grounded.  
I'm a shouter, livin' how I tell it,  
and if you see him, tell him I said...

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