

# Boys On Da Cut

South Park Mexican

I woke up quick, at around two  
Jumped in my benz, picked up DJ Screw  
Boys out there, makin' them tapes  
Separate the real niggas from the fakes  
My boy just got out, did a flat ten  
And he just can't stop talkin' bout that pen  
My best friend, but time destroys all men  
Now he don't give a fuck about goin' again  
It ain't all good, but I ain't missin' no money  
I'm just a thug muthafucka and you can't take nothin' from me  
Somebody once said they wanna see me dead  
The next week they found the boy with two holes in his head  
I break bread with my killas in the H-TX  
It's the SP-Mex, in the all black stretch  
Known for my purity, pride, and security  
A house costs as much as one piece of my jewelry

Cuz the boys on the cut don't give a fuck  
You come talkin' that shit, your eyes get shut  
Boys out there, slangin' that yay  
Only pussy muthafuckas say that crime don't pay

The time has come, and the day is here  
Two thousand one, is my muthafuckin' year  
I come from the head, it's the boy named Los  
The one that got everybody on they toes  
Straight up, and still I sell dope for a livin'  
In the form of a compact disc, fuck prison  
No more savin' cans, no more collectin' pennies  
I'll have your fuckin' clique hollerin' "Who killed Kenny?"  
For my Gangsta bitch, that I just met  
She ridin' my dick, chuckin' up her set  
I dance with the wolves, this is for my hood  
Got the whole World fiendin' for the dope I cut

Fire.....  
We on fire.....  
We ain't gone stop....  
Droppin' these boooooombs.....

I was twelve years old, when I did my first jack  
And I don't think that bitch ever got her purse back  
With fifteen rocks, I bought my first car  
Cooked my first batch of dope in a pickle jar  
It's like uno, dos, tres, young Happy Perez  
Got me sellin' this dope to anyone on two legs  
Boys talkin' down, but I give two fucks  
Step in my face, I put you in an all-black tux  
Layin' in a casket, hard as a rock  
My lead, hit'cha head and make it snap, crackle, and pop  
Now how many times do I have to tell ya?  
All my life I've been called a failure!  
My freestyle flow, is so untouchable  
I just got out the county jail two months ago  
Now I'm in the studio, just like Julio  
In the city where them bitches never won a Super Bowl  
Man I can't stop, I'ma keep on droppin'

Seven of my bitches at the same mall shoppin'  
At the galleria, tell me have you seen her?  
I fuck a country singer and a Houston ballerina  
Plus a fine ass China, I used to be a dreamer  
Now I bought my Mom and Dad a navigator and a beamer  
Leave a mark in this game, ask Ted Indian  
I don't give a fuck cuz every month I make a million