

# Children Of The Ghetto

South Park Mexican

Children of the ghettoooo, hold on  
They got me runnin' through my ghetto

They got me runnin' through my ghetto in a cold sweat,  
I just can't look back, sticks got your boy wet,  
Checkin' alleys for my homies, race pass the bayou,  
Why those five oh's kickin' down my doors?  
Run up in a smokehouse, it's dark as what,  
But I spot'em in tha corners when they lighters struck,  
Glass pipes look like neon lights, but in the fire,  
Lie a child of the Lord with a poisonous desire,  
Die a "G" tryin' to make change, when I approach'em,  
Even though I got a great range, I won't smoke'em,  
I reminisce on the happy times, we spent together,  
J.R. High goin' half on dimes and like a feather,  
We was floatin' in the wind fool, steady laughin',  
Til' the day somebody killed you and got me askin'

They tryin' to silence the violence and minus the menace,  
But I'm in this to win this tryin' to break a Guiness,  
Business as usual, it's unpredictable,  
Critical changes deranges the typical,  
I terrorize, paralyze your intentions,  
Questions answered on the day of my redemptions,  
The lynchings, Smith And Wessons, lessons,  
To be taught on the Block of Rock I mention,  
Critical dimensions, yes I rest with my Hyna in the shiny sun,  
Gotta blunt, I'm tryin' to find me one,  
Life dream, thirteen be me number,  
On tha right team, Sureest as a youngster,  
Live a G-role, actin' a hero, will get'cha below,  
I'll be facin' Ito, but you got your life Repo'ed

I got incredible criminals in my subliminal,  
Minimal actions and tactics can't stop my cynical,  
Passion I'm blastin', trashin' the evidence,  
Ever since birth, I'm ripped out of innocence,  
Isn't this beautiful? The undisputible,  
G fits me suitable, won't hesitate to shoot a fool,  
Up and advance, catch a blast, can you dance?  
Like a trick shakin' ass in the back of an ambulance,  
In a trance of confusion, havin' illusions,  
Of mental institutions bein' my solution,  
Who's in my nutty head, wantin' everybody dead?  
Red Rum feel the lead, Come through your bunk bed,  
Now Mom said I could reach the sky if I try,  
My soul is a lost one,  
I'm sleep wakin' with a mutha shotgun,  
I gotta pop one