

# Dead Pictures

## South Park Mexican

It's after midnight while I let this pen write  
In my cell it's just me and this dim light  
As my thoughts get spilled on a notebook  
They shot my homie and I told his girl don't look  
Cause if she saw what I saw it would have haunted her  
I heard the paramedics laughing with the officer  
I guess they see it as just another dead body  
And I know it hurt when his daughter said "Mommy,  
Where's daddy I ain't seen him in a long time?"  
How can mommy talk she can't even stop crying  
The punch line is tomorrow may never come  
That's where the cops get 1 8 7 from  
It means murder not death by natural causes  
It means homie's clothes redder than Santa Clause's  
In Hillwood many died facing obstacles  
I thank God it's not me in that pile of skulls

Slugs around the block boys  
Thugging till they drop laws  
Putting G's on lock  
So we flush it when they knock  
Caught up in the system  
These haters play the victim  
Wanna see us fall  
Like dead pictures on the wall

I saw the reaper in my sleep so I might got a death wish  
When vultures come around I react so selfish  
If you ain't out of the hood you probably think that I'm crazy  
Lotta niggas in jail or they pushing up daisies  
So many motherfuckers dropping out this shit like flies  
Heard a friend of mine just committed suicide  
Left his family behind found him hanging from the ceiling  
Eyes wide open I just can't imagine the feeling  
So many funerals here I am in all black  
Prices put up my head so I'm packing a strap  
When my life is on the line I bring them killas out  
I find your residence and bring the drama to your house  
Now all what's left is a memory of your existence  
Dead pictures on the wall bloody murder's my vision

Slugs around the block boys  
Thugging till they drop laws  
Putting G's on lock  
So we flush it when they knock  
Caught up in the system  
These haters play the victim  
Wanna see us fall  
Like dead pictures on the wall

They found my homie Desperado in a garbage heap  
Wrapped up throat slit man the scars are deep  
That day it felt like the whole city was crying  
Lil D if you hear me nigga give me a sign  
That nigga that had murdered you got twisted by Jason  
Had to tell you 'cause I know that ya'll in different locations  
Have you seen Lil Lex? the other day he was killed

Niggas don't got no hustle had to take what he built  
I'm afraid to even open up today's newspaper  
'Cause the Crow is taking souls like the old Shoemaker  
It's enough to make you blow up, throw up or go nuts  
My people dying and I fucking love em so much  
My homie's brother got killed in a car chase  
Cops tried to pull him over back on Park Place  
He hauled ass but it ended when he crashed his Taurus  
And all he had was some motherfucking traffic warrants

Slugs around the block boys  
Thugging till they drop laws  
Putting G's on lock  
So we flush it when they knock  
Caught up in the system  
These haters play the victim  
Wanna see us fall  
Like dead pictures on the wall