

El Jugador

South Park Mexican

-Que onda Frost, how you been homeboy?...
-Hey wuz up dawg...
-Check it out man, I want you to meet my number one soldado Low-G...
-Hey, Low-G, where you from Homes?...

Mi querida... Centro America
Aqui en Houston ganando mi feria
En la esquina la vida es fina
Le pido a Dios que me cuide a mi nina
Mira, mi jale es la calle
Vendiendo libras que vienen del valle
Si mi madre me entendiera
Mi familia va primera
Mi bandera era mi guerra
Es whateva bustin no cualquiera
Quiero que sepas que yo soy la muerte
Si te escapas sera pura suerte...

Kapeesh understand the touch
Let a G show you how to turn a man to dust
L.A. to Nueva York que es puro amor
For all who got love for El Jugador
Houston to Nueva york
Three bandidos on tha microphone
Stike with crome
True crime family, enemies pay
Never die happily...

Assault rifles, professional snipers
I got my rivals shittin in they diapers
You don't like us cool, but don't show it
Who wanna fuck with this killer slash poet
I blow it up, like nitroglisterin
You bitches love talkin off the pot you piss in
Chill homes cause you ain't that hard
Fraud flossin' in your own backyard
I'm worldwide in the two tone blow ride
Your girl hide in my seat when you pass by
That's my life, hater, heartbreaker
Life taker, smile now cry later

-Dope House Records
-Man What's up "LOS"
-up with my bitch Snow White
-She's going for 13-5
-Cool, let's start with 50 then...

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I'm in the sport, where we import
What you snort
Leavin court, goin straight to the airport
I don't chase paper, paper chase me
Fedz mad, kinda sad, how I brake free
Take he, to the rough neck taktics
I got you putos screamin worse than an actress
In a horror flick, he'll be fallin brick
In this biz you better be rollin thick
Holdin shit down son ain't no seein' us
My nina Buss, another human bein crushed
Street genius, so, so serious
Your fairness, deadly experience...

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