

# I Am Your Future

## South Park Mexican

I'm gonna take you back .. to 1980  
People thought she was crazy for keepin' her baby  
Being only thirteen thinking' how she would love a son  
Barely a child herself .. now she would mother one  
When that had come to past some wondered how she had made it by  
Some had bets on the side that she wouldn't live to see '85  
But she would prove them wrong .. corazon kickin' strong  
And like the calm before storm so was mom when it was on  
Back in '86 .. as he grew up in the mix  
Watchin' his mother hang around men  
that slang the cain to make them licks  
Strugglin' year after year switchin' daddy to daddy  
Last one had him a Lincoln .. this one got him a caddy  
Plus a house in the subs and apartments run by thugs  
Pushin' dubs to them scrubs 'cuz he got a connect with killa bud  
Little young buck seen all of that  
then the man had a hand on that crack  
And he out there lookin' for tear that come black  
Cuz he know that smack on a comeback  
He was nothin' but 9 years old doin' nothin' but what he was told  
Always the one that would hafta hold  
Till the man let him know when it was sold  
Then he would take what wrapped in the paper sack  
Make the drop and he'd make it back  
Imagine that to play the mac  
And not know how one's s'posed to act

When them hustlin' on them streets  
Don't play them for weak cuz them will shoot ya  
Real young killa gangsta rude-boy  
destined for death yet O'm your future  
How can the youth be humble  
when we live in an age of rage  
too young and naive to conceive that them diggin' an early grave

And by the time the nineties come around ..  
Mom's had a frown since the man went down  
Kites fly penitentiary bound and lil' man's left to hold his ground  
Playin' his art stayin' in school ..  
Nothin' short of payin' his dues  
Mamas heart's what made him choose ..  
Got him a start in breakin' rules  
Hittin' them books hangin' with crooks ..  
Watchin' out when that law man looks  
Money's put in them pocket books  
And business good 'cuz he got them rooks  
To make the run getting' it done ..  
With the advantage of bein' so young  
Nobody cared about what had begun ..  
Then by the end of '91  
He was the kid in junior high ??  
Lookin' to get some new supply  
Got him a hook up through some guy  
Livin' like either it's do or die  
Under the influence of the game ..  
Already been through the love and the pain  
Feelin's to him that one in the same ..

Gotta maintain or go down the drain  
It was the life he learned to live ..  
He's never had an alternative  
Most forbid the things he did ..  
But what would you do if you were the kid growin' up  
Around the cut only exposed to what's corrupt  
Nothin' could break a boy so rough  
except the touch of his mother's love

Around the summer of '93 ..  
Everyone's packin' artillery  
Do many wantin' to be a "g"  
Ready to make a delivery  
Whatever it took to get in a set ..  
Not even worried about regret  
It's who could pose the biggest threat  
And catch the most of all respect  
He can't stop ..  
He won't stop ..  
Even though every spot is hot  
Givin' it everything thing he's got ..  
Tryin' to keep from getting' caught  
Never the one to be any place  
Long enough to catch a case  
After all no time to waste  
When doin' your business face to face  
He's comin' equipped to make the lick ..  
Not about to play the trick  
Puttin' in work to make the hit and keepin' it low to stay legit  
Mom's and dad's i'm talkin' to you ..  
These are the things our children do  
Hopin' you listen and catch the clues then maybe