Jackers In My Home

South Park Mexican

They wipe tears while I wipe fingerprints off led They say shoot for the stars, I say shoot for the head I believe in good times having peace and fun But im still in my room tryna grease my gun Cant let it get rusty, if a shoot out breaks The only thing I want jammin' is my screwed out tape And tomorrows the big day gotta get my rest Fourty-Five G's outta town, lick buyin tres Im all alone, my girl said that she could'nt make it Cuz she caught a damn cold and her whole body's aching And I feel kind of nervous, butterfly's in my stomach But I drift off to sleep, really thinkin' nothing of it Then, something wakes me up and I open my eyes Somebody's in my house, I'm heartbroken cuz I Couldn't tell my Mom "bye", they finally caught me slippin' Ima die like a man homeboy I aint trippin

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Dreams of the cream, enemies on different teams Red beams in my house man this shit is so extreme I saw em' dressed up in all black wit da mask And I knew they was coming for the birds and the cash So I rolled out my bed, hit the floor and start crawlin' And this is the price that you pay when your ballin' But how did they get the spare key to my crib? It had to be my bitch, she gon' die if I live! Usually I keep a black glock on my dresser And im hearin' someone whisper sayin "los's ima getcha!" And im knowin its the devil but I pay it no mind I been dodging that fool ever since I was nine Gotta make it to the closet, where I keep my Mossberg Slug shots, one hit, never speak another word Little did I know they had night vision goggles When they saw me on the floor boy squeezed on the throttle

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Shots started rangin, I was tumbling and diving Runnin out of time, with my mind on surviving Dove out the window but I started seeing stars I forgot last week bout some burglar bars Now my face is all wet and I know it aint sweat Bullet hit my leg so I rolled to the left Guess where I was at? Damn right, in the closet! Grabbed a pump, now its my turn to make a deposit Damn slugs aint no punk hit the boy in his back Saw his right leg flying and it knocked down my lamp Unloaded, reloaded, was a three man army Now they lookin like piñatas at the end of a party One was still alive so I started askin questions He could barely talk, spitin blood like venom He said he had a team and people would rent him I killed the messengers now I need who sent em'

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