

# Medicine

## South Park Mexican

All this time, you've been mine, heaven-sent Valentine  
And just like that, my life stopped on the dime  
I can't stop cryin', inside I'm dyin'  
I caught you red-handed, that's what I get for spyin'  
But I've been suspicious, cuz you done caught me with some bitches  
But you promised not to shoot me with the same triggers  
You didn't know the new Benz I just bought you  
Could be tracked by satellite, and that's how I caught you  
Oh Baby why?  
In the past I've been unfaithful  
I can't believe it, I feel like, this nigga raped you  
But you allowed it, you gave yourself to a coward  
I'ma bury both of you, and STILL buy you flowers

Remember when  
Our love would never end?  
But now I am  
Tastin' my own medicine

It's disturbin', it's sick, I keep thinkin' bout this shit  
I wanna spit on your face, while you lie in a ditch  
You forgave me, but I just can't forgive you  
Cuz it ain't the same, I can't explain it, but it's true  
It's way worse, I never felt pain like this  
I can't take you back, you fuckin' nasty ass bitch  
You destroyed me, you ruined, everything I worked for  
A house with an elevator, a spa on the third floor  
I still love you, but never in my life will I touch you  
You disgust me, your beautiful face became ugly  
I just wish you was a dream, and that I could wake up  
But it's real, so I keep, gettin' drunk, as fuck

I'm home waitin' for you, you don't know that I know yet  
You're probably gettin' fucked right now, sippin' some moët  
I checked the address, it's some dude named Paul  
Thirty-three years old, oh yeah, I checked it all  
Probably met him at the mall, spendin' up my cash  
G-string up your ass, wearin' tight ass pants  
Oh my, look who just pulled up in her Benz?  
Where you been at Girl?  
Oh, doin' some errands?  
Take your shit off!  
Let me smell you, what you thinkin' bout?  
I know where you've been!  
Shut your muthafuckin' mouth!  
Whose house is this?  
And who the Hell is Paul?  
What you mean this ain't a house?  
This where you took the dog?  
You mean....this the vetinarian's office?  
You got the Parvo shots, for the puppy I just bought us?  
It's some old man named Dr. Paul Seigel?  
Here's the business card, in case I don't believe you?  
Call him up right now?  
Nah Baby that's okay  
You know I trust you, I love you, that's all day  
Why is my face red?

It looks like I've been cryin'?  
Gangsta's don't cry  
Baby, don't even try it

Yeah

This song is dedicated for all you niggas fuckin' over the women you love.  
If she don't get you back, your conscience will.

And if she's not happy, then you'll never be happy, that's just the way it goes.

Yeah, this the SPM, it don't never quit