

People

South Park Mexican

I put dro in 'gars, put coke in jars
Gotta stay on my toes so I don't do bars
I sip syrup, but if I get sleepy
I put my jewelry in my pocket and I head to my teepee
Got money and power, not a barker or growler
In the game with no ref, but will bury a fouler
Moonlight howler, in a new white Prowler
South Park freestyler, not a police dialer
Make more bread than a deli, burn rubber in belly
Nigga might put it in a peanut butter and jelly
And I get so much head up in H-Town nightclubs
I guess I can honestly say that life sucks
Crib was a mil, that's what it costed
My girl from London called me a cheating bastard
No more broke mon, now 'Los so strong
The world show me more fuckin' love than a slow song

People always ask the same question
'Losy why always so high?
If you only knew how I'm stressing
You would surely understand why

I meet a fan and be trippin' how they squeeze my hand
I remember chuggin' Busch and I'd keep the can
Houston bum, all I had was a stupid gun
And 7 black trash bags of aluminum
In the club I be tryna dance
But I look like my gramps when he fell in the plants
And my 'Wela didn't think it was funny
I was tryna hold my laugh down deep in my tummy haha
My whole family get drunk and crunk
Then wake up in the morning like "What the fuck?"
Eyes bloodshot, head hurtin', and whatnot
2 hours later, shootin' pool at the thug spot
25 dudes and about 9 chicks
And they wonder why we always fightin' and shit
I blast you Romans, like the boy Yosemite
Just step if you wanna test my authenticity ahhh

People always ask the same question
'Losy why you always so high?
If you only how I'm stressing
You would surely understand why

Me, I'm getting high while my broad getting low
Driving down Martin Luther King very slow
My enemies gon' catch it like the flu
1 2 maybe 3 with the .45'll do
Clean it up, wrap the boy in a sheet
Cuz you can't just leave him all twisted on the street
Some sad some happy, with that girl Jackie
While my cousin at the war tryna help the Iraqi
Livin' under pressure, I pray for the soldier
Right across the street while she laid on the sofa
My best friend's daughter got shot in a drive by
Thank God she lived, but the scars never quite die
Lord help me, tight fist around the clip

I feel I can't breathe I need revenge for this shit
Every time I turn around I'm tested
As I roll another blunt out this ounce I'm blessed with

People always ask the same question
'Losy why you always so high?
If you only knew how I'm stressing
You would surely understand why

One time one time, Lord help me
One time one time, Lord help me