

## S.P. So Bastardly

### South Park Mexican

I'm sippin' purple magic, gettin' stuck like traffic  
On the back of his head, S.P.M. tatted  
Boys down with me, like four flat tires  
Got Benz's and 'Lac's and candy jaguars  
Try to make it rich, breakin' bricks  
My girl's name was cocaine, that's a crazy bitch  
Was my first love, that I will admit  
Watchin' dope fiends fight for half a cigarette  
Do these rappers know, how it really go  
Or are they just another fake on the microphone?  
I listen to the 'Pac, I listen to the Pat  
My homie's either dead or in the kitchen cookin' crack  
Boys wanna' stare, take it to the square, hoe  
Should I stay ag' or should I let my hair grow?  
I know it don't stop, even though they try  
45 years, in this like a homicide

Creep wit' me, S.P. so bastardly  
And pull so fast-ily  
And pack so heavily  
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The world has got me on edge  
I'm gettin' closer to that spot on the ledge  
To where if I drop, then I'm dead  
Man, it's probably best  
'Cuz these days, innocent Mexicans get locked in the 'feds  
Or either rocked wit' a glock fulla' lead  
Or popped (of the death??)  
Now, I don't wanna' be the next one to suffer the same pain  
I'm stuck in same game, I hustle to change things  
'Cuz whoever says I just wanna see lead fly  
The bullets done sped by, now that's where your head lie  
I be cruzin' down the back street, my screw tape bang  
The caddy coop stay swangin' through the two-way lanes  
So come creep wit' me, let me show you the ropes I roll frequently  
Out the dirty, throwed coast  
What the deal like baby, this is real life  
This is what it feels like, when you in the trill life  
This is what it still like, still fly the kite to Los  
I''d like to welcome y'all on behalf of S.P. bro'

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I'ma stay strong, stronger then they thought  
I made 'em so sick when I bought it off the lot  
But I'd fall apart, if I couldn't spark  
South Park, slap 20's on my Noah's Ark  
Money ain't a thing, never will I love it  
Guess that's why the Lord gave me plenty of it

I spent it on my homies, spent it on my kids  
I put a diamond necklace in my momma's fridge  
But all the jealousy kept me drugged up  
I try to stuff a fuckin' whole ounce in one blunt  
So many enemies, for no good reason  
Guess they mad cause I make the dough look easy  
In the club, smokin' on a hog leg  
With some car friends wishin' I would drop dead  
Now that I'm on lock, they still can't take it  
Homie, I'm the king of this shit, man face it

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