

Screwed Up Tape

South Park Mexican

Ma, I'm sorry for the things I did
And god thanks for all the times you let me live
I should of been dead a long time ago
Should of been me and not Guero
Foot on the pedal while I race to the hood
Go to revillations in your little black wood
Mom is all worried and that fucking shit hurts
I never fuck a friend unless they suck my dick first
Creep and I crawl, ball till I fall
Sell you an 80 I won't charge you for the straw
They asked me how long I ever kept a job roughly
Well, I worked six months in the county as a trusty
I went to prison and came back an animal
Southside, Houston's murder capital
My crew is cursed, shoot you first
Died next to a stupid nurse
Put you in the bluest hearse
I'll see your ass at Lucifer

6 in the morning police at my door
Fresh, Jordans creepin across my bathroom floor
Out the back window, I make my escape
Didn't even have a chance to grab my screwed up tape
(2x)

My green light, aloe sayed chiquito cagapalo
haters don't like me cause my name is hard to swallow
Here he comes that 5-0 asked me for i.d.
Play on his computer and finds some felonies
I was high, fly and a D.W.I.
Every question asked I came back with a lie
he was searching my ride and found my 45
That's when I started thinking had to bust him with my nine
Instead I ran, now your boy got away
That night we celebrate like it was a holiday
I use to be broke didn't have big faces
I had to wipe my ass with the yellow pages
No T.V. and no cartoons
My jefa in the kitchen washing plastic spoons
I was a smoker tough on, green potent stuff
No diamonds on my wrist only, broken cuffs

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I don't know what the fuck, I'ma come have some bud
Who want to fuck with us, brown like snuff or upper cuts
Pro-tect my property, Hillwood prohecy
I don't know how many times I got to tell y'all get off of me
Balls and that's all I need, smoking bitches crossing me
When I kill you niggas we can all live in harmony
This ain't motherfucking breaking stone, I told you once leave us alone
Known to kill my fucking own, blame Houston cause that's my home
How can I make it when it won't clear

My bud done look like daffadille
17 million a year, still I thug in my Cavilier
My people come, like Babylon, mexican and african
Few white boys that's family, asian and mohamilly
Indian and that Navhoe, killers out that Navadoche
Careful how your ass approach, get busted like you pass a note
All the hoes, camel toes, smoking on that ardachoke
Bought the benz, bought the boat, in my kitchen rocking coke

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Crusing down the street with my 6 hoes
Bumping my shit, riding on vogues
Went to the park to get the scoop
Young niggas out there cold shooting some hoops