

## Silhouettes

### South Park Mexican

Yo, Blowin on a sack of flight, building up my appetite  
See my homies eatin and I be like "Can I have a bite?"  
Last night I had a fight, after that I grabbed the mic  
When the club closed I went home on my granny's bike  
People was laughin like "look he just ran the light"  
I just kept pedalin, I didn't get mad or gipe  
Sell that rock and the pipe, G 'til my afterlife  
Let me get on stage, bet I say the things thatcha like  
Higher than a dragonfly, I'ma make math or die  
Been a pimp since that group that I was in with Gladys Knight  
Mostly I be packin nines, have you pushin dandelions  
Come short with my cash you be dancin like is Hammer Time  
Yeah I'm lost and I'm blind, still I'm gon' handle mine  
Have ya homie leakin cuz he bumpin mo' than camel spines  
In the hood I vandalize, land of fiends and baggy eyes  
Where you can make a killin and don't even have to advertise

Silhouettes, crack pipes at night, then ya see the jumbo lighter strike  
Thug stories of a violent life, smoke once and you will try it twice  
What the fuck else am I to do? I wanna be rich and buy a zoo  
Maybe just a candy five or two, and tell my daughter I would die for you  
(2x)

Can't switch neva change nothin for the radio  
You don't have to play me hoe, I'ma still make my dough  
I been sellin albums since '92 and '93  
They would either call me for a tape or a quota key  
For the dream, for the team, can't nobody hang with Los  
Battle me, I'm like "Man at least tryta make it close"  
M.C. Tortura-rap game Sorcera  
Ya'll rememba when I did it on that song "Warriors"  
That was maybe '95 with the Most Hated group  
All my enemies heard my voice and it made'em puke  
Ever since I hit the street, I been on a hittin streak  
Straight from the gutta, would you like to take a little peek?  
Simple T and Dickie shorts, on da cut wit cold quarts  
No time to go home, cook it with a blow torch  
Old men on da porch watchin boyz come'n go  
Life is a prison risk in the midst of runnin slow

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Hustle slow or hustle fast, cages for who love the cash  
Others in a burried hole, no one really understands  
Trouble lands where it may, death is neva choosy  
If I try to ask 'why' the shit'll just confuse me  
don't lose me, just hold tight, I know is gettin deep again  
Call me when you need Dope nigga I don't need a friend  
I been on a hustle since I started cutting people yards  
Then I started noticing the rims on these people cars  
Hope that they sleepin hard when I come back tonight  
Next thang ya know I'm stopping hard at a traffic light  
Jamming Ike, radio was programmed to oldies

Waitin on the green light so that i can go please  
A/C with cold breeze, blowin on a Optimo  
I could reach the pedal betta if I had a longa toe  
Stop at the Stop'N'Go, I ain't got no gas money  
So I pump the gas first and holla, "Pay ya back buddy!"

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