

Time Is Money

South Park Mexican

Order in the court!

The courtroom asks Carlos Coy to step up to the witness stand.
Do you swear to tell the truth, nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Yeah

I'll begin when I started gettin' violent, sir
Screwin' in my muthafuckin' silencer
I grabbed my 'stol, and then I felt the coldness
People stood around as I told this
Ferocious confession of relentless aggression
I was taught, to shoot first and then ask questions
I sold rocks, I was raised with no pops
My four glocks, twistin' hoes like door knobs
Bitch offered me the pussy, so I took it
They call me a crook, cuz that's short for crooked
Stayin' high as Hell, and drunk as fuck
You ain't down with the Mex, you can sick my duck
I mean duck my sick, I mean suck my dick
Don't laugh bitch, you know what the fuck I meant
And if I ever come back to the free World
I'ma take my Baby Girl out to Sea World

Time is money
Time obviously isn't on your side
Time is money

Can you tell the jury exactly what happened on the night of December second?

My word is gold, now check, how the murder's told
Bring me back fourteen and my birth is sold
Learn the code, then meet me at the service road
Now you all understand what this person know
Servin' coke, seemed like my purpose so
I was the perfect mold of gangsta you've been searchin' for
But on a further note this cat tryin' to burn my dope
But since the day that Mama gave birth to Los
I heard them hoes, forever be first to smoke
Tryin' to jack a jacker, what's the purpose Loc?
Mercy no, cuz he smiles and ain't heard the joke
Now he's in his blood, tryin' to write a cursive note
I snatch his (??) up, he looked like he turned to chrome
That boy got a date with Dirt, in the Earth below
With the worms, that hoe left on an early note
I seen him run the red light, and I heard she broke

Do you have any last words before I give you your sentence?

I spent a lot of time away from family and friends
The first song I wrote, was a song named "Revenge"
Ever since then, my weapon was a pen
But I still kept a strap for those devilish men
Sucka better duck-a from the buck, buck, bucka!
Do a fly-by and shoot your aunt and your uncle
Does anybody understand the life of the trill?
Pigs and snitches get along cuz they squeal

3,2,1

South Park Mexican, what the fuck?
I just knew you'd be back