

# Who's Over There

## South Park Mexican

Yeah, I just wanna say that I love all you haters,  
It's not your fault, you was raised to like the smell of shit  
Us playas would like to smell the roses.

Who's over there?  
No one said that life was fair  
You haters come from everywhere  
Y'all haters just because you're scared

Broken dreams, to be the coke King,  
Everyone is sleep except me and the dopefiends  
Five A.M. sittin' on the corner,  
The day's gettin' warmer but my heart is gettin' colder  
Sold my last boulder let the storm pass over,  
Never touch my dope, I'm only the cash holder  
Soldier, I sleep with one eye open,  
In the land where you see men die smokin'  
Let the fry soak in, water, water,  
Hillwood cowboy, fuckin' down the farmer's daughter  
Street saga, corner store robber,  
Like Pasell I take your gal a la cama,  
Baller, my block hotter than lava,  
The wetback, in love with my mujada,  
Papa, shit talker, they drop-uh  
SPM, the rap Skyywalker

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Which road will I travel?  
White sand or hard gravel?  
Fuck a friend, I don't even trust my own shadow,  
I'm in a battle with the dirtiest of enemies,  
Cuz I'm chippin' dope, all across the seven seas,  
Low-G and the wheeze of the Vo-C,  
At the ranch where my weed plants grow free  
December 9, a child was born with no heart,  
Since a kid, they said I wouldn't go far  
Ghetto scars tryin' to keep away from Merro bars  
The rudest hours, FUCK Escobar,  
Entity of drodas, I roll with top soldiers  
If they approach us, I bury those cockroaches

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I ain't start from the bottom, I dug myself out a hole  
Grabbed a pen, and taught myself how to flow  
Now my snow crystal, my shit primo,  
Toe taggin' haters with a tiny torpedo  
Desillo, me and my nuts make a good trio,  
I'm the nigga pissin' in my cup for my P.O.  
Life hit me like a double shot of whiskey,

In every song I give a piece of my history  
This be reality, they wanna battle me,  
But that'll be the day, gather up my family  
Packin' heat, pick 'em up like a sack of meat  
Most my niggas dead, or walkin' round with shackled feet  
We had to eat, you can ask these cops,  
I bought my first hooptie with fifteen rocks  
They smoked non-stop, I watched as the crack melted,  
I comes real cuz I really can't help it

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Yeah this one goes out to all my players  
Don't let them haters get you down man  
Besides, anybody who lets a hater get em down,  
ten times out of ten is a hater, I ain't trippin'  
We comin' down baby 2000. It's like that baby