

# South Park, El Jugador (The Player)

-Que onda Frost, how you been homeboy?...  
-Hey wuz up dawg...  
-Check it out man, I want you to meet my number one soldado Low-G...  
-Hey, Low-G, where you from Homes?...

[Verse 1]

Mi querida... Centro America  
Aqui en Houston ganando mi feria  
En la esquina la vida es fina  
Le pido a Dios que me cuide a mi nina  
Mira, mi jale es la calle  
Vendiendo libras que vienen del valle  
Si mi madre me entendiera  
Mi familia va primera  
Mi bandera era mi guerra  
Es whateva bustin no cualquiera  
Quiero que sepas que yo soy la muerte  
Si te escapas sera pura suerte...

[Chorus:]

Capish understand the touch  
Let a G show you how to turn a man to dust  
L.A. to Nueva York que es puro amor  
For all who got love for El Jugador  
Houston to Nuevo Leon  
Three bandidos on tha microphone  
Stike with crome  
True crime family, enemies pay  
Never die happily...

[Verse 2]

Assault riffles, professional snipers  
Got my rival, shittin in they die  
You don't like us cool, but don't show it  
Who wanna f\*\*k with this killers slash poet  
I blow with duss, like nitro-glisset  
You bitches, love talkin' off a pot you piss in  
Chill homes, cause you ain't that hard  
Faud, frossin' in your own backyard  
I'm world wide in the two tone blow ride  
You grow high, they might seen it  
Baby that's my life hater, heart breaker  
Life taker smile now, cry later...

-Dope House Records  
-Man What's up "LOS"  
-up with my bitch Snow White  
-She's going for 13-5  
-Cool, let's start with 50 then...

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I'm in the sport, where we import  
What you snort  
Leavin court, goin straight to the airport  
I d