South Park, Ghetto Tales

Phat Money Records
SPM baby
Putting it down with that Phat Money Records
Dope House Records
Phat Stacks, A.C. Chill, L.T.
This one's Ghetto Tales
What you know about that?

Chorus (2Xs)
These are the tales, the Ghetto Tales
Dope sales and life is hell, trying to stay out of
jail

I'm rolling H-town South Park backstreets
A.C. Chill all the O.G.'s know me
In that Bourbon with the candy paint
For deep most of my niggas ain't got no car that's why
we so deep
We left a funeral to see my homie's mamma cry
It always hurt me when any of my homies die
All of a sudden gun shots rang out
I guess these young G's plexin' gang bang clout
We pulled over I said &#56306;&#56692; me out this bitch man?e of these niggas finna g
Pulled out my strap you know how the show goes
Somebody yelled out and yo here come the Po-Po's
I told my niggax ?man I'll Catch you later?t pocket full of weed plus they got me on paper
Bailed around the corner to holla at my homie
Next thing you know the f**king haters roll up on me
Damn, how much hating can a young nigga take?
First chance I get a mother f**ker finna break
They caught me, now I'm in the jail cell pacing
Damn, a violation
Eighteen months is what I'm facing

Chorus (2Xs)

Im pushing weight trying to have it
Everything is flat
But at the same time I'm leaving niggas on their back
Up in the neighborhood I'm trying to stack a little cream

I'm paper chasing me and we trying to stack some green
And everything is far as bad when it comes to drama
I'm trying to make a little cash for me, Jay, and mamma
Ain't paying no bills but these niggas got me f**ked up
I rather sit on streets than see my ass locked up
And serving fiends is an everyday life thing
And from the cells chilling trying to have a nice day
And for this 420 Eastex life thing
I got the skills to hit a nigga from big mar man
And platinum shit we gonna drop on the block-a-dee
Come watch my tongue twist wrecking with my boy &#56271;&#56714;Trying to survive
We playa made plus we from the heart of S.E.

Chorus (2Xs)

SPM baby sitting dope fiends at the dead end
Fighting over sales with my motherf**king best friend
Used to be broke and assed out
Now I buy Diamonds that make my wife pass out
Bad route was a path I chose
Blasting hoes

At last I rose
I got cash and clothes
From the crack I sold to let you bastards know
Stacking dough sitting on glass and vogues
My ass gonna show
I'm straight out of the slums
South Park where you get your car washed for crumbs
But these laws is on a cookout
I used to get took out
Three dollar pieces for my look out
Licensed cookie baker
That's my profession
Never have my dope in my own possession
Niggas selling cocaine in my domain
I sneak up from the back and take you out with no pain

Chorus (2Xs)