

# South Park, Penitentiary Flow

Here we go

Say this is freestyle flow from the penitentiary  
SP on lock from the greed and jealousy  
I'ma pay back soon, momma don't cry  
Stay strong no matter what, even if I die  
I hold it down, and still got more trees than Christmas  
I'ma try to freestyle for about ninety-three minutes  
In the days as a youngster at the Quick Snap  
It was me, Pity Pat and his younger bother Black  
Tio, Crooked, Pluck, Carrie, Mushey  
Lil' Anthony, Craig, and my nigga Abrae  
Berry stealing cars and Raymond started smokin'  
Five-O's raided houses like they playin' for Oakland  
Jump out boys tryin' to catch Mr. Coy  
Cause I got more bricks in the wall than Pink Floyd  
We looked up to drug dealers, growing up fast

I lost an ounce down the sink cause I use the wrong glass  
F\*\*k pickle jars and mayonnaise too  
I bought a pyrex at the U of H school  
I acted like a student, they tried to make me prove it  
Mexicans in college, son are you stupid?  
Stupid is what stupid does, then they all just looked at us  
Finally they sold them to me, I went home and cooked it up  
Rockafella a cappella I could just go on for eva  
Make you sound softer than a muthaf\*\*kin' golfer sweater  
Spray that bam on my leather  
Like girls spray perfume on a letter  
SPM hard as ever, c'mon yall all together  
Cali back to Harlingen, theres no need for arguing  
I'm the hardest on this mic, ma'an they know what is happenin'  
uh ma'an