

# South Park, Real Gangsta

[Chorus:]

She don't know why  
But all she knows  
is that her youngest child  
is a real gangsta now  
you see...

[Verse 1:]

He was a good kid all through elementary  
A's and B's and had no enemies  
But he saw all the G's as he walked home  
he couldn't read all the words on the walls though  
So many letters crossed out with X's  
He wondered but knew not to ask those questions  
No pops, and his mom worked to the nail  
She managed to buy him some shoes on sale  
She didn't know, she bought the wrong color  
And they stayed in the closet all summer  
Even though the kid wasn't affiliated  
He knew what they loved, and knew what they hated  
Now he's in Middle School, same individual  
But this is where things seem to get a bit difficult  
This is the life of a young Mexican  
First verse done take me to the second one

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2:]

6th grade, why so much homework  
Got a pot pie sitting in the stove burnt  
Momma still ain't back from her job yet  
So he eats it cause that's all he got left  
Then he plays with his little puppy Cinnamon  
His last dog was a victim of a hit n run

There's a knock on his door it's his homeboy  
Your mom's gone? He pulls out a chrome toy  
Where'd you get that from? The kid asked  
We broke into a house we got a bunch of shit stashed  
It was the first time he ever held a real gun  
To get one of these you gotta steal one  
We too young they won't let us buy a gat  
Now if they shoot at us we can fire back  
Who is they and why would they blast at me?  
Cause you from the hood fool, this is family

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3:]

A year passes now the kids Dickies sag  
In his pocket got a knife and a nickel bag  
And the homeboy that showed him his first gun  
Got killed last week in a burban  
Putting work in 45 jerkin'  
Lucky shot hit, popped like a virgin  
Closed casket touched as he strolled past it  
Got his name tattooed into a hoes asses  
So he'll still be remembered often while  
His little bitch gettin' hit doggy style  
It ain't stoppin' now while his moms' on the ground  
On her knees yelling "Please Lord not my child  
I want to watch him smile  
He can turn his Pac up loud

He can sleep with his pitbull on the couch&quot;  
And while the kid is listening to her words  
All he can think about is bloody, bloody murders

[Chorus x2]