

South Park, Screwed Up Tape

[Rasheed]

Ma, I'm sorry for the things I did
And god, thanks for all the times you let me live
I should of been dead a long time ago
Should of been me and not Wero
Foot on the pedal while I race to the hood
Go to revillations in your little black wood
My homies all changing and that f**king shit hurts
I never f**k a friend unless they suck my dick first
Creep and I crawl, ball till I fall
Sell you a 80 won't charge you for the straw
They asked me how long I ever kept a job roughly
Well, I worked six months in the county as a trusty
I went to prison and I came back an animal
Southside, Houston's murder capital
My crew is cursed, shoot you first
Died next to a stupid nurse
Put you in the bluest hearse
I'll see your ass and Lucifer

[Chorus - 2x]

6 in the morning police at my door
Fresh, Jordans squeeking cross my bathroom floor
Out the back window, I make my escape
Didn't even have a chance to grab my screwed up tape

[Low-G]

My green light, aloe sinche queeto ky guy palo
haters don't like me cause my name is hard to swallow
Here he comes that 5-O asked me for i.d.
Play on his computer and finds some felonies
I was high, fly and a dubbed blue eye
Every questioned asked I came back with a lie
he was searching my ride and found my 45
That's when I started thinking had to bust him with my nine
Instead I ran, now your boy got away
That night we celebrate like it was a holiday

I use to be broke didn't have big faces
I had to wipe my ass with the yellow pages
No T.V. and no cartoons
My heffer in the kitchen washing plastic spoons
I was a smoker tough on, green potent stuff
No diamonds on my wrist only, broken cuffs

[Chorus - 2x]

[South Park Mexican]

I don't know what the f**k, I'ma come have some bud
Who want to f**k with us, ground like snuff or upper cuts
Pro-tect my property, Hillwood prohecy
I don't know how many times I got to tell y'all get off of me
Balls and that's all I need, smoking bitches crossing me
When I kill you niggas we can all live in harmony
This ain't motherf**king breaking stone, I told you once leave
us alone
Known to kill my f**king own, blame Houston cause that's my home
How can I make it when it won't clear
My bud done look like daffadille
17 million a year, still I thug in my Cavilier
My people come, like Babylon, mexican and african
Few white boys that's family, asian and mohamilly

Indian and that Navhoe, killers out that Navadoche
Careful how your ass approach, get busted like you pass a note
All the hoes, camel toes, smoking on that ardachoke
Bought the benz, bought the boat, in my kitchen rocking coke

[Chorus]

[Chorus 2]
Crusing down the street with my 6 hoes
Bumping my shit, riding on vogues
Went to the park to get the scoop
Young niggas out there cold shooting some hoops