

# South Park, Who's Over There

(SPM speaking)

I'd like to take this time to say, I love all you haters  
It's not your fault. You was raised to like the smell of shit.  
Us players...We like the smell of roses.

(Female singing)

Who's over there?  
No one said that life was fair.  
You haters come from everywhere.  
Ya'll hate us just because you're scared.

(SPM)

Broken Dreams, to be the coke King  
Everyone asleep except me and the dope fiends  
5 a.m. sittin on the corner  
The day's gettin warmer, but my heart's gettin colder  
Sold my last bolder, let the storm pass over.  
Never touch my dope. I'm only the cash holder.  
Soldier. I sleep with one eye open.  
In the land where you see men die smokin'.  
Let the fry soak in wata wata.  
Hillwood cowboy f\*\*kin down the farmer's daughter  
Street saga, corner store robba  
Like ??? I'll take yo gal a la cama.  
Balla, my block hotta than lava.  
The wetback, in love with my mojada.  
Poppin shit, Talkin dick, drop her  
SPM, the rap Skywalker.

Chorus

(Low G)

Which road will I travel?  
White sand or hot gravel?  
F\*\*k a friend, I don't even trust my own shadow.  
I'm in a battle with the dirtiest of enemies.  
"cause I'm shippin dope all across the 7 seas.

Low G and that Wizard of OZ

At the ranch where my weed plants grow free.  
December 9, a child was born with no heart.  
Since a kid, they said I wouldn't go far.  
Ghetto scars tryin to keep away from metal bars.  
That hood is ours. F\*\*k Escobar.  
And the Diaz brothas. I roll with top soldiers.  
If they approach us. I'll bury those cockroaches!

Chorus

(SPM)

I ain't start from the bottom  
I dug myself out a hole.  
Grabbed a pen  
and taught myself how to flow.  
Now my snow creased out  
My shit's primo  
Toe taggin haters with a tiny torpedo  
The C.E.O.  
Me and my nuts make a good trio.  
I'm the nigga pissin in a cup for my P.O.  
Life hit me like a double shot of whiskey.  
In every song, I give a piece of my history.  
This be reality.

They wanna battle me.  
But that'll be the day.  
Gather up my family. Packin heat.  
Pick 'em up like a sack of meat.  
Most my niggas dead  
or walk around with shackled feet.  
We had to eat. You can ask these cops.  
I bought my first hoopty with 15 rocks.  
They smoke nonstop. I watched as the crack melted.  
I come real 'cause I really can't help it

Chorus and out