

# South Park, Kenny's Dead

This is Master P, I'm down here in South Park  
And i Just put a million dollar reward up for any information  
or anybody who knows who killed Kenny, ya heard!?

[Kenny's Dead] We got to ride tonight  
My little homie, Kenny died tonight  
[Thats What I Said] We got to ride tonight  
My little homie, Kenny died tonight  
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Kenny started messing up, hanging with the Thugs  
Cutting class in the fast section, ecstasy, weed and drugs  
And I guess that's how it is, when the Ghetto's got you Trapped  
But Kenny ain't Scared, he seen his Pops get his Neck snapped  
People Lie and they cheat on South Park Streets  
Where the hoes chill and everybody run from the Police  
But what I liked about Kenny, he wasn't no Crip or no blood  
And he mumbled when he talked, but he loved that bud..

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Alotta hopeless nights chasin nickels and dimes  
Kenny rode the yellow bus to school, but at night he did crimes

211, 187, it's like a hobby  
Kenny slowed his roll, he did 3 years for a Robbery  
Some say Kenny was the poorest kid on the Street  
But picture this, Kenny with about 10 Gs and a couple of keys  
Serving the dope fiends, standing on the corner  
Moved and worked from New Orleans to Arizona  
But it was a trip, Kenny I was wondering how you would die  
Would it be a car crash, a plane, a gun, or suicide?!  
He knew one day that the Rats would come  
But he didn't know they was Gonna Scream 'bout it!  
And hit him with a Shotgun

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Alot of wasted deaths  
Alot of senseless crime  
But everybody think about what you do out there  
Because uh, Judgment day is for everybody  
Just Remember that we can't take none of this with us  
And it's real out here on these streets  
I'd love to live like Kenny  
Die these days, ain't no coming back  
Hombre, Master P, No Limit to the world, baby

It don't get no Realer than This