

South Park Mexican, Carolyn's Hook

In the rancho everybody knows Carlos
still riding y still fumando audibles
I'm locked with my gente, no ay salida
trying to finish this up this about my vida
On appeal and it's going to take a full year,
they asking me if I wanna go to school here
At a time when a person really needs a friend,
I'm thinking about getting back on them streets again,
I gave the Benz to happ and the vet to Beesh
I hope they use them to ride on my enemies,
I got two left whats up young Q Hueff
I heard my brother just singed up a new cheff,
Lucky Lu the Screwston Freestyler
you all just wishing that the Dope House would die huh!
I heard you boys talking down bumpin lips
but big mouths is only good for sucking dicks,
when I was free non of you all stepped to me,
now that I'm locked you hoes disrespecting me
I'll be out before you bitch niggas can count to ten
but I can touch you way before I'm out the pen,
no names I don't play that silly game
you smoking to much weed you ain't no killer mayne,
I bring vengeance I can't put it all in one sentence
but if there is a hell I can show you to the entrance
Everybody's day comes, I fucking ate crumbs
I'm not a star but now I date some
Those who knew me as child growing up
seen my Benz turned around and starting throwing up,
what you all think that I'm happy cause a new car?
They come to me saying I don't care who you are,
I knew you when you wasn't nothing and still ain't
you just Carlos Coy but on a little tape,
you think you bad with your big house and fancy ride?
but a man is only good for what he has inside
so I say that why are you so mad?
Have you ever heard of me to go brag?
On this earth I'm no better than anybody
I was more happier without any money.
I haven't changed not one little bity-bit
to be honest you all the ones who really did.
Hating me cause you live in misery
but there is other ways to take your kids to Disney
No revenge I just want my family and friends
fuck the Benz and you can have the millions
All I want is a worm and a fishing pole
behind bars it' the little things you miss the most
All the parties the clubs they don't mean nothing
I miss telling little kids they can be something,
give them hope cause I know they up against the odds
tell them do they best leave the rest to GOD,
man I know they make you feel like you don't belong
can't see your own kind on a showbiz song
little homey that's only cause they scared of us
don't play me cause they say I bear to much ,
I' m not negative but trying to be a pessimist
but your fear got you hating on the Mexicans