

# South Park Mexican, Ghetto Tales

(feat. A.C. Chill, L.T.)

Phat Money Records

SPM baby

Putting it down with that Phat Money Records

Dope House Records

Phat Stacks, A.C. Chill, L.T.

This one's Ghetto Tales

What you know about that?

[Chorus (2Xs)]

These are the tales, the Ghetto Tales

Dope sales and life is hell, trying to stay out of jail

I'm rolling H-town South Park backstreets

A.C. Chill all the O.G.'s know me

In that Bourbon with the candy paint

For deep most of my niggas ain't got no car that's why

we so deep

We left a funeral to see my homie's mamma cry

It always hurt me when any of my homies die

All of a sudden gun shots rang out

I guess these young G's plexin' gang bang clout

We pulled over I said Let me out this bitch man

One of these niggas finna get they wig split man

Pulled out my strap you know how the show goes

Somebody yelled out and yo here come the Po-Po's

I told my niggax Yo man I'll Catch you later

Got pocket full of weed plus they got me on paper

Bailed around the corner to holla at my homie

Next thing you know the fucking haters roll up on me

Damn, how much hating can a young nigga take?

First chance I get a mother fucker finna break

They caught me, now I'm in the jail cell pacing

Damn, a violation

Eighteen months is what I'm facing

[Chorus (2Xs)]

Im pushing weight trying to have it

Everything is flat

But at the same time I'm leaving niggas on their back

Up in the neighborhood I'm trying to stack a little cream

I'm paper chasing me and we trying to stack some green

And everything is far as bad when it comes to drama

I'm trying to make a little cash for me, Jay, and mamma

Ain't paying no bills but these niggas got me fucked up

I rather sit on streets than see my ass locked up

And serving fiends is an everyday life thing

And from the cells chilling trying to have a nice day

And for this 420 Eastex life thing

I got the skills to hit a nigga from big mar man

And platinum shit we gonna drop on the block-a-dee

Come watch my tongue twist wrecking with my boy C

Trying to survive make a meal with these ghetto dreams

We playa made plus we from the heart of S.E.

[Chorus (2Xs)]

SPM baby sitting dope fiends at the dead end

Fighting over sales with my motherfucking best friend

Used to be broke and assed out

Now I buy Diamonds that make my wife pass out

Bad route was a path I chose

Blasting hoes

At last I rose

I got cash and clothes

From the crack I sold to let you bastards know

Stacking dough sitting on glass and vogues

My ass gonna show

I'm straight out of the slums

South Park where you get your car washed for crumbs  
But these laws is on a cookout  
I used to get took out  
Three dollar pieces for my look out  
Licensed cookie baker  
That's my profession  
Never have my dope in my own possession  
Niggas selling cocaine in my domain  
I sneak up from the back and take you out with no pain  
[Chorus (2Xs)]