

South Park Mexican, Jackers In My Home

They wipe tears while I wipe fingerprints off led.
They say shoot for the stars, I say shoot for the head.
I believe in good times having peace and fun.
But im still in my room tryna grease my gun.
Cant let it get rusty, if a shoot out breaks
The only thing I want jammin' is my screwed out tape.
And tomorrows the big day gotta get my rest,
Forty-Five G's outta town, lick buyin tres.
Im all alone, my girl said that she could'nt make it.
Cuz she caught a damn cold and her whole body's aching.
And I feel kind of nervous, butterfly's in my stomach.
But I drift off to sleep, really thinkin' nothing of it.
Then, something wakes me up and I open my eyes
Somebody's in my house, I'm heartbroken cuz i
Couldn't tell my Mom "bye", they finally caught me slippin'
Ima die like a man homeboy I aint trippin.

[Chorus]

Gun shots to my dome, jackers in my home
Nothing to fancy, just your average tombstone
Im sorry that I chose the life under the curse
Ill be dressed in a suit and finally goin to church.
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Im sorry that I chose the life under the curse
Ill be dressed in a suit and finally goin to church.
Dreams of the cream, enemies on different teams.
Red beans in my house man this shit is so extreme.
I saw em' dressed up in all black wit da mask.
And I knew they was coming for the birds and the cash.
So I rolled out my bed, hit the floor and start crawlin'
And this is the price that you pay when your ballin'
But how did they get the spare key to my crib?
It had to be my bitch, she gon' die if I live!
Usually I keep a black glock on my dresser.
And im hearin' someone whisper sayin "los's ima getcha!"
And im knowin its the devil but I pay it no mind.
I been dodging that fool ever since I was nine.
Gotta make it to the closet, where I keep my Mossberg.
Slug shots, one hit, never speak another word.
Little did I know they had night vision goggles.
When they saw me on the floor boy squeezed on the throttle.

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Shots started rangin, I was tumbling and diving.
Runnin out of time, with my mind on surviving.
Dove out the window but I started seeing stars
I forgot last week bout some burglar bars.
Now my face is all wet and I know it aint sweat.
Bullet hit my leg so I rolled to the left.
Guess where I was at? Damn right, in the closet!
Grabbed a pump, now its my turn to make a deposit.
Damn slugs aint no punk hit the boy in his back
Saw his right leg flying and it knocked down my lamp
Unloaded, reloaded, was a three man army.
Now they lookin like pińatas at the end of a party.
One was still alive so I started askin questions.
He could barely talk, spitin blood like venom.

He said he had a team and people would rent him.
I killed the messengers now I need who sent em'.

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