

South Park Mexican, Meet Your Fate

[Verse 1 Pimpstress]

My click picks your pockets,
splits tha profits,
choose the targets,
and take out the garbage,
Fill tha cartridge,
more lead than Zeppelin,
tryin not to step in the blood I left em' in.
Wrestlin with withdrawals got me sippin purple medicine,
Dead rpresidents movin up like Jeffersons.
Lets begin, it began, so begun
The story of one who went from girl to woman.
From crums to slums, to laced in diamonds.
Son by guns that sound like drums.
Its no ones fault his life came to a halt, should I open up the vault like I
opened up my sliss more.
But instead h chose to be another skeleton, I popped his head and his brain
looked like gelatin.
A defenition of a cursed individual, original, you caint see the invisible.

[Hook]

1-2 Better call yo crews
3-4 Need to lock yo doors
5-6 Better load yo clips
7-8 Time to meet yo fate

[Verse 2 Pimpstress]

Some of yall niggas aint wit this,
Well then get tha fuck on bout yo business.
Cuz my kind dont take kinds who doze,
who act like hoes while I sip Irish Rose,
And smoke some of the worst weed youd ever tasted,
Fuck it blaze it lets all get wasted.
Still a Ja-ca, you need to face it,
Mad cuz yo house costs as much as yo bracelet,
Never patient, compitition, sound ancient,
Im gettin followed by a Federal Agent,
Engagements, gangsta banquets, piggarements, stainless,
Leave you brainless make it painless.
Hanus, 27 holes in his anus.
Make em pay when they mistake us for entertainers.
Cant blame es, young, dumb, and famous
Mary Jane is whut her neme is, I keep her where my cane is.

[Hook]

[Verse 3 Pimpstress]

My money flows like a runny nose,
All I gotta do is find a place to throw away these bloody clothes.
I pacanina while I shop at the Gallaria,
Stay on my toes like a motha fuckin ballarina .
From Pasadedna to Amid that you know a Baby Bash beats the brotha of a Gras
Groat.
Raheed he wuz raised on the wrong street,
SPM had a fatha made of concrete,
Low G lest the dogs loose fuck tha troops,
And Grimm is the spider called the Brown Recluse,
Juan Gotti got the shotti puttin holes in they body,
Murdaholics kill a nigga while he sittin on the potty,
Hillwood Hustlaz and 24-7, Dope Game Legends, feel they presence.
The young and the senseless, a message from Texas,
Dope House Records eats you hos up for breakfast.

[Hook]

[Spm] No more chances