

South Park Mexican, Penitentiary Flow

Here we go

Say this is freestyle flow from the penitentiary

SP on lock from the greed and jealousy

I'ma pay back soon, momma don't cry

Stay strong no matter what, even if I die

I hold it down, and still got more trees than Christmas

I'ma try to freestyle for about ninety-three minutes

In the days as a youngster at the Quick Snap

It was me, Pity Pat and his younger bother Black

Tio, Crooked, Pluck, Carrie, Mushey

Lil' Anthony, Craig, and my nigga Abrae

Berry stealing cars and Raymond started smokin'

Five-O's raided houses like they playin' for Oakland

Jump out boys tryin' to catch Mr. Coy

Cause I got more bricks in the wall than Pink Floyd

We looked up to drug dealers, growing up fast

I lost an ounce down the sink cause I use the wrong glass

Fuck pickle jars and mayonnaise too

I bought a pyrex at the U of H school

I acted like a student, they tried to make me prove it

Mexicans in college, son are you stupid?

Stupid is what stupid does, then they all just looked at us

Finally they sold them to me, I went home and cooked it up

Rockafella a cappella I could just go on for eva

Make you sound softer than a muthafuckin' golfer sweater

Spray that bam on my leather

Like girls spray perfume on a letter

SPM hard as ever, c'mon yall all together

Cali back to Harlingen, theres no need for arguing

I'm the hardest on this mic, ma'an they know what is happenin'

uh ma'an