

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