South Park Mexican, Real Gangsta

[Chorus:]
She don't know why
But all she knows
is that her youngest child
is a real gangster now
you see...
[Verse 1:]

He was a good kid all through elementary

A's and B's and had no enemies

But he saw all the G's as he walked home

he couldn't read all the words on the walls though

So many letters crossed out with X's

He wondered but knew not to ask those questions

No pops, and his mom worked to the nail

She managed to buy him some shoes on sale

She didn't know, she bought the wrong color

And they stayed in the closet all summer

Even though the kid wasn't affiliated

He knew what they loved, and knew what they hated

Now he's in Middle School, same individual

But this is where things seem to get a bit difficult

This is the life of a young Mexican

First verse done take me to the second one

[Chorus x2]

Verse 2:1

6th grade, why so much homework

Got a pot pie sitting in the stove burnt

Momma still ain't back from her job yet So he eats it cause that's all he got left

Then he plays with his little puppy Cinnamon

His last dog was a victim of a hit n run

There's a knock on his door it's his homeboy

Your mom's gone? He pulls out a chrome toy

Where'd you get that from? The kid asked

We broke into a house we got a bunch of shit stashed

It was the first time he ever held a real gun

To get one of these you gotta steal one

We too young they won't let us buy a gat

Now if they shoot at us we can fire back

Who is they and why would they blast at me?

Cause you from the hood fool, this is family

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3:]

A year passes now the kids Dickies sag

In his pocket got a knife and a nickel bag

And the homeboy that showed him his first gun

Got killed last week in a burban

Putting work in 45 jerkin'

Lucky shot hit, popped like a virgin

Closed casket touched as he strolled past it

Got his name tattooed on two hoes asses

So he'll still be remembered often while

His little bitch gettin' hit doggy style

It ain't stoppin' now while his moms' on the ground

On her knees yelling &guot; Please Lord not my child

I want to watch him smile

He can turn his Pac up loud

He can sleep with his pitbull on the couch"

And while the kid is listening to her words

All he can think about is bloody, bloody murders

[Chorus x2]