

# South Park Mexican, Runaway

[Chorus:]

Runaway, run for your life he's returned...

[Carlos Coy]

I ain't worked in 2 years, guess who's back  
Still, my whole albums sell like crack  
Blow into out the window, of my Limo  
Sleepin, with my heat in my pillow  
I really don't give a damn, who you are  
Understand that you dealin wif a shootin star  
Competition, never heard of it  
But I hit permanent, did I murder it?  
Afermative

The urban kid, learnin quick, about earnin grib  
Got more 8 ball than a pool tournament  
Swearin and burbin still cadillacin  
Still pack tha mackin, still bout no rappin  
Drop like Geronimo, got porono-flow  
You are bit too young, but your mama know  
I'm pit-fisious, never fake-tisious  
In this, cause MC's so delicious...

[Chorus x2]

[Carlos Coy]

Like Mexican, get revenge  
Never stop settin trends  
To tha level of excellence  
Still stackin dead presidents  
It's evident, I'm Texas sent  
Who plex get proper measurment  
No refery, sellin cheese  
Enemies, Memories  
Yes sir'y, rest in peace  
Been that way for centuries  
Set chemistry, I'm blessin fiends  
We the men of empty dreams  
My every, master piece  
Influenced by street tragedys  
Got family, tried jackin me  
Alotta fun that'll be...

[Chorus x2]

White postah, steak and lobster  
Sautay shrimp, five fif and sauces  
Craw fish, sausage, even austrage  
Why test one from tha crack monters?  
Crushes of the world of lobstas  
My nina ross does wonders with tha crossas  
Balas don't care, whatcha call us  
Livin cautious, takin no loses  
All my whole office, got no accompliss  
Tha thought of bosses makes me nautious  
Promised mom this time it's honest  
Drop hit's and make lagidimate profits  
Knowledge from tha street college  
Reach for tha top, just watch tha copers  
Imposter hate true Mobbstas  
Cuz we lost trust and we all bust...

[Chorus x2]