

South Park Mexican, Who's Over There

(feat. Low-G, Marilyn Rylander)

[SPM]

Yeah, I just wanna say that I love all you haters,
It's not your fault, you was raised to like the smell of shit
Us playas would like to smell the roses.

[Chorus (Marilyn Rylander):]

Who's over there?

No one said that life was fair

You haters come from everywhere

Y'all haters just because you're scared

[First Verse (SPM):]

Broken dreams, to be the coke King,
Everyone is sleep except me and the dopefiends

Five A.M. sittin' on the corner,

The day's gettin' warmer but my heart is gettin' colder

Sold my last boulder let the storm pass over,

Never touch my dope, I'm only the cash holder

Soldier, I sleep with one eye open,

In the land where you see men die smokin'

Let the fry soak in, water, water,

Hillwood cowboy, fuckin' down the farmer's daughter

Street saga, corner store robber,

Like Pasell I take your gal a la cama,

Baller, my block hotter than lava,

The wetback, in love with my mujada,

Papa, shit talker, they drop-uh

SPM, the rap Skyywalker

[Chorus]

[Second Verse (Low-G)]

Which road will I travel?

White sand or hard gravel?

Fuck a friend, I don't even trust my own shadow,

I'm in a battle with the dirtiest of enemies,

Cuz I'm chippin' dope, all across the seven seas,

Low-G and the wheeze of the Vo-C,

At the ranch where my weed plants grow free

December 9, a child was born with no heart,

Since a kid, they said I wouldn't go far

Ghetto scars tryin' to keep away from Merro bars

The rudest hours, FUCK Escobar,

Entity of drodas, I roll with top soldiers

If they approach us, I bury those cockroaches

[Chorus]

[Third Verse (SPM):]

I ain't start from the bottom, I dug myself out a hole

Grabbed a pen, and taught myself how to flow

Now my snow crystal, my shit primo,

Toe taggin' haters with a tiny torpedo

Desillo, me and my nuts make a good trio,

I'm the nigga pissin' in my cup for my P.O.

Life hit me like a double shot of whiskey,

In every song I give a piece of my history

This be reality, they wanna battle me,

But that'll be the day, gather up my family

Packin' heat, pick 'em up like a sack of meat

Most my niggas dead, or walkin' round with shackled feet

We had to eat, you can ask these cops,

I bought my first hooptie with fifteen rocks

They smoked non-stop, I watched as the crack melted,

I comes real cuz I really can't help it

[Chorus]

[SPM]

Yeah this one goes out to all my players

Don't let them haters get you down man

Besides, anybody who lets a hater get em down,
ten times out of ten is a hater, I ain't trippin'
We comin' down baby 2000. It's like that baby