

South Park, Revenge

First Verse:

My homie called me in the morning from a hospital bed
He got holes in his body from a glock full of lead
He said, three motherf**kers that his lady knows
Tried to jack his ass for his 84's
Now in a Ben Taub sick bed, my homie lays up
He got sprayed up, 'cause he wouldn't raise
Caught three of the seven of the shots that rang
Them folks sayin' that he'd never walk the same
It sounds like a job for the uzi gat
And where the f**k did your bitch say these fools be at?
For a real long time, we been the best of friends
And I'll be damned if a nigga don't get revenge
I feel anger, that I'm no stranger to
Bustin' slugs in they guts just a thang to do
Why they pray for you, come and spray they crew
Got love for my homies, I thought you knew?
He said "Los don't sweat it, let this shit alone,"
but with these punk motherf**kers I must pick a bone
Now will it be the cranium or the chest plate?
Necks break back, snap, put him in checkmate
Lead take me to vengeance, send this
Ripping through tendons I end this
Because you bleed inside and it hurts to cough
I can't take no advice I gots to break them off

Chorus:

'cause my revenge, it tastes so sweet, I gotta do,
What my friends, would do for me,
You muthaf**kas gotta beg,
Y'all askin' for action,
Eat a f**kin' K,
I'm blastin' some asses

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Second Verse:

My niggas check me, I'm thinkin' of a master plan
I'm straight up blastin' glocks, them f**kin' bastards ran
I'm steady missin' all my homies that done bit the dust
Got revenge 'cause them bitches wasn't shit to us
Now what the f**k can I accomplish?
And when I'm dead, will I find myself on God's list?

Every night I give, thanks I wouldn't die today
Turnin' cane into crack and my mic away
We dealin' 'cause we feelin' that the, pay's right
Hopin' Mama never see me at my, grave site
No daylight, play night cautiously
Could be death, or my freedom what it's costin' me
Lost in dear life my wife be that Mary Jane
And my streets got me strollin' blueberry Lane
Very same song sung in the South
From the mouth of a hustler, never have I trusted a
Trick or a hoe or a dope fiend either
'cause they smoke like a beaver buildin' dams on the river
Live a, life of a "G' til' the d - a - y
Hittin' switches on the freeway high
Don't reply 'cause me don't give a f**k
What you hoes got to say about me Hillwood funk

Chorus

Third Verse:

Stop short in your tracks

Gats got the place surrounded
Sounded two warning shots, f**k on up and you'll be grounded
Pounded bodies with a bunch of twelve gauges
Now her face is too straight in the f**kin' dog cages
Pages of my book, turn like the wind blows
On the paper of a crook, muthaf**k them hoes
Hittin' flows as a hustler, rose as a "G"
Saves his flows to big 8, now he scores half a ki
Some say in his head he got insanity inside
But all it really be is mathematically inclined
Look behind, you might find others takin' over
Rookies movin' cookies, they whipped in baking soda
Baby learn the f**kin' rules, my cheese, is SOLID AS A ROCK
With my homies and we BALLIN' WITH A GLOCK
Tenderoni phony fraud motherf**kers
Best to get out the game, 'fore you die motherf**kers
Bustas trust us, but us hustlas trust no one
You can sure run with no gun
That be a nigga slow guns
So roll one of them sweets
Chug-a-lug on the eightball
And see where this motherf**kin life is gonna take y'all
And haters might fall
Chorus