

South Park, The System

(Verse 1)

This Ones for those on the dead end street
I hope one day I see yo benz creep
hustlin hard to make all they ends meet
S-P got the Bentley
watch for the jealousy that most friends keep
I used to be just like you
all I can do is thank god cause he blessed me
slangin crack rock on the avenue
most of my clients like they cane on the rocks
Packin glocks and runnin from cops
Gun shots like 2 blocks away
I wonda who the f**k caught a hot one today
Neva mind cause I don't wanna know
One second things is lookin beautiful
I just lost two good friends in the row

the next second you're the star of the funeral

(Chorus)

All my friends are in the dead end street
Sum locked up and sum are R-i-P
You cant win there aint no way no how
Clock your change and get the f**k on out

(Verse 2)

Sunny Side money makers
We was Pirex shakers
In Hillwood we had rocks big as now and laterz
Quick snappers the store where we slung at
Everybody knew me for my hundred packs
my car was so clean kids was lookin up to me
Across the street was law elementry
They wanna be like me a tru hustla

The dope deala I aint tryina brag but
cause they daddy drives an old gas guzzla
f**k watchin roaches tryina climb out my bath tub
I was a hard head tryina be a drug lord
slow my roll nah homie what the f**k for
im in the 2 bed trailor man im dirt poor
when hurricanes would kome id run next door
to my homies house his name is huet hodge
we gonna make out this ghetto man I promise

(Verse 3)

(Chorus)

99 percent of all criminals are dope dealers
And the One percent that made it was pure luck
get busted by bullets or f**kin squeelers
but even he'll tell that his life aint worth a f**k
and in his mind he was shot a thousand times
cause in his mind he was caught a thousand times
Without peace there can be no happiness
Im not sure exactly what my religion is
I just know I thank god for my little kids
I wear a cross around my neck like the catholics
then they arrest us after we done make it big
this is the baddest sellin drugs like sum guinnie pigs
and any cash that we might have hidden
they take our money our cars and our houses
goes to the system tryin to stay out of prison
now tell me whos really sellin the ounces

(Chorus) - repeat 2X