

Freeworld to the Pen

South Park Mexican

I must of been raised in city streets
Just to be the chosen one
Playin golf with me nine iron
Gotta bust a hole in one
Like them hits squads
Do them quick jobs
I'm gonna get gunned down
Me lickin them shots
Never let nobody get passed one round
I be the son of a G and gun blaster
Them gonna be casper
Me pull it much faster
Daddy left me basterdly
As a g at last I see
Now bow dow thow so call me daddy streets
Gotta rain like rain man
Executed me game plan
It's a bird in a plane
Comin from the main land
Me living the high life
Keepin an eye out for the drive by
As the word of the lord that's war
That were fool die by y lie
Mira I died
That man so fried from up out a high
I'm ready to die when the bags fly
Then jump on the mic and sound alive
Makin my blocks
Smokin my rocks
Steady be hittin me licks
Smokers expected the two one action
Cut flex as big as them bricks
Collections from the connections
Cashin checks into the safe
Tryin to get a crank
Now got a crunk
Mom want me to stop but I can't
Just smokin my sets as I rest on top of the hill
Gone chill with the real deal
Me packin the steal that kills in thrills
Guard my grill in the battle field
Me popin them pills for dollar bills
Makin you feel no love
Keepin these fiends in these fine dreams
In these h-town steets on up
Hold up
Were all the meanin for the fienin in my neighborhood
They huntin me down for more
I'm guessin my caine was good
From they one they begun
They life was't strait
Now I become the one these dirty cops hate

Stay sneek and out from a cloud up in the sky
Higher than a kite flys
Shank that will pull my brise
But I might tell them white lies

Me kickin it just how it goes
Skipin all of the rest
Me say it for all of you hoes
Passin my trick the killer man says
Be live with the mic
Yea u lik me to be
See my life through the eyes of a child from the street
Crack in the back of your cranium
Aimin them lik basukas
Them pigs never book us
Me pimpin them telephone hookas
Look cause
U better surrender
Remember me in the pretend though
Up genders in my agenda
Get surved by the bulabar tender
Never let a fredge at last gun
Them askin to get one
Realise them killa bees at your knees
Me get yo back scuffed
You started all of the ruckes
Along with the rest of them bustas
Them struck by the buck shot
Pump out sucker
The game so perila though
Still I blow
Killa smoke
Kick a door down
For a bird on the sterio
Gotta tell the secrets of the streets
Reville them on beats
Who cheats creeps deep in the dawn
Just lik the grim reaps
Take a peep out ya window
Watch info creepin up slim holes
Now I kick them flows
Selling indoor with all of my ido and what
I got them so sick when I let them hoes know
I still don't want them to trip you cause I still got
so much more flow

Didn't get no scholarship
Never hit that college lit
We bustin them hollow tips
Rollin with me street knowledge click
We chop a brick
Leavin jackers in dirty 3 skin
We are lagit
With birds that lay about 36 eggs
Clip on my hip
Slip slid in my ride
Glid like plied
Except when me brain is fried
Pops never lied when he was tellin the laws of the
world
Stay strapped
Never turn your back
Infact that jack was planned by your girl
Alot of my homies have passed behind that ass workin
out there setter
Somebody gonna get wetter
Five there floatin on my letter
Cause I slang caine here mary jane bring there

Here I hang there I bang
Every day the same thang
We the hillwood hustlers
Servin up loyal customers
Don't trust them bust em
Cause if that don't work then nothing does
Better be a whize one
Then maybe u won't gotta die son
We bringin them dude as soon as a dude with a black
moves rizon
We the tough red rough necks
So which one of u little punks next
Me picture went out of the room every time that I
confess
Them say that I'm loveless
But they givin a lovely wat
Take a bubble bath
Smokin my indo with my scrubby dub
It's kinda funny but ya better be bringing a killer
clan
If your plan be to stand
Then jack with h-town trigga man
Never ran
Never will
Still build caps in the south side
Deep in them hellified hills
But them still gotta hear me out cry