

Garza West (feat. Juan Gotti)

South Park Mexican

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Verse 1: SPM]

From the hood and I stood on them Houston streets
We stick together like Cuban's links
I had a nine on my waist, guns I straddle
Forty four at the crib with the ivory handle
I'm the rocker, Beatty Crocker
Cooking cookies and cakes
B-12 to blow it up, as my coke inflates
I'm a swang'a, Gucci on my hang'a
Just brought my cousin on the ranch a Ford Wrangler
I like to ride horses like Mustangs and Porches
Pain is my producer, leader of the dark forces
Striking like matches, dropping like ashes
I only buy dances, if they paying college classes
Motherfucker[Chorus:]
I'm wreckin' for my G's in Garza West
I'm wreckin' for my G's in Garza East
I'm wreckin' for my G's in T.D.C
As I ball in this penitentiary I'm wreckin' for my G's in Garza West
I'm wreckin' for my G's in Garza East
I'm wreckin' for my G's in T.D.C
As I ball in this penitentiary[Verse 2: Juan Gotti]
Mi esposa won't listen, keeps comin' up missing
Feliz navidad aqui en transfer states prison
No visits, no kisses, no of the same bitches
No mas on T.V, magazine, and in wishes
I work on the hoes, what? Living C-dorm
Life with a fo-five got me this job
Mix bread with my foo's, Ese, Locos, and Tontos
Everyday tensions, fights for the tubo
House regulation, dropping Cantones
Bosses talk shit, cause I draw on my sobre

Traded my corn bread dessert over juice
Fight a pro, bullshit! that ain't no food
As a foo on the cool, parole set me off guey
Four years for sho' without no release date
You vatos don't feel me, you live in the free
As I ball through this penitentiary[Chorus x2][Verse 3: SPM]
Swisha Sweet rollin', pockets still swollen
Might meet a bitch and take her fine ass bowlin'
Money of the colon, Benz ain't stolen
Might watch Tiger Woods at the Houston Open
And I got hoes, even one that's Aryan
Slagin' more white balls than the Nolan Ryan
Nine with the silence, might turn to violence
This for all my pipe toting crack smoking clients
And my grass is much greener, South Park Beaner
Puttin' dick to a real famous R&B singer
Blowing like a tuba, wet like a scuba
Kandy coated Cougar, I'm a balla and hoop'a
Hater heart break'a , bloody shirt stain'a
Jumping on my diving board, faint to do a gain'a
Blades on my Benz, tons of fake friends
Spray down my seats with the cherry fragrance
Motherfucker[Chorus x2]

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