Jackers In My Home

South Park Mexican

They wipe tears while I wipe fingerprints off lead,
they say "Shoot for the stars", I say "Shoot for the head".
I believe in good times, having peace and fun,
but I'm still in my room tryna grease my gun.
Can't let it get rusty: if a shoot-out breaks,
the only thing I want jammin' is my screwed-out tape.
And tomorrow's the big day, gotta get my rest,
fourty-five G's outta town, lick buyin' tres.
I'm all alone, my girl said that she couldn't make it,
'cause she caught a damn cold and her whole body's aching.
And I feel kind of nervous, butterflies in my stomach,
but I drift off to sleep, really thinkin' nothing of it.
Then, something wakes me up and I open my eyes,
Somebody's in my house, I'm heartbroken 'cause I
Couldn't tell my mom "bye", they finally caught me slippin',
Im'a die like a man homeboy, I ain't trippin.Gunshots to my dome, jackers in my home,
nuthin' too fancy, just your average tombstone.
I'm sorry that I chose the life under the curse,
I'll be dressed in a suit and finally goin' to church.Gun shots to my dome, jackers in my home,
nuthin' too fancy, just your average tombstone.
I'm sorry that I chose the life under the curse,
I'll be dressed in a suit and finally goin' to church.Dreams of the cream, enemies on different teams,
Red Beans in my house, man this shit is so extreme.
I saw em' dressed up in all black wit da mask,
and I knew they was coming for the birds and the cash.
So I rolled out my bed, hit the floor and start crawlin',
and this is the price that you pay when your ballin',
But how did they get the spare key to my crib;
it had to be my bitch, she gon' die if I live!
Usually I keep a black glock on my dresser,
and I'm hearin' someone whisper, sayin' "Los, Im'a getcha!"
And I'm knowin' it's the Devil, but I pay him no mind,
I been dodging that fool ever since I was nine.
Gotta make it to the closet, where I keep my Mossberg,
slug shots, one hit, never speak another word.
Little did I know they had night vision goggles,
when they saw me on the floor, boy squeezed on the throttle.Gunshots to my dome, jackers in my home,
nuthin' too fancy, just your average tombstone.
I'm sorry that I chose the life under the curse,

I'll be dressed in a suit and finally goin' to church.Gunshots to my dome, jackers in my home,
nuthin' too fancy, just your average tombstone.
I'm sorry that I chose the life under the curse,
I'll be dressed in a suit and finally goin' to church.Shots started ringin, I was tumbling and divin',
runnin' out of time, with my mind on survivin'.
Dove out the window, but I started seein' stars,
I forgot last week 'bout some burglar bars.
Now my face is all wet, and I know it ain't sweat,
bullet hit my leg, so I rolled to the left.
Guess where I was at; damn right, in the closet,
grabbed a pump, now it's my turn to make a deposit.
Damn slugs ain't no punk, hit the boy in his back,
saw his right leg flyin' and it knocked down my lamp.
Unloaded, reloaded, was a three man army,
now they lookin' like piatas at the end of a party.
One was still alive, so I start askin' questions,
he could barely talk, spittin' blood like venom.
He said he had a team and people would rent him,
I killed the messengers, now I need who sent em'.Gunshots to my dome, jackers in my home,
nuthin' too fancy, just your average tombstone.
I'm sorry that I chose the life under the curse,
I'll be dressed in a suit and finally goin' to church.Gunshots to my dome, jackers in my home,
nuthin' too fancy, just your average tombstone.
I'm sorry that I chose the life under the curse,
I'll be dressed in a suit and finally goin' to church.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/