

# SPM vs. Los

## South Park Mexican

[Los]

I was raised on beans and rice  
and if you shot up my crib I wouldn't be surprised  
Mama used to trip cuz I fed the mice  
I'm the one they sent home cuz my head had lice  
I'm the kid that lost my sanity  
I'm the kid that had the toys with no batteries  
Mama sat me down for some serious talks  
On how to keep the rats out the cereal box

[SPM]

I feel you homie nigga I lived that shit nigga I felt that shit  
We never felt so rich those were the good ass days bro  
Sure we was broke but we was b-b guns havin' hella fun on natural dough  
When you started to smoke that's when you changed  
The weed hit the brain and the man thought he came  
It was joint, after joint, after joint, after joint  
In one month your fuckin' brain was destroyed  
Now you got children and a beautiful wife  
The kinda money that you make nigga you set for life  
Enjoy your self man you only live once  
Take your family vacation and relax for a month

[Los]

I'mma smoke 'till I croak nigga fuck bein' broke nigga  
I need seven bedrooms and my boat nigga  
Watchin' rats with eighty seven new gats  
The penitantly's the only place when I can relax  
I want some hoes in they heads they pushin' me to the edge  
The only thing I'mma miss is my beautiful kids  
I'm just sippin' pedron I handle shit on my own  
I got a camera  
for every fuckin' inch of my home  
It's in my blood to be a drunk and not give a fuck  
I do a drive-by in my grandmas truck  
A G daddy left me at the age of three  
Now every South Side crack-head pagin' me

[SPM]

Chill homie cut dad some slack  
Sure he left our ass but that was way the fuck back  
You all cot up hearin' blastin' on dub  
We was only seven when our house got shot up  
Mom was all bloody I saw that shit  
It was just blast from the mirror it's alright kid  
You blessed by God man you can't give up  
And run around town not givin' a fuck  
Yeah of course they jealous and pullin' hoes shit  
It's hard to be that mess-kin that came up so quick  
You made it look easy but It's just an illusion  
You did the impossible and took over Houston  
Now everybody thinks they can do like you  
Losin' thousands and thousands on a half ass crew  
Talkin' down on you but you got nothing to prove  
Let 'em run they mouth all the fuck they want to

[Los]

Mutha fuck you nigga stop preachin' n'shit  
I grab my mutha fuckin' glock and start squeezin' my shit  
No mercy for the weak bitch so save yo' speech bitch  
You can't reach I'm too deep in these streets bitch  
Don't piss me off I'll put this gat to yo' head  
Can't you see these jealous bitches pray for us to be dead,  
You gettin' soft now? You must wanna die too  
all it takes is one bullet to kill me and you

[gun shot]

Damn dawg, you hear that gun shot?  
Soundin' like it came from SPM's room! Lets go check it out!

All my people fight da evil  
Some sniff paint and some shoot needle  
Some take shots with salt and lemon get fucked up and beat they women  
All the children need someone to show them they can't be someone  
Mad at me cuz I came up, I don't understand what y'all want

[SPM]

Say, Los, check this out, man

[Los]

What up, SPM?

[SPM]

Say, let's just smoke and joint, man and try to work this thing out

[Los]

Well, we could smoke a joint, I dunno about all that other shit

[SPM]

Haha

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Lyrics submitted by Amanda.

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