

Time Is Money

South Park Mexican

(bailiff)

Order in the court!

(judge)

The courtroom asks carlos coy to step up to the witness stand.

Do you swear to tell the truth, nothing but the truth, so help you god?

(spm)

Yeah

First verse:

I'll begin when I started gettin' violent, sir

Screwin' in my muthafuckin' silencer

I grabbed my 'stol, and then I felt the coldness

People stood around as I told this

Ferocious confession of relentless aggression

I was taught, to shoot first and then ask questions

I sold rocks, I was raised with no pops

My four glocks, twistin' hoes like door knobs

Bitch offered me the pussy, so I took it

They call me a crook, 'cause that's short for crooked

Stayin' high as hell, and drunk as fuck

You ain't down with the mex, you can sick my duck

I mean duck my sick, I mean suck my dick

Don't laugh bitch, you know what the fuck I meant

And if I ever come back to the free world

I'ma take my baby girl out to sea world

Chorus:

Time is money

Time obviously isn't on your side

Time is money

Bridge one:

(lawyer)

Can you tell the jury exactly what happened on the night of december second?

Second verse:

My word is gold, now check, how the murder's told

Bring me back thirteen and my birth is sold

Learn the code, then meet me at the service road

Now you all understand what this person know

Servin' coke, seemed like my purpose so

I was the perfect mold of gangsta you've been searchin' for

But on a further note this cat tryin' to burn my dope
But since the day that mama gave birth to los
I heard them hoes, forever be first to smoke
Tryin' to jack a jacker, what's the purpose loc?
Mercy no, 'cause he smiles and ain't heard the joke
Now he's in his blood, tryin' to write a cursive note
I snatch his (? ? ?) up, he looked like he turned to chrome
That boy got a date with dirt, in the earth below
With the worms, that hoe left on an early note
I seen him run the red light, and I heard she broke

Chorus

(judge)

Do you have any last words before I give you your sentence?

Third verse:

I spent a lot of time away from family and friends
The first song I wrote, was a song named "revenge"
Ever since then, my weapon was a pen
But I still kept a strap for those devilish men
Sucka better duck-a from the buck, buck, bucka!
Do a fly-by and shoot your aunt and your uncle
Does anybody understand the life of the trill?
Pigs and snitches get along 'cause they squeal

Chorus (2x)

3,2,1

(inmate)

South park mexican, what the fuck? i just knew you'd be back

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