

# Screwed Up Tape

## South Park Mexican

[Rasheed]Ma, I'm sorry for the things I did  
And god, thanks for all the times you let me live  
I should of been dead a long time ago  
Should of been me and not Wero  
Foot on the pedal while I race to the hood  
Go to revillations in your little black wood  
My homies all changing and that f\*\*king shit hurts  
I never f\*\*k a friend unless they suck my dick first  
Creep and I crawl, ball till I fall  
Sell you a 80 won't charge you for the straw  
They asked me how long I ever kept a job roughly  
Well, I worked six months in the county as a trusty  
I went to prison and I came back an animal  
Southside, Houston's murder capital  
My crew is cursed, shoot you first  
Died next to a stupid nurse  
Put you in the bluest hearse  
I'll see your ass and Lucifer  
[Chorus - 2x]6 in the morning police at my door  
Fresh, Jordans squeeking cross my bathroom floor  
Out the back window, I make my escape  
Didn't even have a chance to grab my screwed up tape  
[Low-G]My green light, aloe sinche queeto ky guy palo  
haters don't like me cause my name is hard to swallow  
Here he comes that 5-O asked me for i.d.  
Play on his computer and finds some felonies  
I was high, fly and a dubbed blue eye  
Every questioned asked I came back with a lie  
he was searching my ride and found my 45  
That's when I started thinking had to bust him with my nine  
Instead I ran, now your boy got away  
That night we celebrate like it was a holiday

I use to be broke didn't have big faces  
I had to wipe my ass with the yellow pages  
No T.V. and no cartoons  
My heffer in the kitchen washing plastic spoons  
I was a smoker tough on, green potent stuff

No diamonds on my wrist only, broken cuffs  
[Chorus - 2x][South Park Mexican]I don't know what the f\*\*k, I'ma come have some bud  
Who want to f\*\*k with us, ground like snuff or upper cuts  
Pro-tect my property, Hillwood prophecy  
I don't know how many times I got to tell y'all get off of me  
Balls and that's all I need, smoking bitches crossing me  
When I kill you niggas we can all live in harmony  
This ain't motherf\*\*king breaking stone, I told you once leave  
us alone  
Known to kill my f\*\*king own, blame Houston cause that's my home  
How can I make it when it won't clear  
My bud done look like daffadille  
17 million a year, still I thug in my Cavilier  
My people come, like Babylon, mexican and african  
Few white boys that's family, asian and mohamilly  
Indian and that Navhoe, killers out that Navadoche  
Careful how your ass approach, get busted like you pass a note  
All the hoes, camel toes, smoking on that ardachoke  
Bought the benz, bought the boat, in my kitchen rocking coke  
[Chorus][Chorus 2]Crusing down the street with my 6 hoes  
Bumping my shit, riding on vogues  
Went to the park to get the scoop  
Young niggas out there cold shooting some hoops

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