

# Swim

## South Park Mexican

I was three when my old man left in the wind,  
pushed me in the ocean, turned around and said "Swim".

That's what I did, even though I was scared,  
I kept kickin', 'cause a person only floats when he's dead. If I had one wish, it wouldn't be wealth,

It would be that if we could just love ourselves.  
'Cause every day it's like we kill a million dreams,  
and it seems everybody on different teams.

I don't mean to get deep, I'm just speakin' the truth,  
we in a two-bed traila with a leak in the roof.

I ate potatoes every way you could ever make 'em,  
when you're hungry, gotta use your imagination.

My mom did her best, she would hug and kiss me,  
even though we had more fuckin' mice than Disney.

I still had some polos and plenty new draws,  
while she was livin' life with the same two bras.  
The lighting strikes like Garth say, "Thunder rolls",  
life is cold, like an eskimo in summer clothes.

I suffa softly, but never let nothing stop me,  
and I miss my little girl like somebody shot me. I was three when my old man left in the wind,  
pushed me in the ocean, turned around and said "Swim".

That's what I did, even though I was scared,  
I kept kickin', 'cause a person only floats when he's dead. I be prison made cross, fuck diamonds and jewels,  
still flya then Jordan when he was runnin' with Bulls.

So many shots had missed, so many cops was pissed,  
so many songs I have written in the past on this.

It's a lot of impostas tryna tell you the same,  
But how the fuck can I explain, no one knows my pain.  
From the cord on my navel, I was G from the cradle,  
I don't snort, 'cause they say that bitch 'Caine killed Abel.

I'm not sure you understand it, but I must express it,  
Santa Claus is on heroine, there ain't no presents.

And Mom, all this shit makes my eyes so watery,  
now I understand why you tried to win the lottery.

We gon' make it I promise, don't let the memories haunt us,  
I remember we was at the bus stop in pajamas.

Tryna run from a home that brought so many tears,  
bad luck like we musta broke a thousand mirrors. I was three when my old man left in the wind,  
pushed me in the ocean, turned around and said "Swim".

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