

Garza West

South Park Mexican

[Verse 1: SPM]

From the hood and I stood on them Houston streets

We stick together like Cuban's links

I had a nine on my waist, guns I straddle

Forty four at the crib with the ivory handle

I'm the rocker, Beatty Crocker

Cooking cookies and cakes

B-12 to blow it up, as my coke inflates

I'm a swang'a, Gucci on my hang'a

Just brought my cousin on the ranch a Ford Wrangler

I like to ride horses like Mustangs and Porches

Pain is my producer, leader of the dark forces

Striking like matches, dropping like ashes

I only buy dances, if they paying college classes

Motherfucker[Chorus:]

I'm wreckin' for my G's in Garza West

I'm wreckin' for my G's in Garza East

I'm wreckin' for my G's in T.D.C

As I ball in this penitentiary I'm wreckin' for my G's in Garza West

I'm wreckin' for my G's in Garza East

I'm wreckin' for my G's in T.D.C

As I ball in this penitentiary[Verse 2: Juan Gotti]

Mi esposa won't listen, keeps comin' up missing

Feliz navidad aqui en transfer states prison

No visits, no kisses, no of the same bitches

No mas on T.V, magazine, and in wishes

I work on the hoes, what? Living C-dorm

Life with a fo-five got me this job

Mix bread with my foo's, Ese, Locos, and Tontos

Everyday tensions, fights for the tubo

House regulation, dropping Cantones

Bosses talk shit, cause I draw on my sobre

Traded my corn bread dessert over juice

Fight a pro, bullshit! that ain't no food

As a foo on the cool, parole set me off guey

Four years for sho' without no release date

You vatos don't feel me, you live in the free

As I ball through this penitentiary[Chorus x2][Verse 3: SPM]

Swisha Sweet rollin', pockets still swollen

Might meet a bitch and take her fine ass bowlin'
Money of the colon, Benz ain't stolen
Might watch Tiger Woods at the Houston Open
And I got hoes, even one that's Aryan
Slagin' more white balls than the Nolan Ryan
Nine with the silence, might turn to violence
This for all my pipe toting crack smoking clients
And my grass is much greener, South Park Beaner
Puttin' dick to a real famous R&B singer
Blowing like a tuba, wet like a scuba
Kandy coated Cougar, I'm a balla and hoop'a
Hater heart break'a , bloody shirt stain'a
Jumping on my diving board, faint to do a gain'a
Blades on my Benz, tons of fake friends
Spray down my seats with the cherry fragrance
Motherfucker[Chorus x2]

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