

El Jugador (the Player)

South Park Mexican

-Que onda Frost, how you been homeboy?...

-Hey wuz up dawg...

-Check it out man, I want you to meet my number one soldado Low-G...

-Hey, Low-G, where you from Homes?...

[Verse 1]Mi querida... Centro America

Aqui en Houston ganando mi feria

En la esquina la vida es fina

Le pido a Dios que me cuide a mi nina

Mira, mi jale es la calle

Vendiendo libras que vienen del valle

Si mi madre me entendiera

Mi familia va primera

Mi bandera era mi guerra

Es whateva bustin no cualquiera

Quiero que sepas que yo soy la muerte

Si te escapas sera pura suerte...

[Chorus:]Capish understand the touch

Let a G show you how to turn a man to dust

L.A. to Nueva York que es puro amor

For all who got love for El Jugador

Houston to Nuevo Leon

Three bandidos on tha microphone

Stike with crome

True crime family, enemies pay

Never die happily...

[Verse 2]Assault riffles, professional snipers

Got my rival, shittin in they die

You don't like us cool, but don't show it

Who wanna fuck with this killers slash poet

I blow with duss, like nitro-glisset

You bitches, love talkin' off a pot you piss in

Chill homes, cause you ain't that hard

Faud, frossin' in your own backyard

I'm world wide in the two tone blow ride

You grow high, they might seen it

Baby that's my life hater, heart breaker

Life taker smile now, cry later...

-Dope House Records

-Man What's up "LOS"
-up with my bitch Snow White
-She's going for 13-5
-Cool, let's start with 50 then...
[Chorus][Verse 3]I'm in the sport, where we import
What you snort
Leavin court, goin straight to the airport
I d

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