

# Carolyn's Hook

## South Park Mexican

[South Park Mexican:]

Yeah, I ain't got no hook for this jam  
Here we go, here we go  
I'm just gonna let ya, feel the music on the hooks.  
Know what I'm sayin'?

[Verse 1:]

In the rancho everybody knows Carlos  
Still writin' still fumando arbos  
I'm locked up with my gente, no hay salida  
Tryin' to finish up this book about my vida  
On appeal & it's gonna take a full year  
They askin' me if I wanna go to school here  
At a time when a person really needs a friend  
I'm thinkin' 'bout gettin' back on them streets again  
I gave the Benz to Happ & the Vet to Beesh  
I hope they use 'em to ride on my enemies  
I got 2 left, whaz up young Hugh Heff?  
I heard my brother just signed up a new cheff  
Lucky Lu the Screwston freestyler  
You just wishin' that the Dope House would die. Huh?  
I heard your boys talkin' down, bumpin' lips  
But big mouths is only good for suckin' dicks  
When I was free none of your step to me  
Now that I'm locked, you hoes is disrespectin' me  
I'll be back before you bitch niggas count to 10  
But I can touch you way before I'm out the pen  
No names, I don't play that silly game  
You smokin' too much weed, you ain't no killer maine  
I bring vengeance, can't put it all in one sentence  
But if there is a hell, I can show you to the entrance  
Muthafucker, oh yeah  
& this shit don't stop  
I told you they can't stop it  
Here we go, 2 verses.

[Verse 2:]

Every bodies day comes, I fuckin' ate crumbs  
I'm not a star but now I date some

Those who new me, as a child growin' up  
See me Benz turn around & start throwin' up.  
Whatcha think? That I'm happy cause a new car  
You come to me sayin' I don't care who you are  
I knew you when you wasn't nothin' & still ain't  
You just Carlos Coy but on a little tape.  
You think you bad with your big house & fancy ride?  
But a man is only good for what he has inside  
So I say. Then why are you so mad?  
Have you ever heard of me to go brag?  
On this earth I'm no better than any body  
I was more happier without any money  
I haven't changed not one little bitty bite  
To be honest your the ones who really did  
Hatin' me, cause you live in misery  
But there's other ways of takin' kicks & dissin' me  
No revenge, I just want my family & friends  
Fuck the Benz & you can have the millions  
All I want is a worm & a finishin' pole  
Behind bars is the little things you miss the most  
All the parties, the clubs they don't mean nothin'  
I miss tellin' little kids they can be somethin'  
Give 'em hope cause I know they up against the odds  
Tell 'em do they best, leave the rest to God  
Man I know they make you feel like you don't belong  
Can't see your own kind only shows this song  
Little homey that's only cause they scared of us  
Don't play me, they say cause I bare too much  
I'm not negative but tryin' to be a pessimist  
But your fear got you hatin' on the Mexicans.

[Carolyn:]

Fuck these jealous hoes, Player hatin' hoes  
They fuckin' with my Los, Oh  
I gave you my whole life, my body & my mind  
My love & my time, you know I'll rise  
Oh it's Dope House that's for life  
I told you bitches once  
& now I'll I tell you twice  
It's Dope House for life, the home of the brave  
This haters cannot play, you can try it your own way  
& see your day  
For all my G's on lock, for those who rep they block  
For those who's in the box  
You know, we don't stop.

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Lyrics submitted by Mike.

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