

S.p. So Bastardly

South Park Mexican

[VERSE 1: SPM]I'm sippin' purple magic, gettin' stuck like traffic

On the back of his head, S.P.M. tatted

Boys down with me, like four flat tires

Got Benz's and 'Lac's and candy jaguars

Try to make it rich, breakin' bricks

My girl's name was cocaine, that's a crazy bitch

Was my first love, that I will admit

Watchin' dope fiends fight for half a cigarette

Do these rappers know, how it really go

Or are they just another fake on the microphone?

I listen to the 'Pac, I listen to the Pat

My homie's either dead or in the kitchen cookin' crack

Boys wanna' stare, take it to the square, hoe

Should I stay ag' or should I let my hair grow?

I know it don't stop, even though they try

45 years, in this like a homicide

[CHORUS: SPM]Creep wit' me, S.P. so bastardly

And pull so fast-ily

And pack so heavily

Creep wit' me, S.P. so bastardly

And pull so fast-ily

And pack so heavily

[VERSE 2: COAST]The world has got me on edge

I'm gettin' closer to that spot on the ledge

To where if I drop, then I'm dead

Man, it's probably best

'Cuz these days, innocent Mexicans get locked in the 'feds

Or either rocked wit' a glock fulla' lead

Or popped (of the death??)

Now, I don't wanna' be the next one to suffer the same pain

I'm stuck in same game, I hustle to change things

'Cuz whoever says I just wanna see lead fly

The bullets done sped by, now that's where your head lie

I be cruzin' down the back street, my screw tape bang

The caddy coop stay swangin' through the two-way lanes

So come creep wit' me, let me show you the ropes I roll frequently

Out the dirty, throwed coast

What the deal like baby, this is real life

This is what it feels like, when you in the trill life
This is what it still like, still fly the kite to Los
I'd like to welcome y'all on behalf of S.P. bro'
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[VERSE 3: SPM]I'ma stay strong, stronger then they thought

I made 'em so sick when I bought it off the lot

But I'd fall apart, if I couldn't spark

South Park, slap 20's on my Noah's Ark

Money ain't a thing, never will I love it

Guess that's why the Lord gave me plenty of it

I spent it on my homies, spent it on my kids

I put a diamond necklace in my momma's fridge

But all the jealousy kept me drugged up

I try to stuff a fuckin' whole ounce in one blunt

So many enemies, for no good reason

Guess they mad cause I make the dough look easy

In the club, smokin' on a hog leg

With some car friends wishin' I would drop dead

Now that I'm on lock, they still can't take it

Homie, I'm the king of this shit, man face it

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