

Real Gangsta

South Park Mexican

Yeah yeah, yeah this one called uh real gangsta huh

[Chorus:]

She don't know why
But all she knows
is that her youngest child
is a real gangsta now
you see...

[Verse 1:]

He was a good kid all through elementary
A's and B's and had no enemies
But he saw all the G's as he walked home
he couldn't read all the words on the walls though
So many letters was crossed out with X's
He wondered but knew not to ask those questions
No pops, and his mom worked to the nail
She managed to buy him some shoes on sale
She didn't know, she bought the wrong color
And they stayed in the closet all summer
Even though the kid wasn't affiliated
He knew what they loved, and knew what they hated
Now he's in Middle School, same individual
But this is where things seem to get a bit difficult
This is the life of a young Mexican
First verse done take me to the second one

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2:]

6th grade, why so much homework
Got a pot pie sitting in the stove burnt
Momma still ain't back from her job yet
So he eats it cause that's all he got left
Then he plays with his little puppy Cinnamon
His last dog was a victim of a hit n run
There's a knock on his door it's his homeboy
Your mom's gone? He pulls out a chrome toy
Where'd you get that from? The kid asked
We broke into a house we got a bunch of shit stashed

It was the first time he ever held a real gun
To get one of these you gotta steal one
We too young they won't let us buy a gat
Now if they shoot at us we can fire back
Who is they and why would they blast at me?
Cause you from the hood fool, this is family

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3:]

A year passes now the kids Dickies sag
In his pocket got a knife and a nickel bag
And the homeboy that showed him his first gun
Got killed last week in a burban
Putting work in 45 jerkin'
Lucky shot head, popped like a virgin
Closed casket touched as he strolled past it
Got his name tattooed into a hoes asses
So he'll still be remembered often while
His little bitch gettin' hit doggy style
It ain't stoppin' now while his moms' on the ground
On her knees yelling "Please Lord not my child
I want to watch him smile
He can turn his Pac up loud
He can sleep with his pitbull on the couch"
And while the kid is listening to her words
All he can think about is bloody, bloody murders

[Chorus x2]

Lyrics submitted by cilla.

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