

In My Hood

South Park Mexican

[SPM]

One, Two buckle that fool
He's Fuckin with me, if he's Fuckin with you
Yeah, wood to my bones, to my chromosomes
Got two forty-fours so I'm not home alone
Push a pencil like a stone on a Saturday night
I choke a hoe from my toad, like I'm grabbin the Mic'
They bought me a used Dirt Bike
A year later, it was used to serve white
Get a bird on top of us, punk ass officers
Mad, cause my closet full of guns and kniveses
Rockin with duckies, for fiends and junkees
Got more cheese than Chuck E's, and get my weed from uglies
It's all lucky, just bought a Pitbull puppy
Its guaranteed to make me a shit full of money
Man I just couldn't settle in school, I was nervous
So I left, I cant even write in cursive

[Chorus 2x]

Wat do you see, in my hood
I see gangstas everywhere, everywhere

[SPM]

And I'm going live, liver than the rest
I told my mom, while I'm locked, take it as a test
Up in Garza West, Smockin on that Skidney Square
Three more, and I believe I can get me there
I'll be home soon, I promise that
I be trippin cause know they say my daughter rap
Seven years old (Carley:I'm eight now dad) they say she real cold
She my muthafuckin life, for real though

Lord knows that he got me here for a reason
Wat it is, I dont know but your boy breathein
It didnt kill me, so know the hoes gotta feel me
I've been slanging since I got kicked out of Milby
Last ten years, been a cold jungle
In the streets sellin dope to my own Uncle
Born thug, they goin to hate me 'till I'm bagged up

In my casket, I'll probably still be handcuffed

[Chorus 2x]

[SPM]

I come from the Slums, South Side Houstone
Changed to Screwstone, the day Screw moved on
And I miss him, wish I could hug and kiss him
He was askin' for help, but no one would listen
Remanicin, actin like a fool at Roxy, jelouse niggaz lookin but refused to
box me

I don't blame them though, I would jump on stage and flow
And holla fuck the police in the radio
They can't stop me, but certainly them hoes could try
I started Dope House, back when I was Forcken-fry
In the pen, wish I had one mate
I swear to god these hoes hate to see us paid
Just made big spread, with roast beef
Got ma boy pullin weed, out his gold teeth
On the Mic' I destroy any other meat
My new song called pussy, weed, and Burger King

[Chorus 2x]

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