

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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