# SPM Vs. Los

## SPM

[Los]I was raised on beans and rice
and if you shot up my crib I wouldn't be surprised
Mama used to trip 'cause I fed the mice
I'm the one they sent home 'cause my head had lice
I'm the kid that lost my sanity
I'm the kid that had the toys with no batteries
Mama sat me down for some serious talks
On how to keep the rats out the cereal box
[SPM]I feel you homie nigga I lived that shit nigga I felt that shit
We never felt so rich those were the good ass days bro
Sure we was broke but we was b-b guns havin' hella fun on natural dough
When you started to smoke that's when you changed
The weed hit the brain and the man thought he came
It was joint, after joint, after joint, after joint
In one month your fuckin' brain was destroyed
Now you got children and a beautiful wife
The kinda money that you make nigga you set for life
Enjoy your self man you only live once
Take your family vacation and relax for a month
[Los]I'mma smoke 'till I croak nigga fuck bein' broke nigga
I need seven bedrooms and my boat nigga
Watchin' rats with eighty seven new gats
The penitantary's the only place when I can relax
I want some hoes in they heads they pushin' me to the edge
The only thing I'mma miss is my beautiful kids
I'm just sippin' pedron I handle shit on my own
I got a camera
for every fuckin' inch of my home
It's in my blood to be a drunk and not give a fuck
I do a drive-by in my grandmas truck
A G daddy left me at the age of three
Now every South Side crack-head pagin' me
[SPM]Chill homie cut dad some slack
Sure he left our ass but that was way the fuck back
You all cot up hearin' blastin' on dub
We was only seven when our house got shot up
Mom was all bloody I saw that shit
It was just blast from the mirror it's alright kid

You blessed by God man you can't give up

And run around town not givin' a fuck
Yeah of course they jealous and pullin' hoes shit
It's hard to be that mess-kin that came up so quick
You made it look easy but It's just an illusion
You did the impossible and took over Houston
Now everybody thinks they can do like you
Losin' thousands and thousands on a half ass crew
Talkin' down on you but you got nothing to prove
Let 'em run they mouth all the fuck they want to
[Los]Mutha fuck you nigga stop preachin' n'shit
I grab my mutha fuckin' glock and start squeezin' my shit
No mercy for the weak bitch so save yo' speech bitch
You can't reach I'm too deep in these streets bitch
Don't piss me off I'll put this gat to yo' head
Can't you see these jealous bitches pray for us to be dead,
You gettin' soft now? You must wanna die too
all it takes is one bullet to kill me and you
[gun shot]Damn dawg, you hear that gun shot?
Soundin' like it came from SPM's room! Lets go check it out!
All my people fight da evil
Some sniff paint and some shoot needle
Some take shots with salt and lemon get fucked up and beat they women
All the children need someone to show them they can't be someone
Mad at me 'cause I came up, I don't understand what y'all want
[SPM]Say, Los, check this out, man
[Los]What up, SPM?
[SPM]Say, let's just smoke and joint, man and try to work this thing out
[Los]Well, we could smoke a joint, I dunno about all that other shit
[SPM]Ha-ha

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