

# South Park, The System

(Verse 1)

This Ones for those on the dead end street  
I hope one day I see yo benz creep  
hustlin hard to make all they ends meet  
S-P got the Bentley  
watch for the jealousy that most friends keep  
I used to be just like you  
all I can do is thank god cause he blessed me  
slangin crack rock on the avenue  
most of my clients like they cane on the rocks  
Packin glocks and runnin from cops  
Gun shots like 2 blocks away  
I wonda who the f\*\*k caught a hot one today  
Neva mind cause I don't wanna know  
One second things is lookin beautiful  
I just lost two good friends in the row

the next second you're the star of the funeral

(Chorus)

All my friends are in the dead end street  
Sum locked up and sum are R-i-P  
You cant win there aint no way no how  
Clock your change and get the f\*\*k on out

(Verse 2)

Sunny Side money makers  
We was Pirex shakers  
In Hillwood we had rocks big as now and laterz  
Quick snappers the store where we slung at  
Everybody knew me for my hundred packs  
my car was so clean kids was lookin up to me  
Across the street was law elementry  
They wanna be like me a tru hustla

The dope deala I aint tryina brag but  
cause they daddy drives an old gas guzzla  
f\*\*k watchin roaches tryina climb out my bath tub  
I was a hard head tryina be a drug lord  
slow my roll nah homie what the f\*\*k for  
im in the 2 bed trailor man im dirt poor  
when hurricanes would kome id run next door  
to my homies house his name is huet hodes  
we gonna make out this ghetto man I promise

(Verse 3)

(Chorus)

99 percent of all criminals are dope dealers  
And the One percent that made it was pure luck  
get busted by bullets or f\*\*kin squeelers  
but even he'll tell that his life aint worth a f\*\*k  
and in his mind he was shot a thousand times  
cause in his mind he was caught a thousand times  
Without peace there can be no happiness  
Im not sure exactly what my religion is  
I just know I thank god for my little kids  
I wear a cross around my neck like the catholics  
then they arrest us after we done make it big  
this is the baddest sellin drugs like sum guinnie pigs  
and any cash that we might have hidden  
they take our money our cars and our houses  
goes to the system tryin to stay out of prison  
now tell me whos really sellin the ounces

(Chorus) - repeat 2X