

# Ghetto Tales

## South Park Mexican

Phat Money Records  
SPM baby  
Putting it down with that Phat Money Records  
Dope House Records  
Phat Stacks, A.C. Chill, L.T.  
This one's Ghetto Tales  
What you know about that?

These are the tales, the Ghetto Tales  
Dope sales and life is hell, trying to stay out of jail  
(2x)

I'm rolling H-town South Park backstreets  
A.C. Chill all the O.G.'s know me  
In that Bourbon with the candy paint  
For deep most of my niggas ain't got no car that's why  
we so deep  
We left a funeral to see my homie's mamma cry  
It always hurt me when any of my homies die  
All of a sudden gun shots rang out  
I guess these young G's plexin' gang bang clout  
We pulled over I said "Let me out this bitch man"  
One of these niggas finna get they wig split man  
Pulled out my strap you know how the show goes  
Somebody yelled out and yo here come the Po-Po's  
I told my niggax "Yo man I'll Catch you later"  
Got pocket full of weed plus they got me on paper  
Bailed around the corner to holla at my homie  
Next thing you know the fucking haters roll up on me  
Damn, how much hating can a young nigga take?  
First chance I get a mother fucker finna break  
They caught me, now I'm in the jail cell pacing  
Damn, a violation  
Eighteen months is what I'm facing

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Im pushing weight trying to have it  
Everything is flat  
But at the same time I'm leaving niggas on their back  
Up in the neighborhood I'm trying to stack a little cream  
I'm paper chasing me and we trying to stack some green  
And everything is far as bad when it comes to drama  
I'm trying to make a little cash for me, Jay, and mamma  
Ain't paying no bills but these niggas got me fucked up  
I rather sit on streets than see my ass locked up  
And serving fiends is an everyday life thing  
And from the cells chilling trying to have a nice day  
And for this 420 Eastex life thing  
I got the skills to hit a nigga from big mar man  
And platinum shit we gonna drop on the block-a-dee  
Come watch my tongue twist wrecking with my boy "C"  
Trying to survive make a meal with these ghetto dreams  
We playa made plus we from the heart of S.E.

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SPM baby sitting dope fiends at the dead end  
Fighting over sales with my motherfucking best friend  
Used to be broke and assed out  
Now I buy Diamonds that make my wife pass out  
Bad route was a path I chose  
Blasting hoes  
At last I rose  
I got cash and clothes  
From the crack I sold to let you bastards know  
Stacking dough sitting on glass and vogues  
My ass gonna show  
I'm straight out of the slums  
South Park where you get your car washed for crumbs  
But these laws is on a cookout  
I used to get took out  
Three dollar pieces for my look out  
Licensed cookie baker  
That's my profession  
Never have my dope in my own possession  
Niggas selling cocaine in my domain  
I sneak up from the back and take you out with no pain

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