

## **South Park Mexican (Spm) "Hustle Town"**

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[SPM talking]

Eh he he he he

Hustle Town my city maan!

Born and raised baby

Yo I dedicate this jam to all the single mothers

Raisin' men in a big city

I know it's hard

Let 'em know what's up Filero

[Verse 1: Filero]

I sell drugs with thugs

Hittin' licks off tricks

Workin' two jobs a dope deala and a pimp

Mom's beggin' me to stop everyday

So scared for me to walk. Memory lane

But Mom don't worry my teck protect well

I told ya one day this rap shit gone sell

But my heart been broke from the start

Since the day my father died when I was seven in the  
park

So I wrote the book

How to pimp hoes and kick do's

And if I kill well than that's just how the shit go

Pull yo strap

What am I supposed to sweat

This the third time today that I come close to death

[Chorus: SPM]

Hustle Town Hustle Town

The city of dreams

Where we creep through the hood

And we serve them dope fiends

Hustle Town

The shit don't stop

Roll rental cars

And we keep the glock cocked

Hustle Town

The city of dreams

Where we creep through the hood

And we serve them dope fiends

Hustle Town

The shit don't stop

Roll rental cars  
And we keep the glock cocked

[Verse 2: SPM]

Set 'em up  
Wet 'em up  
Etceteras  
Tell ya treasura  
Empty the regista  
Shit serious  
I'll give ya life a period  
Well here he is  
The kid with experience  
Don't start shit  
Mistake me for an artist  
Flash in the dark  
Someone tell 'em where his heart is  
Blue light  
Who die?  
Tonight  
Maybe over two dice  
Maybe cause he blew fry  
On top of ya  
With the Hillwood Mafia  
Hard hittin' hustlas  
Beat the draws off of ya  
Knowledge  
While my shit be flawless  
Dope House Records step into my office

[Chorus: SPM]

[Lord Loco talking]

It's ya boy Lord Loco  
Know what I'm talkin' bout  
Representin' that H-Town wit my boy SPM  
There's a lot of frauds out there know what I'm sayin'  
What you think 'bout them fraud ass niggas Los?

[Verse 3: SPM]

Jackin' jaws  
I'm packin' balls  
Smoke and split  
I give mo' gifts than Santa Clause  
Wit a cold forty-ounce and a sack of hay  
Chug a lug for the thugs who done passed away  
Mista da Masta Mystical Mexican Maniac  
Competition ha ha  
You muthafuckas make me laugh  
You a bitch if you hatin' on my Houston hits  
I fight devils like you wit a crucifix

Ruthless shit  
With a shotty  
Take ya body  
Gun Kung Fu  
Mixed wit AK Karate  
I'm sorry but you the past like Atari  
As I smoke like Marley  
Stay Brown like Charlie

[Chorus: SPM]

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