

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 Filerio

[Verse 1: Filerio]

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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