

South Park "Graveyards"

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[Verse 1: SPM]

Now spread the word
I got them Pricks on the dead end streets
And watch them jump out boys
Cause they rollin ten deep
Creepy crawlin the night
Ya know the deal
on the muthafuckin Hill
We all strapped to kill
Chill hittin licks in the wind that never ceases
Mad cause they askin me for three dollar pieces
How the fuck I'm supposed to come up
Of a shy move
Run up on a twenty and go get yo ass an ice cube
It ain't nuthin why you bumpin in yo Cutlass
Jus understand the roughness
Never cut for the gutless
Cause it's do or die
You ask
Who am I?
That mama heartbreaker ever since junior high
in Eye of the public
The Brown be a suspect
So the streets taught me to be loveless
Causin rawkus
In a dope fiends bucket
My two favorite subjects were
Shut it and fuck it

[Chorus: SPM]

The night shift
Young hustlers workin grave yards
The night shift
Street soldiers workin grave yards
My nine be
Beside me
Tonight we
Work the night shift
My nine be
Beside me
Tonight we
Work the night shift

[Verse 2: Pimpstress]

It's yo midnight mistress
Playa named Pimpstress
I keep it crunk handle up on my business
Queen of the your click
Fiend for my shit
I'm soft and corrupt
Sixteen in my clip
Smoking black and miles
You can't cramp my style
Playa hatin bitches make me crack a smile
Tonight
We whoride
In the moonlight
My feria ruka sounds like the fuckin 4th of july
Fools die
Fuckin wit my feria
Daddy streaks wanna marry ya
then bury ya
Nina Ross, Mary Jane, Ms. Cocaine
The three devils daughters deep in the dope game
So strange
True G's won't change
Close range
Left ya boys wit no brains
Street zombies
Takin out posses
Dangerous hobbies
Jus call me

[Chorus: SPM]

Repeat 1x

[Verse 3: SPM]

Alone in my home
Cock my gats
I'm known for my dope so I watch for jacks
Keep out burglar
Come on in
Bring all yo men let the games begin
Pumpin em in the cheek man I
Hot shots comin out my banana
Got plans like Santa Anna
Got balls like Tony Montana
Trick or treat
smeel my heat
Hear my muthafuckin drum beats
Don't believe the tales from my hood?
Come see
This ain't no joke you can smoke

This ain't no wonderland
I kick this shit so you motherfuckers understand
I pop mine
With a glock nine
Blow that head off a muthafuckin stop sign
Be the one never
You come I come better
Bring yo umbrella
I bring the rough weather
Pleasure one pleasure
Choppin up cheddar
Your whole crew get done by one fella

[Chorus: SPM]
Repeat 1x

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