

South Park Mexican

"All My Niggas"

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[Russell Lee:]

All My Niggas, get yo' hustle on
& you punk bullies need to leave us alone
See I don't give a fuck & I don't play no games
Cause All My Niggas, they 'bout havin' things.

[South Park Mexican:]

Nasty hoes & goofy niggas
Everybody tryin' they best to get wit us
Ruthless friends & a crazy family
Niggas try to kill me for assault & battery
Crooked judges & expensive lawyers, I'm surrounded
By muthafuckin' news reporters
Cocaine snorters & drug importers
If I leave the city, I break my court orders
Was a kick door burglar & teenage murderer
My house be filled up with dope fiends' furniture
Mathematical, attack like animal
In my new whip, bangin' Barry Manilo
Totally radical, my flow is magical
She don't suck dick, then we ain't compatible
Quick to shoot, foo, then go to his funeral
Sippin' pharmaceutical, I feel so beautiful.

[Russell Lee:]

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[Merciless:]

You mi vida be closed captioned, uh-huh
Been runnin' wild, yeah
Addicted to them streets, my criminal lifestyle
A juvenile delinquent got no fuckin' manners
Smokin' weed 'till my eyes bleed, gettin' drunk &
crashin'
I swear my family tree, got roots that be rotten
If you dare to step on my block proceed with caution
You see we all loc.s yeah clicked up we all folks
Slangin' stolen merchandise crank shrm. & coke

Quick to blast shit I catch as good as skane nothin'
With the big black whip they at the po' po' service
No second chance, when you dance with death
As your body gets cold with hot slugs in your chest
Merciless, no remorse, no pity,
See I come from a city where attitudes be shitty
& nothin' worse in this world, than a vato that's broke
Mad at the world & got nothin' to smoke.

[Russell Lee:]

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[Max Minelli:]

Man with so much drama poppin' on my sets
It's kinda hard bein' that nigga M A X, but I somehow
still run my shit so proper
You can spin this 'til your fingers turn the color or
copper
Keep a soviet chopper, layin' across my dresser
The outlaw ain't crackin' under police pressure
So, I'm wit whatever that's gon' keep my shit flippin'
Me & Hap. Thug together like Gore & Bill Clinton
From the streets gettin' smoked out & syrup on sippin'
Cookin' more hoe chickens than Popeye's kitchen
My old lady bitchin' & for 17 minutes
I'm in the muthafuckin' game, y'all niggas still in the
scrimmage
That boy young Minelli keep a hustlers image
Nice piece & chain, \$150 tenis
With drag & strings, pants saggin' man
Cause them niggas on my block 'bout havin' things.

[Russell Lee:]

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