

## South Park Mexican "Don't Hide It"

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**(feat. Bing, Grimm, Ikeman)**

*[Grimm]*

Automatics be kicking, reloaded streets done exploded  
And hopeless, lost on the dro'ded armored soldiers  
The fully loadest, book was strong as bullets recorded  
lead oldies  
Pour some mo', cause I got love for my dead homies  
Playing bogus, reminiscing bout the days  
Getting blazed, stay paid, cook my yay in microwaves  
I was raised, learning plays off the pages of gangsta  
ways  
Sharp as swisha blades, hard to finish my race  
In your face, place to place flipping channels  
Got the dope within the panels, from the Valley to  
Ingrando  
Nothing we can't handle, mexicanos out of Texas  
Running with the best cuz, fuck with nothing less cuz

*[Chorus]*

Boy don't you hide it, roll it up and light it  
It's how we do it in the Southeast  
When you ride you gotta pack your piece  
It's all the same up in the Northeast  
Boy don't you hide it, roll it up and light it  
It's how we do it in the Northwest  
Put to rest if you ain't wearing your vest  
It's all the same down in the Southwest

*[Bing]*

The feds on me, I reminisce about my dead homies  
Now that I'm investing, trying to put some lead on me  
Cops on the licks, robbing boys off since  
Who's next with the plex, we knocking boys off the deck  
I'm known to reck I'm Bing, I ain't gon drop my flag

I drop my sample up, and I drop your ass  
Pull out and smash, just a youngsta bout his cash  
I'm the first and I'm the last, I-K-E bring it bad

*[Ikeman]*

We sideways on lock, Grimm, Ike and Bing gon hop

Southeast be Wreckshop, time to go blast up the block  
Murder murder with the glock nigga, we bust shots  
nigga  
With dead dots nigga, the feds hot  
We the realest and what not, be killas that won't stop  
You niggas is gon drop, fucking with the wrong block  
Off the top, this one here is for my dead homies  
I'm over here reminiscing when you bled on me

*[Chorus]*

*[Grimm]*

The game's headed worst, riding your homie in the  
hears  
Done praying for his soul, at the church still it hurts  
To know that he's gone, thought he'd live long  
Hard to stay strong, wanna know what went wrong  
Still ain't nothing you could do to bring your homie back  
Steady puff, pour the boo remember rolling lac  
Now there's more in the pack, and the Pac and the  
Bigg's  
Eazy-E, the hardest rapper ever lived  
In the minds and hearts, of playas, ballas and pimps  
That don't refine the arts, of proper measurements  
Setting presidents, for all the hustlas to come  
That live and die by the gun, but still gon ride till they  
time come

*[Chorus]*

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