

## South Park Mexican

### "For Years"

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[Intro:]

[South Park Mexican:]

Yo yo, I wanna welcome, welcome everybody to  
HustleTown.

We... Are we recordin'?

Alright let's do this fellas.

[Chorus:]

For years I've been workin' on the Block of Rock,  
For years I've been keepin' nina glock on clock. [4X]

For years homeboy, for years....

[Baby Bash:]

Now if you want to battle me then it's on  
I'm blowed while I'm creepin' up whip out my Tek so  
now you gone.

You shouldn't have tried that set up now your ass is  
gettin' wet up

Cause real G's from the SouthEast will leave you haters  
tryin' to get up

You'll definitely get dealt with if your bitch ass has a  
death wish

& on your grave I tag it's the muthafuckin' Rick that you  
don't mess with

So let me keep stressin' that lesson to all y'all players &  
y'all haters

Haters keep watchin' y'all back & y'all players keep  
creepin' & stackin' that paper.

[Baby Bash:]

Now Now why do these haters wanna plex?

Why do they wanna be startin' mess?

Get the fuck out my face is what I suggest

'Cause I really don't think that you wanna test this Mex

Comin' straight out the South East side of that Tex

So if there's somethin' you gotta get off your chest

It's best that you don't express it.

It's hard enough for a Mexican

So I really don't need all that plexin'

There's all kinds of player haters out there so please  
wait let me tell you about those.  
First you got them fraud ass hoes  
Then you got them fraud popo's  
Then you got them fraud ass niggas in the streets who  
just wanna plex & take yours.

[Chorus:]

For years I've been workin' on the Block of Rock,  
For years I've been keepin' nina glock on clock. [4X]

For years nigga, for years...

[Low-G:]

Guess who's back from the pen  
Out to win, Sippin' Gin with my kinfolk  
Got's the grin on my face when I come through  
If you ain't down with these G's muthafuck you  
'Cause there's a straight up struggle in my barrio  
2nd Ward gettin' high on the patio  
& when I'm wet I'm a threat to a rival set  
I get respect when I step with my new Tek  
Don't sweat I check hoes daily  
On the regular talkin' to your lady  
On the cellular creepin' on the Lowride  
In the middle of the night with no lights  
In the .45 chillin' at the Dope House  
Low G. is somethin' you don't know about  
Little tricks on my dick 24 7  
Treat them like a bitch & still got them hoes beggin'.  
Keep it real for my people, I fear no evil  
Stayin' high 'til I die flyin' like a eagle.

& as you know.

[Chorus:]

For years I've been workin' on the Block of Rock,  
For years I've been keepin' nina glock on clock. [4X]

For years homeboy, for years...

[South Park Mexican:]

Your superficial talkin' 'about life with a pistol  
But you's a hoe livin' clean as a whistle  
My missles, oh they do leave body dimples  
Attack your whole staff like a pack full of pitballs.  
You simple, I'm complex  
& comin' on next, Oh take a wild guess  
The South Park Mex  
Spark sess blow smoke in the darkness  
You don't wanna start mess with the heartless

I be the smartest, hottest, artist.  
My GM shine brighter than the golden arches  
Shootin' star yes, Ol' trick no blow indo  
Before they kick door, Then flip coke  
Tip-toe to the top  
Tellin' thug tales of wicked love spells  
Hoes & drug sales, Some fell  
In fact it's most  
So a toast to my niggas who died in the smoke.

[Chorus:]

For years I've been workin' on the Block of Rock,  
For years I've been keepin' nina glock on clock. [4X]

[Outro:]

[South Park Mexican:]

H-Town, HustleTown, Did this for y'all, My boy Low-G.  
We got love for every neighborhood in this world. No  
Sett Trippin'.

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