

South Park Mexican

"Graveyards"

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[Verse 1: South Park Mexican]

Now spread the word
I got them bricks on the dead end streets
& watch them jump out boys
'Cause they rollin' 10 deep
Creep crawlin' the night
You know the deal
In the muthafuckin' Hill
We all strapped to kill
Chill hittin' licks in the wind that never ceases
Mad 'cause they askin' me for \$3 pieces.
How the fuck I'm supposed to come up?
Of a shy move
Run up on a 20 & get yo' ass an ice cube
It ain't nothin' why you bumpin' in yo' Cutlass
Just understand the roughness
Never cut for the gutless
'Cause it's do or die
You ask.
Who am I?
I was a heartbreaker ever since Jr. High
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 2 favorite subjects was
Shut it & fuck it.

[Chorus: South Park Mexican]

The Nightshift
Young hustlers workin' grave yards
The Nightshift
Street soldiers workin' grave yards
My 9 be
Beside me
Tonight we
Work the Nightshift
My 9 be
Beside me
Tonight we

Work the Nightshift.

[Verse 2: Pimpstress]

It's yo' midnight mistress
Player named Pimpstress
I keep it crunk handle up on my business
Queen of the click
Fiend for my shit
I'm sucked & corrupt
16 in my click
From black & mop
You can't crack my style
Player hatin' bitches make me crack a smile
Tonight
With whoride
In the moonlight
My ferri ruka sounds like the 4th of July
Fools die
Fuckin' wit My Feria
Daddy steaks wanna marry the
Emperiala
Nina Ross, Mary Jane, Ms. Cocaine
The 3 devils brought us deep in the dope game
So strange
True G's won't change
Close range
Left your boys wit no brains
Street zombies
Takin' out posses
Dangerous hobbies
Just call me.

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[Verse 3: South Park Mexican]

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
Feel 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 wonderland
I kick this shit so you muthafuckers understand
I pop mine
With a glock 9
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.

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