

## South Park Mexican "Night Shift"

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*[Verse 1: SPM]*

Now spread the word  
I got them bricks on the dead end streets  
And watch them jump out boys  
Cause they rollin ten deep  
Creep crawlin the night  
Ya 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 three dollar pieces  
How the fuck I'm supposed to come up  
Of a shy move  
Run up on a twenty and 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?  
I was a heartbreaker ever since junior 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 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 AH on my business  
Queen of the click  
Fiend for my shit  
I'm sucked and corrupt  
Sixteen in my click  
From black and mop  
You can't crack my style

Playa hatin bitches make me crack a smile  
Tonight  
With whoride  
In the moonlight  
My feria ruka sound like the fuckin chula  
Fools die  
Fuckin wit my feria  
Daddy steaks wanna marry the  
Emperiala  
Nina Ross, Mary Jane, Ms. Cocaine  
The three devils brought us 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  
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 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  
Ya whole crew get done by one fella

*[Chorus: SPM]*

*[Repeat 1x]*

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