

## South Park Mexican

### "Nightshift"

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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 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 2 favorite subjects were  
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 "Ah" 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 Feria ruka sound 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 devil's 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.

[Chorus: South Park Mexican]

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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 no 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.

[Chorus: South Park Mexican]  
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