

# South Park, Graveyards ("Remix")

[Verse 1: SPM]

Now spread the word  
I got them Pricks on the dead end streets  
And watch them jump out boys  
Cause they rollin ten deep  
Creepy crawlin the night  
Ya know the deal  
on the muthaf\*\*kin 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 f\*\*k I'm supposed to come up  
Of a shy move  
Run up on a twenty and go 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?  
That mama heartbreaker ever since junior high  
in 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 f\*\*k 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 up on my business  
Queen of the your click  
Fiend for my shit  
I'm soft and corrupt  
Sixteen in my clip  
Smoking black and miles  
You can't cramp my style  
Playa hatin bitches make me crack a smile  
Tonight  
We whoride  
In the moonlight  
My feria ruka sounds like the f\*\*kin 4th of july  
Fools die  
F\*\*kin wit my feria  
Daddy streaks wanna marry ya  
then bury ya  
Nina Ross, Mary Jane, Ms. Cocaine  
The three devils daughters 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  
smeel my heat  
Hear my muthaf\*\*kin 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 motherf\*\*kers understand  
I pop mine  
With a glock nine  
Blow that head off a muthaf\*\*kin 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: SPM]  
Repeat 1x