

# South Park Mexican, Night Shift

[Verse 1: SPM]

Now spread the word  
I got them bricks on the dead end street  
And watch them jump out boys  
Cause they rollin' ten deep  
Creepy crawlin' the night  
Ya'll know the deal  
On the muthafuckin' Hill  
We all strapped to kill  
Chill hittin' licks in the wind that never ceases  
Gettin' 'Mad cause they asking me for three dollar pieces  
How the fuck I supposed to come up  
Of a shy move  
Run up on a twenty and get yo ass an ice cube  
It ain't nothing 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?  
That mama' a heartbreaker ever since junior high  
In the Eye of the public  
The Brown be a suspect  
So the streets taught me to be loveless  
Causing rawkus  
In a dope fiends bucket  
My two favorite subjects was  
Duck its and fuck it

[Chorus: SPM]

The night shift  
Young hustlers working grave yards  
The night shift  
Street soldiers working 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  
Player named Pimpstress  
I keep it crunk  
Handle up on my business  
Queen of the clique  
Fiend for my shit  
I'm sucked and corrupt  
Sixteen in my clip  
Puffin Black and Milds  
You can't crack my style  
Playa' hatin' bitches make me  
Crack a smile  
To-night  
We Hoo-Ride  
In the moonlight  
My Freddie Ruger sounds like  
The fourth of July  
Fools die  
Fucking with my Feria  
Daddy streets wanna marry a  
Then bury ya  
Nina Rocks, Mary Jane, Miss Cocaine

These three Devils brought us  
Deep in this dope game  
So Strange, True G's won't change  
Close range, left ya boys with no brains  
Street zombies takin' out posses  
Dangerous hobbies, just call me  
[Chorus: SPM]  
[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  
Pumping em in the cheek man I  
Hot shots coming out my banana  
Got plans like Santa Anna  
Got balls like Tony Montana  
Trick or treat  
Smell my heat  
In my motherfucking drum beats  
Don't believe the tales from my hood?  
Come see  
It ain't no joke you can smoke  
This ain't no wonderland  
I kicks this shit so you motherfuckers understand  
I pop mine  
With a glock nine  
Blow the head off a motherfucking stop sign  
Be the one never  
You come, I come better  
Bring yo umbrella  
I bring the rough weather  
One treasure one pleasure  
Choppin up cheddar  
Ya whole crew get done by one fella  
[Chorus: SPM]