

South Park, Since Day 1

f/ Grimm, Ike Man

It's been a lot of years I've been knowing these boys
See the thing with us
If I got a Benz I hope they drive a Rolls Royce
Chunk like the deuce on my junior high bus
Staying together is a must
See we party since the break dance days
Now it's '99 still on the fast lane
Man I'm a dog if I was a cat I'd be in heaven
'cause I past nine lives back in '87
Deep in this rap but it's just like the streets
I see the same killas, hustlas, and freaks
I remember you selling white on da cut
Now you most hated on the mic hollering what
Chopping up the scene
While we puffing trees
One family and two companies
SPM bring the movement let's do this baby
Skin tight homies since the early eighties

Keep it crunk it's for real
We all around the world on the mission for meals
[Chorus]
Blowing on kill
Niggas already know
We gonna ride fo' sho
SPM, Ike Man, and that Grimm in the door
About Benjamins
Who wanna step to the three coldest Mexicans
So the quest begins
But don't play dumb
'cause we been down together since day one
When you see the spray gun
[Ike Man]
Los I'm thinking nothing but stacks

Unless it's flipping in 'llacs
Big body Benzes and Jags
We count hundreds in cash
So ain't no stopping us now
We deep in love with this pay
And all these lavish ass things
Like 18-K cardia
We coming creased with these J's
We staying tight with them spades
We high rolling, we paid
We got respect 'cause we made
I'm living deep in this game
And ain't no way I'mma change

These bustas knowing my name
But ain't no way they can hang
Soy veterano for life
With a mexicano like Ike
In Jam Down commision they got my name up in lights
I represent for them thugs
That ride the boats and push drugs
And smoke the best of them buds
And save the rest for the scrubs

(chorus x1)

[Grimm]
I burn the sesses
Ain't nothing less
I gots the S on my chest
I been blessed by my best
You know the real get no rest
We coming through
With power moves
It ain't no rules in this game
We move the music with chains
The same as moving the caine
And that's my chase for all my paper
Bet them all and I'm able
Plates with chips on the table
'cause Jam Down is the label
It's on the hunt for millions or billions
We 'bout settle the score
Ready for more
We world wide and on tour
I call my boy South Park the Mexican and it's on
We reminisce getting blown
Been best of friends for so long
Back in the days
We made the paper every gram we weighed
But now it's slammed to stay
Paper jams and blaze

We all around the world
(chorus x1)
We... we... we...
We all around the world
We all around the world
We... we... we...
We all around the world
(chorus x1)