

South Park Mexican, Since Day 1

(feat. Grimm, Ike Man)

It's been a lot of years I've been knowing these boys

If I got a Benz I hope they drive a Rolls Royce

See the thing with us

Staying together is a must

Chunk like the deuce on my junior high bus

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

Cuz 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

[Chorus]

We all around the world on the mission for meals

Keep it crunk it's for real

Blowing on kill

Niggas already know

We gonna ride fo' sho

SPM, Ike Man, and that Grimm in the door

About Benjamins

So the quest begins

Who wanna step to the three coldest Mexicans

But don't play dumb

When you see the spray gun

Cuz we been down together since day one

[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 cuz 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

With a mexicano like Ike

Soy veterano for life

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
The same as moving the caine
We move the music with chains
And that's my chase for all my paper
Plates with chips on the table
Bet them all and I'm able
Cuz Jam Down is the label
It's on the hunt for millions or billions
Ready for more
We 'bout settle the score
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
[chorus x1]
We all around the world
We... we... we...
We all around the world
We all around the world
We... we... we...
We all around the world
[chorus x1]