

# 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)