South Park Mexican, Don't Hide It

(feat. Bing, Grimm, Ikeman)
[Grimm]
Automatics be kicking, reloaded streets done exploded
And hopeless, lost on the dro'ded armored soldiers
The fully loadest, book was strong as bullets recorded lead oldies
Pour some mo', cause I got love for my dead homies
Playing bogus, reminiscing bout the days
Getting blazed, stay paid, cook my yay in microwaves
I was raised, learning plays off the pages of gangsta ways
Sharp as swisha blades, hard to finish my race
In your face, place to place flipping channels
Got the dope within the panels, from the Valley to Ingrando
Nothing we can't handle, mexicanos out of Texas
Running with the best cuz, fuck with nothing less cuz
[Chorus]
Boy don't you hide it, roll it up and light it
It's how we do it in the Southeast
When you ride you gotta pack your piece
It's all the same up in the Northeast
Boy don't you hide it, roll it up and light it
It's how we do it in the Northwest
Put to rest if you ain't wearing your vest
It's all the same down in the Southwest
[Bing]
The feds on me, I reminisce about my dead homies
Now that I'm investing, trying to put some lead on me
Cops on the licks, robbing boys off since
Who's next with the plex, we knocking boys off the deck
I'm known to reck I'm Bing, I ain't gon drop my flag
I drop my sample up, and I drop your ass
Pull out and smash, just a youngsta bout his cash
I'm the first and I'm the last, I-K-E bring it bad
[Ikeman]
We sideways on lock, Grimm, Ike and Bing gon hop
Southeast be Wreckshop, time to go blast up the block
Murder murder with the glock nigga, we bust shots nigga
With dead dots nigga, the feds hot
We the realest and what not, be killas that won't stop
You niggas is gon drop, fucking with the wrong block
Off the top, this one here is for my dead homies
I'm over here reminiscing when you bled on me
[Chorus]
[Grimm]
The game's headed worst, riding your homie in the hears
Done praying for his soul, at the church still it hurts
To know that he's gone, thought he'd live long
Hard to stay strong, wanna know what went wrong
Still ain't nothing you could do to bring your homie back
Steady puff, pour the boo remember rolling lac
Now there's more in the pack, and the Pac and the Bigg's
Eazy-E, the hardest rapper ever lived
In the minds and hearts, of playas, ballas and pimps
That don't refine the arts, of proper measurements
Setting presidents, for all the hustlas to come
That live and die by the gun, but still gon ride till they time come
[Chorus]