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]