

# South Park Mexican, Stay On Your Grind

Stay on your grind (oh I know I know I you know)

Stay on your grind (my people)

Stay on your grind (everybody)

Stay on your grind (and can you feel me yeah)

[Verse 1]

Hustlas

Dont give a fuckstas

And we smoke like broke down mufflas

Paint pictures

Write scriptures

At the beach

30 deep riding ninjas

Smoke a owl I cant go without it

Me and my crew we always joke about it

In the back of the tour bus

With a gorgeous

Little ho just fucking all four of us

The game Lord its the drugs and fast hoes

Hotels with the beds with brass poles

Sip gallons

Cant keep my balance

I'ma have to shine like the boy Ritchie Valens

Iced medallion

Got a thick stallion

700 pounds coming straight from Megallon

Dogs of the leashes

Oh my Jesus

Leave in peace or leave in pieces

[Chorus]

Stay on your grind (my brother)

Stay on your grind (they teach us yeah)

Stay on your grind (my people)

Stay on your grind (and everybody)

[Verse 2]

I'ma fly like Vince

Bubble like Prince

Momma just ain't been the same ever since

She cant beleive I got all these fans

And she won't stop saving aluminum cans

I'm swanging and swerving

Woozing and worthing

Used to break dance against boys up in Sturdon

But that was '82

I was acting a fool

The only Mexican in the whole damn school

The game will eat your ass up if you let it

That was back when crack was the epidemic

I'ma represent it

My house ain't rented

Always kept it real while you boys pretended

Lace my Pippins

Cook my chickens

They shot my boy missed me by inches

Now my flow harder than my dick is

You cant see me unless you buy some tickets

[Chorus]

Stay on your grind (and can you feel me yeah)

Stay on your grind (oh you special now)

Stay on your grind (the police baby)

Stay on your grind (my sistas)

[Verse 3]

I'ma stay about my paper

Built my house on a solid acre

Used to be broke

But I ain't tripping on that  
Its 2002 I'ma flip in my 'Lac  
And get gone in the wind  
Chrome on the rim  
Hope we can all get along in the end, my friend  
Player hatings a sin  
I got men thatll check you chinny-chin-chin  
All his homeboys need revenge  
Smoking bunk weed full of seeds and stems  
I'ma interceptor off the record  
Cant stand clubs with the metal detectors  
I'ma movie director like Hannibal Lecter  
I tried to mix codeine with Dr. Pepper  
But it taste like medicine  
I'm fighting and wrestling  
Man the damn life of the S-P-Mexican  
[Chorus]  
Stay on your grind (talking bout my brother yeah)  
Stay on your grind (and if you felling me)  
Stay on your grind (yeah well well well)  
Stay on your grind (mm hmm you gotta stay on your grind baby)  
Stay on your grind  
Stay on your grind  
Stay on your grind (stay on your grind baby yea)  
Stay on your grind  
I know and you know  
And Dope House Records know baby yeah  
And Wreck Shop and everybody  
You gotta stay on your grind  
If you wanna get paid you gotta move thangs baby