

Nightshift

South Park Mexican

[Verse 1: South Park Mexican]

Now spread the word
I got them bricks on the dead end streets
& watch them jump out boys
Cause they rollin' 10 deep
Creepy crawlin' the night
Y'all 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 askin' me for \$3 pieces.
How the fuck I supposed to come up?
Of a shife move
Run up on a 20 & get yo' ass an ice cube
It ain't nothin' 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 I'm 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
Causin' rawkus
In a doe fiends bucket
My 2 favorite subjects was Duck it's & fuck it.

[Chorus: South Park Mexican]

The Nightshift
Young hustlaz workin' grave yards
The Nightshift
Street soldiers workin' grave yards
My 9 be
Beside me
Tonight we
Work the Nightshift
My 9 be
Beside me

Tonight we
Work the Nightshift.

[Verse 2: Pimpstress]
It's yo' midnight mistress
Player named Pimpstress
I keep it crunk handle "Ah" on my business
Queen of the click
Fiend for my shit
I'm sucked & corrupt
16 in my click
Puff in black & mop
You can't crack my style
Player hatin' bitches make me crack a smile
Tonight
With whoride
In the moonlight
My Feri ruka sounds like the 4th of July
Fools die
Fuckin' wit My Feria
Daddy streaks wanna marry ya then bury ya
Nina Ross, Mary Jane, Ms. Cocaine
The 3 devil's brought us deep in this dope game
So strange
True G's won't change
Close range
Left your boys wit no brains
Street zombies
Takin' out posses
Dangerous hobbies
Just call me.

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[Verse 3: South Park Mexican]

Alone in my home
Cock my gats
I'm known for my dope so I watch for jacks
Keep dough burglar
Come on in
Bring all your' men let the games begin
Pumpin' 'em in the cheek man I
Hot shots comin' out my banana
Got plans like Santa Anna
& balls like Tony Montana
Trick or treat
Feel my heat
Hear my muthafuckin' drum beats.
Don't believe my tales from the hood?
Come see
It ain't a joke you can smoke
This ain't wonderland
I kick's this shit so you muthafuckers understand
I plop mine
With a glock 9
Blow the head off a muthafuckin' stop sign
Be the one never
You come I come better
Bring yo' umbrella
I bring the rough weather
1 Treasure 1 pleasure
Choppin' up cheddar
Your whole crew get done by 1 fella.

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Lyrics submitted by Mike.

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