

Block Of Rock (for Years)

South Park Mexican

(intro)

[spm]Yo, yo, I wanna welcome, welcome everyone to hustletown

Are we recording?

Alright let's do this fellas.

Chorus: [dope house artists]

For years I've been working on the block of rock,
For years I've been keeping nina glock on cock. (4x)

For years homeboy, for years....

[baby beesh]Now if you wanna battle me then it's on,
I'm blowed while I'm creeping up whip out my tek so now you gone.
You shouldn't have tried that set up now you ass is getting wet up,
'cause real g's from the southeast will leave you haters trying to get up
You'll definitely get dealt with if your bitch ass has a death wish,

And on your grave I tag

It's the motherfucking rick that you don't mess with

So let me keep stressing that lesson

To all y'all players and y'all haters

Haters keep watching y'all back

And y'all players keep creeping and stacking that paper

[baby bash](now) now why do these haters wanna plex

Why do they wanna be starting mess

Get the fuck out my face is what I suggest

Cause I really don't think that you wanna test this mex

Coming straight out the south east side of that tex,

So if there's something you gotta get off your chest,

It's best that you don't express it.

It's hard enough for a messican,

So I really don't need all that plexing,

There's all kinds of player haters out there

So please wait let me tell you about those.

First you got them fraud ass hoes,

Then you got them fraud popo's,

Then you got them fraud ass niggas in the street

Who just wanna plex and take yours

(chorus 4x)

[low-g]

Guess who's back from the pen,

Out to win, sipping gin with my kin folk,

Gots the grin on my face when I come through

If you ain't down with these g's motherfuck you
Cause there's a straight up struggle in my barrio,
Second ward getting high on the patio,
And when I'm wet I'm a threat to a rival set,
I get respect when I step with my new tek,
Don't sweat I check hoes daily,
On the regular talking to your lady,
On the cellular creeping on the lowride,
In the middle of the night with no lights,
In the four-five, chilling at the dope house
Low-g is something you don't know about
Little tricks on my dick twenty-four seven,
Treat them like a bitch, and still got them hoes begging.
Keep it real for my people, I fear no evil
Staying high till I die flying like a eagle
(chorus x4)

[spm]You're superficial talking about life with a pistol
But youse a hoe living life clean as a whistle
My missles, oh they do leave body dimples,
Attack your whole staff like a pack full of pitbulls.
You simple, I'm complex,
And coming on next, oh take a wild guess,
The south park mex,
Spark sess blow smoke in the darkness,
You don't wanna start mess with the heartless,
I be the smartest, hottest, artist.
My gm shine brighter than the golden arches,
Shooting star yes, ol trick no blow indo
Before they kick door, then flip coke,
Tip-toe to the top,
Tellin thug tales of wicked love spells,
Hoes and drug sales, some fell,
In fact it's most,
So a toast to my niggas who died in the smoke.
(chorus 8x)
(outro)

[spm]H-town, hustletown, did this for y'all, my boy low-g.