

Block Of Rock

South Park Mexican

Yo, yo, I wanna welcome, welcome everybody to Hustletown
Are we recording? Alright let's do this fellas
For years I've been working on the block of rock
For years I've been keeping Nina Glock on cock
For years I've been working on the block of rock
For years I've been keeping Nina Glock on cock
For years I've been working on the block of rock
For years I've been keeping Nina Glock on cock
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're gone
You shouldn't have tried that set up now your ass is getting wet up
'Cuz 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
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 Mexican
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 popos
Then you got them fraud ass niggas in the street
Who just wanna plex and take yours
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Guess who's back from the pen
Out to win, sipping gin with my kin folk
Gots the grin on my face when I'm 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 low ride
In the middle of the night with no lights
And the four-five, chilling at the dope house
Low-G is something you don't know about
Little tricks for my dick twenty-four seven
Treat them like a bitch, still got them hoes begging
Keep it real for my people, I fear no evil
Staying high till I die flying like a eagle
And as you know
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You're superficial talking about life with a pistol
But youse a hoe living clean as a whistle
My missiles, oh they do leave body dimples
Attack your whole staff like a pack full of pit bulls
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
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For years I've been working on the block of rock
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H-town, Hustletown, did this for y'all, my boy Low-G
[Incomprehensible]

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