

# Since Day 1

## South Park Mexican

f/ Grimm, Ike Man

It's been a lot of years I've been knowing these boys

See the thing with us

If I got a Benz I hope they drive a Rolls Royce

Chunk like the deuce on my junior high bus

Staying together is a must

See we party since the break dance days

Now it's '99 still on the fast lane

Man I'm a dog if I was a cat I'd be in heaven

'cause I past nine lives back in '87

Deep in this rap but it's just like the streets

I see the same killas, hustlas, and freaks

I remember you selling white on da cut

Now you most hated on the mic hollering what

Chopping up the scene

While we puffing trees

One family and two companies

SPM bring the movement let's do this baby

Skin tight homies since the early eighties

Keep it crunk it's for real

We all around the world on the mission for meals

[Chorus]Blowing on kill

Niggas already know

We gonna ride fo' sho

SPM, Ike Man, and that Grimm in the door

About Benjamins

Who wanna step to the three coldest Mexicans

So the quest begins

But don't play dumb

'cause we been down together since day one

When you see the spray gun

[Ike Man]Los I'm thinking nothing but stacks

Unless it's flipping in 'llacs

Big body Benzes and Jags

We count hundreds in cash

So ain't no stopping us now

We deep in love with this pay

And all these lavish ass things

Like 18-K cardia

We coming creased with these J's  
We staying tight with them spades  
We high rolling, we paid  
We got respect 'cause we made  
I'm living deep in this game

And ain't no way I'mma change  
These bustas knowing my name  
But ain't no way they can hang  
Soy veterano for life  
With a mexicano like Ike

In Jam Down commision they got my name up in lights

I represent for them thugs  
That ride the boats and push drugs  
And smoke the best of them buds  
And save the rest for the scrubs

(chorus x1)

[Grimm]I burn the sesses

Ain't nothing less

I gots the S on my chest

I been blessed by my best

You know the real get no rest

We coming through

With power moves

It ain't no rules in this game

We move the music with chains

The same as moving the caine

And that's my chase for all my paper

Bet them all and I'm able

Plates with chips on the table

'cause Jam Down is the label

It's on the hunt for millions or billions

We 'bout settle the score

Ready for more

We world wide and on tour

I call my boy South Park the Mexican and it's on

We reminisce getting blown

Been best of friends for so long

Back in the days

We made the paper every gram we weighed

But now it's slammed to stay

Paper jams and blaze

We all around the world

(chorus x1)

We... we... we...

We all around the world  
We all around the world  
We... we... we...  
We all around the world  
(chorus x1

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>