

# 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.

[Chorus: South Park Mexican]  
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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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