

West Coast, Gulf Coast, East Coast

South Park Mexican

Now these West Coast players and we love to ball...

And these Gulf Coast Hustlers love to do it all...

Chorus:

And them East Coast killas ought to represent

And when we ride together we're gonna kill some shit...

[Verse 1] I got my mind made up, I'm strapped and I'm ridin high

West Side till I die, money multiplied

Gulf Coast in a hurry cadillacs and gold jewelry

Down and dirty hooked up with my phones

And we blow big candy cane

Playa hattin dirty Mex don't understand tha game

I can't do it cause I'm all about my money man

Baby beach, baby beth, latino's if ever do you gang bang

Hoggin and doggin cheddar cheese full of scratch

And got them super fly fish tags full of tash

That's how we do it, hustle fluit runnin through my veins

I got soldiers that'll dump for a little change...

Ring around the police, pockets full of hoezies

[Carlos Coy] Swingin n swervin jealous man's burden

It's the wizard tha 36 ozies

Hoe's see my ride and wanna say they a virgin

20 inch turnin keep they heart hurtin

H-town city slicker, buy my German

Sippin' on bourban, back woods a burnin'

Back in the days I couldn't get one wordin

Now I park valet wit boys outta Cali

Playas on pro's like the mother fuckin valley

If you were me, u'd be surrounded by security

Dope House, known for our purity

(Chorus)

[Verse 2] Yeah, these west coast riders with the down south G's

Take Keys break 'em down the o's and p's

17 shots pulled back an squeeze

And I'll ball like a mother fuckin' C-fee toe

Down with the click, I'm Baby Beesh

I'm laced in this bitch like PCP, with SPM, and LOW-G

I'ma grind in L.A. 'til my very last day

and I'm a Hillwood Hustla 'til I die motherfucker

It's a struggle but I gotta bubble baby, please believe it
And like I said big frost is a hard act to follow...
I guess that's the reason I roll with my rival
[3rd verse - Rasheed]It's the - Philly Alumni
on the drum I, come I
wit the type of funk that make a sucka cry
I ain't gon' lie,
but he need no paper to fly
gettin' sick, wit Salty Waters' Lifestyl livin' life-a
my organization down wit World Wide Hustlaz
the homie force that's gon' hop up on the plane
seize, that Baby Beesh without the west coast mary jane
on the east coast, they're going whacko for that stack of paper
on the South Side, they run wit slangaz and they stack that paper
we screamin' YAA YAA Y
wit the baskets full of blaze
like Universal comin' wit Def Jam
cashin' in the money,
South Park Mexican and Rasheed makin' power moves ev-ery day
and do a hater we gon' have to...

(Chorus x2)

[Low G]I feel it get crunk and take control like Janet
It's yo boy Low G from the center of the planet
When you hear the hit, what show you gonna jam in
Can't hang with the bandit, haters can't stand it
Recommended a mendez, ta win dis
The Menace most worse than Dennis
Mmmmm, Me entiendes? Raches apendes
Remember me Low-G from the block of rock
Second war with the nine millemeter glock
Keep it endless, stayin' friendless
Cali flex the next
Kid Frost, Baby Beesh, Rasheed and the South Park Mex...
(Chorus x2)

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