

# Hustle Town

## South Park Mexican

[South Park Mexican talkin':]

Hustle Town my city man!

Born & raised baby

Yo I dedicate this jam to all the single mothers

Raisin' men in a big city

I know it's hard

Let 'em know what's up Filero.

[Verse 1: Filero]

I sell drugs with thugs

Hittin' licks off tricks

Workin' 2 jobs a dope dealer & a pimp

Mom's beggin' me to stop everyday

So scared for me to walk! Memory lane

But Mom don't worry my teck protect well

I told you one day this rap shit gone sell

But my heart been broke from the start

Since the day my father died when I was 7 in the park

So I wrote the book

How to pimp hoes & kick do's

& if I kill well than that's just how this shit go

Pull yo' strap.

What am I supposed to sweat?

This the 3rd time today that I come close to death.

[Chorus: South Park Mexican]

Hustle Town Hustle Town

The city of dreams

Where we creep through the hood

& we serve them dope fiends

Hustle Town

This shit don't stop

Roll rental cars

& we keep the glock clocked

Hustle Town

The city of dreams

Where we creep through the hood

& we serve them dope fiends

Hustle Town

This shit don't stop  
Roll rental cars  
& we keep the glock clocked.

[Verse 2: South Park Mexican]

Set 'em up  
Wet 'em up  
Etceteras  
Tell your treasura  
Empty the regista  
Shit serious  
I'll give you life a period  
Well here he is  
The kid with experience  
Don't start shit  
Mistake me for an artist  
Flash in the dark  
Someone tell 'em where his heart is  
Blue light  
Who die?  
Tonight  
Maybe over 2 dice  
Maybe cause he blew fry  
On top of ya  
With the Hillwood Mafia  
Hard hittin' hustlaz  
Beat the draws off of ya  
Knowledge  
While my shit be flawless  
Dope House Records step into my office.

[Chorus: South Park Mexican]

Hustle Town Hustle Town  
The city of dreams  
Where we creep through the hood  
& we serve them dope fiends  
Hustle Town  
This shit don't stop  
Roll rental cars  
& we keep the glock clocked  
Hustle Town  
The city of dreams  
Where we creep through the hood  
& we serve them dope fiends  
Hustle Town

This shit don't stop  
Roll rental cars  
& we keep the glock clocked.

[Lord Loco talkin':]  
It's your boy Lord Loco.  
You Know what I'm talkin' 'bout?  
Representin' that H-Town wit my boy SPM  
There's a lot of frauds out there. You know what I'm sayin'?  
What you think 'bout them fraud ass niggas Los?

[Verse 3: South Park Mexican]  
Jackin' jaws  
I'm packin' balls  
Smoke & split  
I give mo' gifts than Santa Clause  
Wit a cold 40-ounce & a sack of hay  
Chug a lug for the thugs who done passed away  
Mista da Masta Mystical Mexican Maniac  
Competition ha ha  
You other fuckers make me laugh  
You a bitch if you hatin' on my Houston hits  
I fight devil's like you wit a crucifix  
Ruthless shit  
With a shotty  
Take your body  
Gun Kung Fu  
Mixed wit AK Karate  
I'm sorry but you the past like Atari  
As I smoke like Marley  
Stay Brown like Charlie.

[Chorus: South Park Mexican]  
Hustle Town Hustle Town  
The city of dreams  
Where we creep through the hood  
& we serve them dope fiends  
Hustle Town  
This shit don't stop  
Roll rental cars  
& we keep the glock clocked  
Hustle Town  
The city of dreams  
Where we creep through the hood  
& we serve them dope fiends

Hustle Town  
This shit don't stop  
Roll rental cars  
& we keep the glock clocked.

---

Lyrics submitted by Mike.

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