

Watch The Block Bleed

South Park Mexican

(dialogue between Ikeman and Grimm)

Ike how long I been doing this here

Man at least ten strong for sure

Ten strong?that's a long time

I'm telling you 'cause you can make them boys bleed nigga

It's about time to get it homie

I think these boys done forgot who started it

Who started this

I started this for all these Mexicans down south

All I know is I bet these boys don't want none of this flow

Hold up Grimm... man keep that shit

My moms told me to keep my friends close

But keep my enemies closer

Like Scarface and Sosa

Going to war with soldiers

But hold your head high

Ain't gonna lie

Staying alive is harder than you realize

Going to be a day to die

Still I'ma try

Cause I got the hood up in my veins

And it's pumping through my body

Collision course

Runaway train

Some of the same mother fuckers that I'm running with

Got that gun on the hip

And if I won on a lick

Who you think they coming to get

Dumber than shit

I'm going to hit

Anyone that want to plex

S.E.H T-X

Who going to hate me next

I got the means to make the most of every move you make

You need to choose your fate

Don't be no fool and wait

Hesitate in this game and you're gone

Niggas paid just to aim at your dome

Everyday I pray to get home

I got my blade and my chrome
And I'm known for getting blown
So ignite the flight
And those who heard it dropped the mic
Don't believe the hype
This is for the hustlers and this is for my G's
This is to them bustas that try to take my cheese
I got too many youngsters that's out there on the streets
And we doing what we wants to
Now watch the block bleed

(x2)

It's no mystery when I'm in ride mode
It's Cuervo and hydro
Watch the man apply those
Skills that let me highroll
Down low

Deep inside the south is where I'm from
Number one done got you stung
From the motion of the tongue
Looking sprung like a fiend
Weighed my dreams on triple beams

Made the team plush cream
Lifestyle at fifteen
Flipped my money faster than I could spend it
Some got jealous some offended
What was started never ended
When did you get the idea
That I was supposed to play the bitch
Taping hits
Taking flicks
All and not to make it rich
Made the switch
Now I'm just stepping
Ain't no looking back
Knowing that the game
Ain't no different than the cooking crack
Crook to Mac
That's my life in a phrase
Hard feelings
I don't got them
Looking for the better days
Bet it pays
And if it don't well I did my best
Just a sinner in the flesh

Tell me can I get my rest
This is for the hustlers and this is for my G's
This is to them bustas that try to take my cheese
I got too many youngsters that's out there on the streets
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(x2)

I raise my right hand
To the man and pray that he help through the day
I know it's times if not for him
That I'd be dead and on my way
For every bullet in the night
That missed me whistling passing by
Turning my eyes toward the sky
Thank the Lord that I'm alive
Other times out on the streets
Them fading fools that bring in heat
Paid the crew to make the creep
And take that fool out in his sleep
Now don't blame me for the way it is
In this day of doing business
I could ask for my forgiveness
But I can't act as if I'm sinless
What I know is in can only be as strong is my weakest link
I can lead that man to the water
But it's up to the man to drink
Now stop and think before you sink
Within the time it takes to blink
Tattooed tears fall from the eyes
Made with homemade ink
This is for the hustlers and this is for my G's
This is to them bustas that try to take my cheese
I got too many youngsters that's out there on the streets
And we doing what we wants to
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(x2)

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