

Block Of Rock (For Years)

South Park Mexican

Yo, yo, I wanna welcome, welcome everyone to Hustletown
Are we recording?
Alright let's do this fellas.

For years I've been working on the block of rock,
For years I've been keeping nina glock on cock.
For years homeboy, for years....

Now if you wanna battle me then it's on,
I'm blowed while I'm creeping up whip out my Tek so now you gone.
You shouldn't have tried that set up now you ass is getting wet up,
Cuz real G's from the SouthEast will leave you haters trying to get up
You'll definitely get dealt with if your bitch ass has a death wish,
And on your grave I tag
it's the motherfucking Rick that you don't mess with
So let me keep stressing that lesson
to all y'all players and y'all haters
Haters keep watching y'all back
and y'all players keep creeping and stacking that paper

(Now) Now why do these haters wanna plex
Why do they wanna be starting mess
Get the fuck out my face is what I suggest
Cause I really don't think that you wanna test this Mex
Coming straight out the South East side of that Tex,
So if there's something you gotta get off your chest,
It's best that you don't express it.
It's hard enough for a Messican,
So I really don't need all that plexing,
There's all kinds of player haters out there
so please wait let me tell you about those.
First you got them fraud ass hoes,
Then you got them fraud popo's,
Then you got them fraud ass niggas in the street
who just wanna plex and take yours

Guess who's back from the pen,
Out to win, Sipping Gin with my kin folk,
Gots the grin on my face when I come through
If you ain't down with these G's motherfuck you
Cause there's a straight up struggle in my barrio,
Second Ward getting high on the patio,
And when I'm wet I'm a threat to a rival set,
I get respect when I step with my new Tek,
Don't sweat I check hoes daily,
On the regular talking to your lady,
On the cellular creeping on the Lowride,
In the middle of the night with no lights,
In the four-five, chilling at the Dope House
Low-G is something you don't know about
Little tricks on my dick twenty-four seven,
Treat them like a bitch, and still got them hoes begging.
Keep it real for my people, I fear no evil
Staying high till I die flying like a eagle

You're superficial talking about life with a pistol
But youse a hoe living life clean as a whistle

My missles, oh they do leave body dimples,
Attack your whole staff like a pack full of pitbulls.
You simple, I'm complex,
And coming on next, Oh take a wild guess,
The South Park Mex,
Spark sess blow smoke in the darkness,
You don't wanna start mess with the heartless,
I be the smartest, hottest, artist.
My GM shine brighter than the golden arches,
Shooting star yes, Ol trick no blow indo
Before they kick door, Then flip coke,
Tip-toe to the top,
Tellin thug tales of wicked love spells,
Hoes and drug sales, Some fell,
In fact it's most,
So a toast to my niggas who died in the smoke.

H-Town, Hustletown, Did this for y'all, My boy Low-G.