

Since Day 1

South Park Mexican

It's been a lot of years I've been knowing these boys
If I got a Benz I hope they drive a Rolls Royce
See the thing with us
Staying together is a must
Chunk like the deuce on my junior high bus
See we party since the break dance days
Now it's '99 still on the fast lane
Man I'm a dog if I was a cat I'd be in heaven
Cuz I past nine lives back in '87
Deep in this rap but it's just like the streets
I see the same killas, hustlas, and freaks
I remember you selling white on da cut
Now you most hated on the mic hollering what
Chopping up the scene
While we puffing trees
One family and two companies
SPM bring the movement let's do this baby
Skin tight homies since the early eighties

We all around the world on the mission for meals
Keep it crunk it's for real
Blowing on kill
Niggas already know
We gonna ride fo' sho
SPM, Ike Man, and that Grimm in the door
About Benjamins
So the quest begins
Who wanna step to the three coldest Mexicans
But don't play dumb
When you see the spray gun
Cuz we been down together since day one

Los I'm thinking nothing but stacks
Unless it's flipping in 'llacs
Big body Benzes and Jags
We count hundreds in cash
So ain't no stopping us now
We deep in love with this pay
And all these lavish ass things
Like 18-K cardia
We coming creased with these J's
We staying tight with them spades
We high rolling, we paid
We got respect cuz we made
I'm living deep in this game
And ain't no way I'mma change
These bustas knowing my name
But ain't no way they can hang
With a mexicano like Ike
Soy veterano for life
In Jam Down commision they got my name up in lights
I represent for them thugs
That ride the boats and push drugs
And smoke the best of them buds
And save the rest for the scrubs

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I burn the sesses
Ain't nothing less
I gots the S on my chest
I been blessed by my best
You know the real get no rest
We coming through
With power moves
It ain't no rules in this game
The same as moving the caine
We move the music with chains
And that's my chase for all my paper
Plates with chips on the table
Bet them all and I'm able
Cuz Jam Down is the label
It's on the hunt for millions or billions
Ready for more
We 'bout settle the score
We world wide and on tour
I call my boy South Park the Mexican and it's on
We reminisce getting blown
Been best of friends for so long
Back in the days
We made the paper every gram we weighed
But now it's slammed to stay
Paper jams and blaze

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