

Stay On Your Grind

South Park Mexican

Stay on your grind (oh I know I know I you know)
Stay on your grind (my people)
Stay on your grind (everybody)
Stay on your grind (and can you feel me yeah)

Hustlas
Don't give a fuckstas
And we smoke like broke down mufflas
Paint pictures
Write scriptures
At the beach
30 deep riding ninjas
Smoke a owl I cant go without it
Me and my crew we always joke about it
In the back of the tour bus
With a gorgeous
Little ho just fucking all four of us
The game Lord its the drugs and fast hoes
Hotels with the beds with brass poles
Sip gallons
Cant keep my balance
I'm gonna have to shine like the boy Ritchie Valens
Iced medallion
Got a thick stallion
700 pounds coming straight from McAllen
Dogs of the leashes
Oh my Jesus
Leave in peace or leave in pieces

Stay on your grind (my brother)
Stay on your grind (they teach us yeah)
Stay on your grind (my people)
Stay on your grind (and everybody)

I'm gonna fly like Vince
Bubble like Prince
Momma just ain't been the same ever since
She cant believe I got all these fans
And she won't stop saving aluminum cans
I'm swanging and swerving
Woozing and worthing
Used to break dance against boys up in Sturdon
But that was '82
I was acting a fool
The only Mexican in the whole damn school
The game will eat your ass up if you let it
That was back when crack was the epidemic
I'm gonna represent it
My house ain't rented
Always kept it real while you boys pretended
Lace my Pippins
Cook my chickens
They shot my boy missed me by inches
Now my flow harder than my dick is
You cant see me unless you buy some tickets

Stay on your grind (and can you feel me yeah)

Stay on your grind (oh you special now)
Stay on your grind (the police baby)
Stay on your grind (my sisters)

I'm gonna stay about my paper
Built my house on a solid acre
Used to be broke
But I ain't tripping on that
Its 2002 I'm gonna flip in my 'Lac
And get gone in the wind
Chrome on the rim
Hope we can all get along in the end, my friend
Player hatings a sin
I got men that'll check you chinny-chin-chin
All his homeboys need revenge
Smoking bunk weed full of seeds and stems
I'm a interceptor off the record
Cant stand clubs with the metal detectors
I'm a movie director like Hannibal Lecter
I tried to mix codeine with Dr. Pepper
But it taste like medicine
I'm fighting and wrestling
Man the damn life of the S-P-Mexican

Stay on your grind (talking bout my brother yeah)
Stay on your grind (and if you felling me)
Stay on your grind (yeah well well well)
Stay on your grind (mm hmm you gotta stay on your grind baby)
Stay on your grind
Stay on your grind
Stay on your grind (stay on your grind baby yea)
Stay on your grind

I know and you know
And Dope House Records know baby yeah
And Wreck Shop and everybody
You gotta stay on your grind
If you wanna get paid you gotta move thangs baby