

# 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