

## 619 Hoodlumz

Mr. Shadow

61 to the 9 the city of mine  
Got motherfuckers running like at Santana High  
So don't try using my name for your fame  
Mad 'cause a youngster got a lock on the game  
What a shame you ain't the gangster that you claim to be  
If you're really balling why the fuck you wanna hate on me  
Low Pro what? Homey I'm a gangster  
Amici Park Krazy motherfucker, quick to bank you  
And shank you with the ice pick  
'cause this fat motherfucker claims to have a whole album off my old shit  
It's cold shit, but homey fuck it  
I'ma let this poor fat fuck make a duckett  
So don't get it twisted thinking that he owns something  
Shadow Presents The Mayhem Clique cost me nothing  
All I wanted was a little bit of weed money  
That flip a key money, then you wanna talk funny

[Chorus x2]

From the youngest to the oldest  
Hottest to the coldest  
From the rugged to the boldest  
I'm the sickest and you know this  
I make a motherfucker fold when I throw this shit at you

You say that you're this, you say you got that  
Then homey cock your strap and show me where your heart at  
Tricky spark that blunt and let these motherfuckers know  
We can have a gun fight or we could go toe to toe  
No furies pumped in this young Southsider  
San Diego rider, shit's getting tighter  
Fool step aside, it's between me and him  
Anybody wanna trip then it's us against them  
That's the way men handle it, can you hang  
I put in work with real soldiers, faggot you like to phone bang  
You know the name, Mr. Shadow all up in this  
Been nosey trick you need to mind your own business  
I got your name at the top of the list  
For being a bitch and running your lips like it ain't shit  
You get hit in the ribs with the club  
Fool you ain't a G, in the streets you get no love

[Chorus x2]

Already let the world know about the acting, yapping  
Now I gotta talk about your rapping  
You say that you're Worldwide, Coast to Coast  
Fool I'm still the same and requested the most  
You serve one day and post bail, scared of a cell  
'cause you know that they'll get you for the stories you tell  
How you're riding in them low-lows, hanging out with cholos  
Banging puffing dodo when really you're rolling solo  
Talk a lot of shit but you never do nothing  
Bitch you gotta have a loaded clip to start dumping  
Got your heart pumping, skipping a beat  
You diabetic motherfucker you ain't fucking with me  
I stay heated, weeded, not guilty's what I pleaded  
You call the comp and album 'cause my name is what you needed

So be it, but fool you need to quit  
Stop talking out your neck on the phone woofing shit

[Chorus x2]