

It Ain't Over

Mr. Shadow

[Mr. Shadow]

Shadow and Trigonon
Killin' that ass like anthrax, bitch
Ain't no tellin' when we gonna hit
Hahaha, yeah, check it out
I'll make your head snap back
Helmets get crack in the back house
We smoke out 'till you black out
That's how we do it out here
Cats try but they don't come near
Stand clear out the way
I ain't stoppin' or slowing down
Where's this so called king of rap, I'll snatch his crown
Clowns talk loud but ain't down for their own shit
Their life wasn't opened booked and I closed it
The world knows ain't know one sicka
Then Shadow and Trigonon, we drop bombs
Calm and collective, you get affected
Around me and my dawgs, you get neglected
Necklaces, brackletes, and watches, relentless
Give a fuck if somebody's watchin'
I'm +Born Without A Konscience+, smooth and cautious
Prowl through your block and put an end to this nonsense

[Chorus: Mr. Shadow - repeat 2X]

I don't know what they told you, bitch I'm a soldier
You'll never find me sober, it ain't over 'till it's over - yeah
Yeah, all my soldiers get your march on
Shit, ain't no stoppin' in this bitch
Shadow with my dawg Triga
Fuckin' bomb like a nomm

[Trigonometry]

Even in the day you'll find them dark spots
Shadows'...the reason they avoid them dark blocks
The Untouchable...motherfuckers with the small pox
Step in to the place and watch they fuckin' jaws drop
That's the families of the last fools that wanted them dead
The last thing they said was "Here come them baldheads"
It ain't fair but it's reality
Nothin but drugs, slugs, and causalities, that's police mentality
Tell me, how would you handle this
They pulled out they sticks, I pulled out my dick
Trigonon packin' much power
Tell your gang they'll have to jump me in for half an hour
And I'm still standing, respect we demanding
Oh, you got a gat, bitch I got this fucking cannon
But I'll have more fun just leaving you neck strangled
Kinda insane though, rollin' with this cat from Diego

[Chorus]

[Trigonometry]

Got that additude, like we don't give a fuck (WHAT)
You'll need a brain, I drive in to your house with my truck (WHAT)
Puffin' on this stuff makes me even meaner
A couple felonies can't even count the misdemeanors
All through the streets you hear is names on they lips
But Shadow after this they better call you eclipse (why)
Cause you hittin' big plus outta Trigg
Aw naw, the reason that they nerves a call

[Mr. Shadow]

Do the math young cat to us your all kittens
Diego to Oxnard we hard hittin'
Switching in and out of the car pool lane
Puffin' on something purple, takin' it to the brain
See I stay at a level your ass can't reach
If you don't want trouble don't open your beak
You get treatment, looks can be decievein'
Trigonom and the Don bitch believin'
[Chorus] - 4X