

It's Mr. Shadow

Mr. Shadow

You know me, S-H-A-D-O-W, Amichi Park crazy
You fakes be perpin on the daily making me laugh
Mad cause you ain't getting payed off my ass
Ounce in the stash when I mash through your area
In a sling shot, blowing smoke, I ain't scared of ya
Throwing up the hood whether you like it or not
Boy I'm never falling off, bitch I'm staying on top
We chopping it up, weighting it and wrapping it up
Serving every single tweeker on your block, now what
Gangbanging don't stop, nope
Every damn day there's a new fool backing it up
So are you in it or not, do you think you got the balls
To wear a blue rag and hit your name up on the wall
Laws were meant to be broken
So when you come around here, act straight or get smoken

It's Mr. Shadow, coming from Diego
If youse a gangsta, then come a bang with me
It's Mr. Shadow, coming from Diego
In California we do this everyday

When I ride, I ride like there ain't no tomorrow
Brown Pride Till the day I Die is the matto
I'll shank you with a broken bottle
FUCK Respect, you get checked
When you mess with San Diego's best
Law low in the west
Young homies put to test
And lay a punk motherfucker to rest
Please believe it, leave it alone or get cracked in the dome
Jacked in the zone, I'm daring you bitches to bring it on
I hit the bong and hold it in, fool I play to win
And can't no peity-minded-ass-bitch stop this mexican
Hell naw, I refuse, I had, I been and will always pay my dues
Imma 6-1-9 fool, can't no motherfucker change that
I'm that fool that'll brake in where you stay at
Pay your ass a visit *knock-knock-knock* who is it
A bald fool, a cocked strap, and blood ??

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You can catch me and E smokin' a dub
Topped off in the cadillac flipping you off
Hitting three on you flees as we bend around the corna
This is g shit straight outta Kill-aforia
From a down South soldier, a woop town member
A sick dog from the sixth day of September
Fool you better back up, If you can't take the heat
Then get the hell outta the hood motherfucker
Tuck your chair you fucking with the big dogs
Pit-boss making all you jealous haters lick balls
Your the first to fall, I'm the Last Man Standing
It's a war in the ghetto gotta come through blasting
Smoke cronic no matter where I'm at

You can call it what you want, but I stay high like that
I fly like that, walk through the sky like that
All day an all night now where my gangstas at?

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