

Mind Of A Sick Man

Mr. Shadow

[Mr. Shadow]

It's the master of the dark
Stalkin anybody talking about the incident
Tryin to blow it like if I was the president
Narcotic selling resident
Makin ends daily
Fuck being locked in Bailey
Boo I got to feed my baby
And maybe lately
You've been havin dreams
Of this mothafucka followin your steps
Where ever you may be
I'm from SD bitch, southern Cali
Where homies run up in bunches
Beat you crutches in the back of an alley
Call me Daddy
When you come before my presence
If not they'll find your body wrapped in plastic
Like a present, adolesence
Gun Slangers where I come from
That big Woptown Crazyes
Is the gangsters that you run from
Confront me and suffer, diagnosis critical
I'm lettin moma know you were a phony individual
It's pitiful to see a fool die like a bitch
But that's the way it goes
When you're got up in the mix you trick

[Chorus]

It's the mind of a sick man
But can you blame me
Mothafuckas out to get me
Strap me down and incarcerate me
You got to beat down or get beat down
Rules of the game and ghetto streets clown

[Repeat 2x]

[Mr. Shadow]

Pack a bowl inhale the smoke and a don't stop
Cause in my part of the block
We pack glocks and grow crops
If you cross through my hood
It'd be like crossin through
The Brumueta Triangle
Find your body floating
With signs of bein strangled
I disable body's like a cripple
Strike em with an axe
With a natural high
I relax when I smoke my crypto
Slang crystal
On my hip I got my pistol
You want to be a victim
Come on fool don't make me whistle
Scitzo... phranic
Eye lids always slanted
Death wish granted
When I draw my automatic
Dramatic

People say I'm satanic
For my actions
Knock on your front door
When you answer
Find me blastin
Attackin straight jackin
211 on my rivalry
Inside of me
There passion for armed robbery
So possibly
It's just that I'm a mothafuckin nut
Plan and simple homie
I just don't give a mad fuck
[Chorus]
[Mr. Shadow]
Now fuck beatin around the bush
I straight smoke em
Find me a mothafucka that's a snitch
And straight choke em
In blood we soak em
Ain't no joke
I love to make a mothafucka buckel
Give a sign and watch my boys rush you
In a couple
Duffle bags full of weapons and narcatics
4 Desert Eagles and a key of hydro-ponic
It's ironic pounds of chronic
When I blaze
The place is full of gangstas
Fuck a rebel and rave
My behavior is negative
So stop runnin
If not it'll be your relative
The one I'm gunnin
Blunted, wanted by America's Most
Cause the shit that I be rappin
Makes a fool want to over... dose
Black roses after hyptnosis
Send your wife your hand
As a gift with paid postage
Now you know it ain't no game
In my town
Where the ballers make it happen
And the hood hoppers get beat down
[Chorus]