

# My Hood To Your Block

Mr. Shadow

[Mr. Shadow]

It's the advocate of gangstarism  
I gotta give it to my fellons serving time in prison  
Intermission with those oppossing my opponents die  
Snatch a motherfucker for bluffing and they wonder why  
Oh my , who am I?? The stalker of the night  
Still crepping through them darkest of them streets  
With my gangsters straight chiefing burning leaves  
Of Hairy batches, like matches we leaving ashes  
Mashing and we reacting with actions swinging like axes  
Nothing relaxes me but fat blants and sticky bushes  
The only kind of mariguana that a baller smokes and pushes  
Using T-A-see for stimulation, intoxication  
I'm the reason why they call it medication  
It's the return of the One Man Batallion  
Bitch slapping fools like a pimp in the alleywun  
Me and my dawgs break laws, you feel the heat  
Unique don't let me speak unless you want to meet defeat

[Chorus 2x]

One, Two many motherfuckers want to blast me  
But when they see me they walk right pass me  
Acting like a bunch of little tricks  
But all I gotta say to my enemies is suck my dick

[Mr. Shadow]

I got dank that'll make a motherfucker think, I for living  
I am Mr. Shadow, Beyond Entertainment the unforgiven  
All My dawgs swigging but all I do is rest  
so when you smoke with me and Diablo  
Motherfuckers bring you own, stoned like a motherfucker cloud nine  
Beep as I recline, getting high fuck one time  
Mind elevated banging daily on these streets  
Where my soldiers play for keeps  
And the grim always rips, this shady sons of sluts  
want to put me in a bag, but I got that .45Mag  
Ready to shoot me a filthy rat, strap on my waist line  
Fool you want to test mine come meet a motherfucker  
Feell the heat and see that I never waste time  
Ain't no next time, bitch I roll in the West  
Shit is so fuckin' hected, my babies momma is wearing a vest  
Test my skills and feel the pain, brain cell killing every day  
Drug dealing to get payed so fuck you, were all the same

[Chorus]

[Mr. Shadow]

One, two many motherfuckers want to burry me  
They think there scaring me, we'll they just daring me  
To reach for my motherfucking weapon. stop suppressing  
Rearranging the residential section, presidential everything  
From San Diego To Japan, Beyond Entertainment  
Be fucking up the program, no damn cop is gonna stop me from smoking  
We are already motherfucker thinking that I'm joking, bullet poking  
Straight blasting on the otherside  
Fuck attempted murder I'ma go and for a homicide  
Wicked, why do motherfuckers try to get sick  
If they know that It don't amount to shit  
Chico let the people know we get lethal with weapons  
Who accept to this evil lyrical Jefe  
Sur O' Este, 6-1-9 is all I know

no more blunts guess were headed to the liquor store