

When The Wolf Cries

Mr. Shadow

As I'm scoping out the middle, bow and arrow to my spinal
I hear the eagle calling as it's flying for it's final kill
I feel the sense of murder in my veins
Hiding bodies in turraains, night stalkers is the name
I read motherfuckers like a scripture, you see the picture
Your face down staring at the snake that bit ya
Hit ya with the feeling, I went in and brought em with death
Not even the Holy Spirit can hear em gasping for breath
Nothing left but a body, dangling, hanging from the tree
Evidence of struggle inflicted by me the young G
Out of America's finest, the 619 is your boundary
The county of the wicked's where you found me
I'm out thugging like a motherfucker
Making a living, I'm unforgiven, you best believe I'll buck ya
I ain't no killer but don't press your luck
'cause if you're fucking with my ends it be like fucking with m
y blunt punk
[Chorus x2]
When the sun goes down you hear the wolf cry
Thugs don't die, we multiply
So put your money where your mouth is and handle business
Fuck a witness, become a victim of my hit list
Now check my status, I got these motherfuckers ducking
If you be owing me duckets you better pay before I start dumpin
g
A little something for that ass to make you fly straight
If not I'll make your own people ship you in the wooden crate
The mental state of mine is strickly fuck a foe, fuck a hoe
Fuck everything around you that ain't making dough
I gotta hustle everyday, make sure I get my pay
My lady's getting bitchy 'cause the baby's on the way
I pray to God that I make it through
Yeah, I know that I'm a fool but what the fuck is it to you
I used to sell dimes, quarters and ounces
Now I push keys overseas when I'm bouncing
Lounging in a different state, counting stacks
Worldwide ballers know that Shadow got the fat sacks
Packs of blunts being rolled up so busters when I show up
You know you're caught up in a fucking hold up
[Chorus x2]