

Mr. Shadow, Harvester Of Sorrow

(Devil)

Yeah.....

It's that 1 triple 9 for that ass
Out the west side of the 619 area

(Mr. Shadow)

I think I'm goin crazy
Lately I've been feelin the need
To submit a mothaf**kin
Into pain and make him bleed
Smokin weed with all my crooks
Let me tell you how it looks
First we pray em we slay em
Then we hang em from the hooks
Readin books on black magic
It get's tradgic when I curse
May the lord of hell be with you
While you're ridin in a hearse
Tottin a toe tag inside of a human zip-lock
I be the witch doc
You wanted to be my competition
Now it's pitch dark
In you coffin as coughin
Off the doujha that I'm chokin
Lynchin mothaf**kas
For the actions their provokin
Taken a fake individual
Teach em lesson they'll never forget
I'm the mister pain inflicter
From the pits I bring you death
Smith and West out one to your chest
Took your breath layed you to rest
Mr. Shadow pages are read
Of the bald head thug claimin the west
Blessed with the preyer of the sick
Triple 6 a 19
Hittin blunts and getting blitz trick

(Chorus: Devil)

It's the harvester of sorrows
You care for no tomorrow
Eyes are being hollowed
The days are being borrowed
Follow me the Shadow
Through the valley of the lost
You play the game of life
So you have to pay the cost
(Repeat 2x)

(Mr. Shadow)

Death wish granted
Expiren these ass holes
Makin mothaf**kas take cover
Hold one another
Cause they know I blast hoes
Now who knows where I'm gonna be strikin next
Hope for the best but expect the rest
To be the worst encounter
Of the hour now we're in the west
It's the Shadow over castin
Blastin any body that askin questions
Actions of a soldier f**k your thoughts
I'll rise your blood preasure
You're in the room for emergencies

Soon you'll feel the tendencies
To slice your throat avoidin facing me
You're makin me lose my temper
Don't you remember
I'm still the Woptown Crazy
San Diego county gang member
I'm in this business if you like it or not
I'm that physco mothaf**ka
Selling units like rocks
I plot history makin events
Like blowin up your convelense homes
And I am known for using
Dianomite and silicon
I'm on a mission and it just don't stop
So when I cock the glock you better drop
Or catch a hot one to your knot
Bitch

(Chorus)

(Mr. Shadow)
I see the darkness it my heart
When I blow mothaf**kas domes apart
I make em collapse perhaps
You wanna be another tourture
For my staff so I bust a cap
And it's like that
I'm at the cemetry smokin weed
With 12 other demons
And with me it's 13
I got the gilotine
For them back stabbin sluts
Decappitation is a must
And you know in death is who we trust
So bust slugs if you can
And if it jams then your f**ked
The Planet of the Evil
Leads to where we bust

(Chours)