

Mr. Shadow, Who Wanna Roll

(Mr. Shadow)

HAHA, don't stop

Hm-mm, yeah

I make you bounce, rock, skate, roll (roll echoes)

I make you bounce, rock, skate, roll (roll echoes)

I make you bounce, rock, skate, roll (roll echoes)

Yeah, check this shit out, check it out

No bullshit

(Verse 1)

Hold up wait a minute, Shadow back up in it

2K2 all in blue I won't quit it

Bring it on, there's a rumor going 'round

How I show old dogs new tricks they baow down

You ain't seen worse now, clown I'm the subliminal

Stalker of the night, smoking hazardous chemicals

If the critical pricks ain't allowed

There's a bunch of you flees mixed in with the crowd

Mr. Run around lutter, snitch executor

Assault Rifle shooter still dodgin' judas

I'm watchin', every move you make

I got something to prove and somebody's place to take

It's to late the whole game about to get rearranged

They all want the name but none of them want to pay shit

I stay patient laughing at you assholes

Don't make turn your whole click in to examine

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

I make you bounce, rock, stay, roll

Straight from C-A who wanna stay who wanna roll

I got control the whole games on lock

I keep it hot from my hood to your block

(Verse 2)

So you thought I was done, not close

You some dumb young f**ks, you get exposed

I'm out of control, time for you to know

Who really got this game in the motherf**king chock hold

Shadow loco dipping in your county

I wish you could see how your hoe acts around me (SHADOW)

Lousy ass mutts with no nuts, who you fooling

Your ass will get her ass we stay bashing and moving

Ask any who in who's running the show

For them fools locked up putting they life in hold

From the youngest to the oldest

Hottest to the coldest

I'm the sickest and you know this

I'mma blow this bitch out the water

Rookie ass fool keep your motherf**k dollar

Start up your ride and feel what I left you

BOOM YOU SON OF A BITCH MEET YOUR MAKER

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Bitch I don't know what the f**k you been sniffin'

Fools like my self ain't around where you livin'

Listen to the words of the M-R

West Coast, Southside, homeboy we stay hard

From the room to the boneyard, it don't change

I let my nuts hang, we ain't on the same page

I flip the script like only I can

Smash your style like an aluminium can

Brown skin, shaved head and a clip full of lead

I'll turn your couch into your motherf**king death bed
Not to be pested, young peasents learn a lesson
In the land of the sick, you can all suck dick, ha
Tuck your chain, hide your rings
When you slip on these streets, your leaving everything
Get your bang on, whatever corner that you hang on
Or be a gonner wannabe, you won't last long

(Chorus)

(Bridge)
Mr. Shadow from San Diego, Killa-fornia
Making you bounce to this (this)

(Chorus)