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)