

Mr. Shadow, 619 Hoodlumz

61 to the 9 the city of mine
Got motherf**kers running like at Santana High
So don't try using my name for your fame
Mad 'cause a youngster got a lock on the game
What a shame you ain't the gangster that you claim to be
If you're really balling why the f**k you wanna hate on me
Low Pro what? Homey I'm a gangster
Amici Park Krazy motherf**ker, quick to bank you
And shank you with the ice pick
'cause this fat motherf**ker claims to have a whole album off my old shit
It's cold shit, but homey f**k it
I'ma let this poor fat f**k make a duckett
So don't get it twisted thinking that he owns something
Shadow Presents The Mayhem Clique cost me nothing
All I wanted was a little bit of weed money
That flip a key money, then you wanna talk funny

[Chorus x2]

From the youngest to the oldest
Hottest to the coldest
From the rugged to the boldest
I'm the sickest and you know this
I make a motherf**ker fold when I throw this shit at you

You say that you're this, you say you got that
Then homey cock your strap and show me where your heart at
Tricky spark that blunt and let these motherf**kers know
We can have a gun fight or we could go toe to toe
No furies pumped in this young Southsider
San Diego rider, shit's getting tighter
Fool step aside, it's between me and him
Anybody wanna trip then it's us against them
That's the way men handle it, can you hang
I put in work with real soldiers, faggot you like to phone bang
You know the name, Mr. Shadow all up in this
Been nosey trick you need to mind your own business
I got your name at the top of the list
For being a bitch and running your lips like it ain't shit
You get hit in the ribs with the club
Fool you ain't a G, in the streets you get no love

[Chorus x2]

Already let the world know about the acting, yapping
Now I gotta talk about your rapping
You say that you're Worldwide, Coast to Coast
Fool I'm still the same and requested the most
You serve one day and post bail, scared of a cell
'cause you know that they'll get you for the stories you tell
How you're riding in them low-lows, hanging out with cholos
Banging puffing dodo when really you're rolling solo
Talk a lot of shit but you never do nothing
Bitch you gotta have a loaded clip to start dumping
Got your heart pumping, skipping a beat
You diabetic motherf**ker you ain't f**king with me
I stay heated, weeded, not guilty's what I pleaded
You call the comp and album 'cause my name is what you needed
So be it, but fool you need to quit
Stop talking out your neck on the phone woofing shit

[Chorus x2]