

# Mr. Shadow, Dancin, Smokin, Drinkin

(Chorus x2: Mr. Shadow)  
Dancing, smoking, drinking  
Slowly blinking  
Another Cali weekend  
Dancing, smoking, drinking  
Slowly blinking  
Another Cali weekend

(Krupt)  
The nerve of the trick, the nerve of the trick  
The nerve of the trick, the nerve of the trick  
The nerve of the trick, I swerve with the trick  
Calicos, out to Moe's, imperial with faness  
Kick left, six hop to the trisket, get to kick rock  
I'ma make something bounce high as the moon  
Coast with the homies, roll through, do what I do

(Mr. Shadow)  
In the coast where the best roam, you'll get your chest blown  
Killa Kali be so strange you throw a vest on  
We step on in blue'd up flashing signs  
For the 213 and 619 we ride  
Westside hard grind, Killa Kali the state  
All day, all night, choking smoking the tray  
Bombay cascades, gangster stepping through blocks  
Common shots tell me what's hot and what's not

(Chorus x2)

(Cisco)  
Now my weekends are similar but never the same  
Me and the homies ain't particular, we getting the brain  
Politicizing the game, call a chick out her name  
And when I'm hitting the thang I be like ripping the frame  
See I'm a pimp in the game, Cisco is the name  
Me and the homies smoking, the West Coast ain't changed  
Don't trip, we the shit, me and my clique all riders  
Quick to scoop your main chick and go and pull an all-nighter  
Posted up at the twin towers  
Overlooking the Bay, popping champagne after hours  
Ladies offer powder, players offer pills  
Money and the power, making million dollar deals  
Got the house on the hills  
Hit the clubs bouncing on chrome wheels  
Hop out with that thug appeal  
Blow the bar up, keep your guard up in Cali  
'cause my G's is starving hard up, waiting in the alley  
Who you hating on homey, better turn around slowly  
Blinking, start flashing, what this fool thinking  
Too much smoking, nah, too much drinking  
Nah, just another, just another, Cali weekend

(Chorus x2)

(Krupt)  
Out here we agaholics, indo-alcoholic, blazaholics, it's simple  
They make a few 'cause together it multiplies the multitude ripple  
The sides to stabilize the Cripple, Valentinos  
Orange juice Jones, blacks and Latinos, Lancaster and Chino  
Ladies dipping banging, Shalamar  
High priced lizards off blocks of calamari  
Eating on something like fish and chips  
I can't f\*\*k with, and this is something you just can't f\*\*k with  
What's up Shadow

(Mr. Shadow)

We military minded fools

With shaved heads, baggy clothes and tattoos

No excuse, we all bangers

Westside riders, g'd up is how you'll find us homiciders

We're chart climbers, ain't no messing with us

Mr. Shadow, Cisco, and the homey Kurupt, now what's up

(Chorus til fade)