

# Mr. Shadow, It's Mr. Shadow

(Verse 1)

You know me, S-H-A-D-O-W, Amichi Park crazy  
You fakes be perpin on the daily making me laugh  
Mad cause you ain't getting payed off my ass  
Ounce in the stash when I mash through your area  
In a sling shot, blowing smoke, I ain't scared of ya  
Throwing up the hood whether you like it or not  
Boy I'm never falling off, bitch I'm staying on top  
We chopping it up, weighting it and wrapping it up  
Serving every single tweeker on your block, now what  
Gangbanging don't stop, nope  
Every damn day there's a new fool backing it up  
So are you in it or not, do you think you got the balls  
To wear a blue rag and hit your name up on the wall  
Laws were meant to be broken  
So when you come around here, act straight or get smoken

(Chorus)

It's Mr. Shadow, comming from Diego  
If youse a gangsta, then come a bang with me (yaow)  
It's Mr. Shadow, comming from Diego  
In California we do this everyday (yaow)

(Verse 2)

When I ride, I ride like there ain't no tomorrow  
Brown Pride Till the day I Die is the matto  
I'll shank you with a broken bottle  
F\*\*K Respect, you get checked  
When you mess with San Diego's best  
Law low in the west  
Young homies put to test  
And lay a punk motherf\*\*ker to rest  
Please believe it, leave it alone or get cracked in the dome  
Jacked in the zone, I'm daring you bitches to bring it on  
I hit the bong and hold it in, fool I play to win  
And can't no peity-minded-ass-bitch stop this mexican  
Hell naw, I refuse, I had, I been and will always pay my dues  
Imma 6-1-9 fool, can't no motherf\*\*ker change that  
I'm that fool that'll brake in where you stay at  
Pay your ass a visit \*knock-knock-knock\* who is it  
A bald fool wit a cocked strap and a blunt

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

You can catch me and E smokin' a dub  
Topped off in the cadillac flipping you off  
Hitting three on you flees as we bend around the corna  
This is g shit straight outta Kill-afornia  
From a down South soldier, a woop town member  
A sick dog from the sixth day of September  
Fool you better back up, If you can't take the heat  
Then get the hell outta the hood motherf\*\*ker  
Tuck your tail you f\*\*king with the big dogs  
Pit-boss making all you jealous haters lick balls  
Your the first to fall, I'm the Last Man Standing  
It's a war in the ghetto gotta come through blasting  
Smoke cronic no matter where I'm at  
You can call it what you want, but I stay high like that  
I fly like that, walk through the sky like that  
All day an all night now where my gangstas at?