

# Mr. Shadow, Mind Of A Sick Man

(Mr. Shadow)

It's the master of the dark

Stalkin anybody talking about the incident

Tryin to blow it like if I was the president

Narcotic selling resident

Makin ends daily

F\*\*k being locked in Bailey

Boo I got to feed my baby

And maybe lately

You've been havin dreams

Of this mothaf\*\*ka followin your steps

Where ever you may be

I'm from SD bitch, southern Cali

Where homies run up in bunches

Beat you crutches in the back of an alley

Call me Daddy

When you come before my presence

If not they'll find your body wrapped in plastic

Like a present, adolescence

Gun Slangers where I come from

That big Woptown Crazyies

Is the gangsters that you run from

Confront me and suffer, diagnosis critical

I'm lettin moma know you were a phony individual

It's pitiful to see a fool die like a bitch

But that's the way it goes

When you're got up in the mix you trick

(Chorus)

It's the mind of a sick man

But can you blame me

Mothaf\*\*kas out to get me

Strap me down and incarcerate me

You got to beat down or get beat down  
Rules of the game and ghetto streets clown  
(Repeat 2x)  
(Mr. Shadow)  
Pack a bowl inhale the smoke and a don't stop  
Cause in my part of the block  
We pack glocks and grow crops  
If you cross through my hood  
It'd be like crossin through  
The Brumueta Triangle  
Find your body floating  
With signs of bein strangled  
I disable body's like a cripple  
Strike em with an axe  
With a natural high  
I relax when I smoke my crypto  
Slang crystal  
On my hip I got my pistol  
You wanna be a victim  
Come on fool don't make me whistle  
Scitzo... phranic  
Eye lids always slanted  
Death wish granted  
When I draw my automatic  
Dramatic  
People say I'm satanic  
For my actions  
Knock on your front door  
When you answer  
Find me blastin  
Attackin straight jackin  
211 on my rivalry  
Inside of me

There passion for armed robbery

So possibly

It's just that I'm a mothaf\*\*kin nut

Plan and simple homie

I just don't give a mad f\*\*k

(Chorus)

(Mr. Shadow)

Now f\*\*k beatin around the bush

I straight smoke em

Find me a mothaf\*\*ka that's a snitch

And straight choke em

In blood we soak em

Ain't no joke

I love to make a mothaf\*\*ka buckel

Give a sign and watch my boys rush you

In a couple

Duffle bags full of weapons and narcatics

4 Desert Eagles and a key of hydro-ponic

It's ironic pounds of chronic

When I blaze

The place is full of gangstas

F\*\*k a rebel and rave

My behavior is negative

So stop runnin

If not it'll be your relative

The one I'm gunnin

Blunted, wanted by America's Most

Cause the shit that I be rappin

Makes a fool wanna over... dose

Black roses after hypnosis

Send your wife your hand

As a gift with paid postage

Now you know it ain't no game  
In my town  
Where the ballers make it happen  
And the hood hoppers get beat down  
(Chorus)