

# Mr. Shadow, Omb

What's up Vicious

We're just back up here in the studio dumping tracks  
Hard tracks, soft tracks, gangster tracks, weed smoking tracks

We gotta kick a track to tell these motherf\*\*kers

How we live everyday life in Dago

So why don't you bring that motherf\*\*ker in

Yeah

That's what I'm talking about

Some gangsta funk

Some everyday life funk

You know what's up Vicious

How we get high, drunk

Just peep the ways of the sick

Yeah

From the dark side of SD, you all know me as the Sombra

Striking motherf\*\*kers like a cobra

Hold the f\*\*k up if you think you're gonna ride

With this young money making hustler banging in the Westside

Till I die, I'm gonna be known

For busting raps, applying weed, and busting caps on my foes

In another state of mind, but can you blame a fool

I already made a million dollars and never attended high school

I keep cool until a motherf\*\*ker tests me

Tripping of sensi, leave your body messy, Smith and Wessy

Won't let me sleep, she's quick to trip

On any motherf\*\*ker thinking that he's creeping, no bullshit

So hit the joint, hold it in and pass it to the left

Make a phony fool feel like it's his last breath

Fast death when you step out of line

Straight out the 619 where gangsters keep it live

At any time so check your nuts when you're heading five south

'cause the money making schemes is what it's all about

(Chorus x2)

It's the one man battalion bringing all the warfare

Come around my block and feel the tension from the cold stare

Beware when you come to the 619

Where motherf\*\*kers do time for violent crimes

I kick rhymes for the bangers, blast at these haters

Drink alize and smoke weed with true players

Fakers better hide when they come to the Westside

Another fallen victim to a homicide

It's Mr. Shadow putting it down for Beyond

I'm a motherf\*\*king soldier, one little word and it's on

Bring it on if you want to

You better blast or your heart is gonna stop soon

Make room for the Mr. that one thug hurting fools like blisters

Watch as I blitz ya and hit ya, God bless ya

I tried to tell you little bitches not to test my skills

Now you're calling up the dentist for a new grill

Feel the pain when I storm like the rain

I smoke Mary Jane and I love to gang bang

Hang with my dogs, straight break laws

Take up all odds and unload on all frauds

When duty calls you know that it's a must

To bust on any motherf\*\*ker that you don't trust

Come on

(Chorus x2)

Pay attention, don't interrupt or get jumped on

Wicked San Diego is the city that I come from

California, the State is Golden  
Thirty eight snub with hollow points is what I'm holding  
Smoking weed till my lungs bleed, I need a breather  
Underneath the seed I got a baggy full of reefer  
Leave a motherf\*\*ker numb from the fumes  
Of this drug that I abuse and that I need to use like shoes  
No clues to check me down, so stop hoping  
Hope you have a better chance of finding your lady getting poked  
Ain't that a bitch, a little dog chasing it's own tail  
It's on my little enemy with the WT cartel  
Clientele keep coming, Dago's most wanted  
For all the f\*\*king drugs and those riots that I started  
Charted number one on the top ten fugitives  
All because I roll with bald headed balling lunatics  
Crucifix hanging from the rear view mirror  
Oh the ride when we slide, I am your superior

(Chorus x2)

Haha  
Yeah  
So that's basically the way it goes everyday in Dago  
And if you can't take the heat stay the f\*\*k out of my city  
You petty minded motherf\*\*ker  
We break rules, and you fools  
AP-10s, nine millimeters and 38-snubs bitch  
Haha  
Yeah