

Mr. Shadow, One Man Battalion

Mr. Shadow talking

Aha ha ha Yea!! Wassup?!

It's Mr. Shadow back up in here!

For the '99!

Beyond Entertainment style

Vicious Man Funk style

Bold Headed Individual style haha

Check it out!

(Verse 1)

Can you hear the gangsta bounce

As I step up in the house?

I got chu wonderin'

Who am I the one to leave's them sufferin'

Never under estimate the actions of a young baller

Swervin' in Impala's, lowered back, (?) and stackin' dollar's

I rolled with outlaws, real g's, ex-con parolees

Ready to put on work on you busta's

And police and impostor's, get tossed up

Hear the top of individuals that'll get chu crossed up

Locked up! Wassup! With the (?) actin' strange

Don't make me get the gauge, cock one back and rearrange

Your willin' to change your ways, if you wanna get respected

You better stay away or a hit will be attempted

On you and your boys cause we make much noise

We play with chrome toy's from S.D. to Illinois

I got no choice but to live by the sword

For my actions and my thoughts are rejected by the lord!

(Chorus 2x)

From the dark side of S.D.

You all know me

It's a the one man battalion

The one and only

Livin' like a champ

Nothin but sick goes up

In my camp

Ready to wet one off the map

At the drop of a hat!

(Verse 2)

Guess who's back still on probation?

On my way to test I'm thinkin'

'Will I slip and face (?)'

Nothin' to explain

I'm gonna put it plain and simple

Since I was an adolescent; learned to pack a pistol

When sicc was on the list I got my weapons and boots

Instead of reading books I was hanging with the crooks

And it looks the same; nothin' really change

Except a few accounts in the bank under my name

I never like to blink when I'm staring at a cop

Cause their venomous like snakes

Fool! I put that on the spot

Pops always told me never to (?) like these

Tryna play a hate-a hustla for his cars and G's

But see, I got more cars I'm a wrecka then richer

I'll be the one that'll lit chu

And put a frame around your picture

Hit cha with the style that you never heard before

Disrespect and Imma have you wishin' you were never born!

Chorus 2x

Can you feel the bass thumpin'? Let me ask you somethin'
Have you ever had a beat like this bump in your trunk before
Ain't no future if you front like the bomb
I caused a panic, got chu runnin' out bullets
Cause my boys pack automatic's
I have it in my blood to be a warrior
If he gots the (?) I'll let chu have it
Fool, I'm warnin' ya! (warnin' ya)
Better strap a vest, ain't no playin' in the west
And when they lay my ass to rest, I want my city on my chest (Let go)
If you try to test my skills, Imma show you how it feels and uh
Why Jack and Jill never came down from the hill and uh
I'm strikin' enemies like them (?) in Vietnam
Piss me off, I'll go off set a bomb and drop it on Sudan (boom)
I'm crazy with my (?), me and my (?) play (?)
Disrespect and man you'll end up in the vet in the (?)
Sooner then your think it, faster then you blink
I'm standing right behind you here to see your ship sink boy!

Chorus 2x