

# Mr. Shadow, Real Ganstas Don't Brag

It be the Shadow standing right beside you  
About to strike you, run but I'ma find you  
Ain't no place to hide motherf\*\*ker right behind you  
Highly elevated off the canibus  
Can you handle this attack from this f\*\*king vandalist  
Assassination on the nation  
Universal warfare, global termination  
Destination, to the top without stopping  
It's still San Diego, Southern Cali till I'm in a coffin  
Amici Park'n to the death, fool remember me  
It's Mr. Shadow, Beyond Entertainment family  
Gravity always floating, gangster strolling  
Pistol holding, dishonest bitches claiming that they know me  
I'm only twenty with plenty to spend, now get the picture  
I got a twenty three glock with hollow shots that'll get ya  
A forty caliber causing major disaster  
Never bring a snitch to my hood or I'ma blast them  
Bring them to the shadows of pain, severe trauma  
I'ma, trigger happy motherf\*\*ker 'cause I wanna  
I love drama, so f\*\*k whatever you feel  
I roll with twenty motherf\*\*kers that are ready to kill  
You guppy

(Chorus x2)

A lot of motherf\*\*kers pretent to be G's  
But they're bitches and they got worldwide enemies  
Real gangstas don't brag, we stack chips  
Make hits and pull licks, smoke sticks and fight pits

I declare war, put your white flags away  
Bitch made hoes get abused everyday  
380 back up coming at you  
Full moon shining, you know I'm gonna blast you  
I'm creeping, seeking for a problem to cause  
Always higher than the motherf\*\*ker breaking the law  
Homey f\*\*k what you're going through  
I bang with nothing but fools with penitentiary backgrounds and tattoos  
I use higher amounts of marijuana everyday  
Give me a bong and bottle, I love that bombay  
Crime pays on this motherf\*\*king planet  
Scitsofrantic, quick to let you sons of bitches have it  
I bring static like an army, you couldn't harm me  
You motherf\*\*kers gotta kill me to disarm me  
Watch me invade these sons of hoodrats with a snub nose  
Dump on these assholes, violating them punk hoes  
Skunk cloats fumigating rookies like roaches  
Got Sombra posted up incase a rival approaches  
I hold this title till my last day comes  
And even after death I'll take a breath through my son punk

(Chorus x2)