

# Mr. Shadow, Take Yo' Bitch

(Mr. Lil One (Talkin))

Yeah it's mothaF\*\*kin Lil One  
Back in here  
With my dawg Shadow  
Representin Beyond Entertainment  
In the house  
Makin all these phat ass tracks  
For the bitches  
For the hoes  
And the nickel bags  
Peep it out  
Hey dawg tell em what time it is  
Homie

(Mr. Shadow)

To all my people in them Lo-Lo Chevolets  
Hittin corners rollin on them chrome daytonas  
Flags on the back representin to the fullest  
High lids poppin girls are jockin  
After cruisin we can do this  
Mobbin to the grill and parly all night  
To the next day drinkin Allezay or Presidente  
Swiggin Thinkin Slowly Blinkin  
Starin at the bottle that we've been drinkin  
Sinkin like a ship but still I ain't gon quit  
And if you wanna bring the drama  
You better be packin an extra clip  
Don't slip cause if you fall  
You won't get up at all  
I rode with those fools  
That'll make your lives forever stall  
The darkest of them all  
Packin clothes like county jail  
Droppin bars like up in prison  
When you're posted up in that cell  
Shadow's bringin hits  
Makin hoochies move their hips  
Triple 6 - 1 - Triple 9  
Buildin clout and stackin chips  
Pow

(Chorus: Mr. Lil One)

We can make you dance  
If you want us to (And you know this)  
We can take yo bitch  
If you want that to (Dumb ass)  
(2x)

(Mr. Lil One)

I got a back full of latex  
Gotta have the safe sex  
Never mind a nickel bag  
Fiendin for my pay check  
Let's begin  
Words up in the wind  
It's Lil One and Shad  
Comin through I fin to brag  
Brag about the sickness  
Bitches wanna hit this  
We the Mistahs  
Dressin like a drifter  
Roamin earlier in the mornin  
Bonin, vision gettin foggy  
F\*\*k her like a doggy

Treat like a mut  
She's a nickel bag slut  
And back to the crib  
Knownin what she did  
The bitch already swallowed  
And gobbled up my kids  
Never did I trust her  
Didn't even lust her  
Just wanted to bust one  
Give myself a quicky  
The bitch was actin bitches  
I knowin that she's flithy  
Then back to the club  
Gotta get my groove on  
Bitches on my nuts  
So time for me to move on

(Chorus)

(Mr. Shadow)  
Ain't no tellin what we might do next  
We on a misson  
We headin to towards the border  
Smokin a blunt in a expedition  
Lynchin any body tryin to act rowdy  
In the land of the sick  
Ain't no with's or but's about it  
Down a revolution, full of prostitution  
I thought I'd get a women  
But that shit was an illusion  
Cruisin with my dawgs  
Brakin laws like it was legal  
Now we're gettin pulled over  
So I reach into my pocket  
To get a C-Note  
Like Gelo I got my nigga lrey hallusinatin  
We got to hurry to club  
I got them bitches waitin  
I got the club  
Gettin love from everybody  
Cause everybody knows  
About the Shadow after parties  
Barcardi Allezay Henniasee and Don P  
All these fools want to kick  
Just to say they know me  
Agony or ecstasy  
It's either him or me  
It's a daily routine  
For me and the Little O-N-E

(Chorus)