

# Mr. Shadow, True Playaz

Give me a bottle, I love the bombay  
I want all my thugs in the house to say hey  
Aka the night stalker, bouncing through your residential  
Mr. Shadow's back to take it to the next level  
From San Diego, we ain't playing around  
I'm from the streets of California, yeah we're putting it down  
Still holding the crown so bow down to your highness  
From America's finest and down the street is where you'll find us  
Nothing but riders, now get your back on the wall  
We're some balling individuals, ain't no stopping at all  
Pop a bottle of bomb, bob your head, throw your hood up  
Parties full of thugs, gang bangers and hoodlums  
Year 2000, I came to make everybody and their mama in the house start bouncing  
I'm lounging in your town, so get ready or bow down  
Homey, in Cali we don't play around

(Chorus x2)

To all my true players keeping it live  
Putting it down for your city till the day that you die  
All night till the next sunrise  
House full of funk, hella skunk and bloodshot eyes

Everybody swigging, buzzing off the liquor  
Homies playing quarters to see who hits the floor quicker  
Drink up till you hicup, hit the table  
Free brew all night, charge it to the label  
I'm unstable, ninety proof straight creeping  
Put your cups in the air, it's a Cali weekend  
Ain't no leaving, your curfew will be violated  
We're gonna party all night till it gets raided  
Afterwards we're mashing to the hoe's pad  
Have a pool party bash till we all crash  
Now dash if your ass do what you want  
But you can't stand still to this gangster funk  
Blaze skunk, no bunk, homey keep it nice and fluffy  
This is for you uniforms trying to handcuff me  
Now pass me another brew, we ain't through  
It's barely getting started, ain't no telling what we might do

(Chorus x2)

Keep the music thumping, bumping to the next day  
It's not over till it's over so we all stay  
From SD to LA we parlay  
On the coast of California in a scandalous way  
Hey, now wait a minute it's a whole new game  
Felons making millions, getting paid for their name  
Same fool from SD, you all know me  
Till I die I'm representing, it's the OMB  
Mob deep's entertainment from a gangsta  
House full of bangers, sleeved up puffing vegas  
They hate us 'cause we straight on top  
And uh, it's Mr. Shadow blowing up your spot  
Boo-yaa

(Chorus x2)