

Mr. Shadow, When The Wolf Cries

As I'm scoping out the middle, bow and arrow to my spinal
I hear the eagle calling as it's flying for it's final kill
I feel the sense of murder in my veins
Hiding bodies in turrains, night stalkers is the name
I read motherf**kers like a scripture, you see the picture
Your face down staring at the snake that bit ya
Hit ya with the feeling, I went in and brought em with death
Not even the Holy Spirit can hear em gasping for breath
Nothing left but a body, dangling, hanging from the tree
Evidence of struggle inflicted by me the young G
Out of America's finest, the 619 is your boundary
The county of the wicked's where you found me
I'm out thugging like a motherf**ker
Making a living, I'm unforgiven, you best believe I'll buck ya
I ain't no killer but don't press your luck
'cause if you're f**king with my ends it be like f**king with my blunt punk

(Chorus x2)

When the sun goes down you hear the wolf cry
Thugs don't die, we multiply
So put your money where your mouth is and handle business
F**k a witness, become a victim of my hit list

Now check my status, I got these motherf**kers ducking
If you be owing me duckets you better pay before I start dumping
A little something for that ass to make you fly straight
If not I'll make your own people ship you in the wooden crate
The mental state of mine is strickly f**k a foe, f**k a hoe
F**k everything around you that ain't making dough
I gotta hustle everyday, make sure I get my pay
My lady's getting bitchy 'cause the baby's on the way
I pray to God that I make it through
Yeah, I know that I'm a fool but what the f**k is it to you
I used to sell dimes, quarters and ounces
Now I push keys overseas when I'm bouncing
Lounging in a different state, counting stacks
Worldwide ballers know that Shadow got the fat sacks
Packs of blunts being rolled up so busters when I show up
You know you're caught up in a f**king hold up

(Chorus x2)