

My Hood To Your Block

Mr. Shadow

[Mr. Shadow]

It's the advocate of gangstarism
I gotta give it to my fellons serving time in prison
Intermission with those oppossing my opponents die
Snatch a motherfucker for bluffing and they wonder why
Oh my , who am I?? The stalker of the night
Still crepping through them darkest of them streets
With my gangsters straight chiefing burning leaves
Of Hairy batches, like matches we leaving ashes
Mashing and we reacting with actions swinging like axes
Nothing relaxes me but fat blants and sticky bushes
The only kind of mariguana that a baller smokes and pushes
Using T-A-see for stimulation, intoxication
I'm the reason why they call it medication
It's the return of the One Man Batallion
Bitch slapping fools like a pimp in the alleywun
Me and my dawgs break laws, you feel the heat
Unique don't let me speak unless you want to meet defeat

[Chorus 2x]

One, Two many motherfuckers want to blast me
But when they see me they walk right pass me
Acting like a bunch of little tricks
But all I gotta say to my enemies is suck my dick

[Mr. Shadow]

I got dank that'll make a motherfucker think, I for living
I am Mr. Shadow, Beyond Entertainment the unforgiven
All My dawgs swigging but all I do is rest
so when you smoke with me and Diablo
Motherfuckers bring you own, stoned like a motherfucker cloud nine
Beep as I recline, getting high fuck one time
Mind elevated banging daily on these streets
Where my soldiers play for keeps
And the grim always rips, this shady sons of sluts
want to put me in a bag, but I got that .45Mag
Ready to shoot me a filthy rat, strap on my waist line
Fool you want to test mine come meet a motherfucker
Feell the heat and see that I never waste time
Ain't no next time, bitch I roll in the West
Shit is so fuckin' hected, my babies momma is wearing a vest
Test my skills and feel the pain, brain cell killing every day
Drug dealing to get payed so fuck you, were all the same

[Chorus]

[Mr. Shadow]

One, two many motherfuckers want to burry me
They think there scaring me, we'll they just daring me
To reach for my motherfucking weapon. stop suppressing
Rearranging the residential section, presidential everything
From San Diego To Japan, Beyond Entertainment
Be fucking up the program, no damn cop is gonna stop me from smoking
We are already motherfucker thinking that I'm joking, bullet poking
Straight blasting on the otherside
Fuck attempted murder I'ma go and for a homicide
Wicked, why do motherfuckers try to get sick
If they know that It don't amount to shit
Chico let the people know we get lethal with weapons
Who accept to this evil lyrical Jefe
Sur O' Este, 6-1-9 is all I know

no more blunts guess were headed to the liquor store