

Serious

Mr. Shadow

Watch out
What

"Sha..."
"Dow..."
"Lo..."
"Co..." --] Mr. Shadow

Shadow up in this bitch (Hell yeah, this is serious)
Got my boy Ant Dog in the back (Homeboy, this is serious)
Smokin' caps and mold
Gettin' weeded
Please believe it
E-Dubb, Javie Lopez (Hell yeah, this is serious)
We in the backhouse
You silly sons of bitches
The San Diego killing cat (This shit is serious)

"Sha..."
"Dow..."
"Lo..."
"Co..."

(Verse 1)

When I
Step in the booth, I start embarrassin' fools
Motherf*ckers start to studder like it's somethin' to do
2-3-2-0-1-9-0-4
Any homie of mine'll pimp slap your hoe (Ah!)
You can't control me, bitches, watch your ass
And you motherf*ckin' front trick gets on like that
Strike back with a vengence, pay close attention
Those feeling tension, you're in the wrong section
Shadow insane, so deep in the game (Yeah)
And you already know, you can't touch the name
I went from moldest
Roll with craters and weight holders
Gangsta motherf*ckers, providers and street soldiers
You don't know us, let's keep it like that
And when they show you respect, show respect right back
That's how grown men do it, smoke weed and sip fluid
Real motherf*ckers never change, we stick to it

Uh
What
What

{*scratching*}
"Yeah!" --] Daz Dillinger
"Sha..."
"Dow..."
"Lo..."
"Co..."

Chorus: Mr. Shadow
Hell yeah, this is serious
Motherf*ckers in the game act strange over chump change

Homeboy, this is serious
Fools that don't listen, they end up missin'
Hell yeah, this is serious
Motherf*ckers in the game act strange over chump change
This shit is serious
Who reigns supreme, nobody else but me

(Verse 2)

Come in at your own risk
I don't miss
Hit you with the dopeness
You're hopeless
No stress on my side, just a sac and a nine
With the dollar sign shinin' in the back of my mind
Damn swine, wanna sweat mine daily, tryin' to make me
Snap attack 'em at the Michi Park crazy
Shit
They can suck my dick
I'm a stay high and watch the clock tick
It's on hit on the west coast (Yeah)
Blue apparel
Shaved head, tatoos and white shoes, it's the dress code
Unless foes wanna end up missin' (What)
Shut the f*ck up, stop bitchin' and listen
You got me twisted, thinking that it's over
I hold grudges, trick, I'm never sober (Hell naw)
Know me to explain myself
And if you're having second thoughts, better run for help
Biotch!

Uh
What
What

{*scratching*}
"Yeah!"
"Sha..."
"Dow..."
"Lo..."
"Co..."

Repeat Chorus

(Verse 3)

Make up your mind and leave, you down or not (What's up)
Motherf*ckers get got when I begin to plot
Don't get caught in the crossfire (Pow, pow, pow)
You won't make it (No, no)
America's finest city, don't mistake it
Too many envy wanna see me fall
And if you faggots got static, then bring it on
Let's it crackin', forget talkin', we straight boxin' (Come on)
f*ck it if ya hood's watchin', I ain't stoppin' (Naw)
It ain't often that they keep it real
Perpetratin' ass creatures tryin' to get you killed
You ain't ready, your mind is petty
You the type to let any snatch all your pennies
Catch plenty heat flyin', divin' at your person (Pow, pow, pow, pow)
Watch what you talk about, we out here, lurkin'
The name's Shadow, I have no patience (Hell naw)
And all you wack ass rappers need maintenance

Uh

What
What

{*scratching*}
"Yeah!"
"Sha..."
"Dow..."
"Lo..."
"Co..."

Repeat Chorus

{*scratching*}
"Yeah!"
{*scratching*}
"Yeah!"
"Sha..."
"Dow..."
"Lo..."
"Co..."
{*scratching*}
"Yeah!"
{*scratching*}
"Yeah!"
"Sha..."
"Dow..."
"Lo..."
"Co..."
{*scratching*}
"Yeah!"