

Solange Knowles F/ Murphy Lee

"Harvestor of Sorrows"

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[Devil]

Yeah.....

It's that 1 triple 9 for that ass

Out the west side of the 619 area

[Mr. Shadow]

I think I'm goin crazy

Lately I've been feelin the need

To submit a mothafuckin

Into pain and make him bleed

Smokin weed with all my crooks

Let me tell you how it looks

First we pray em we slay em

Then we hang em from the hooks

Readin books on black magic

It get's tradgic when I curse

May the lord of hell be with you

While you're ridin in a hearse

Tottin a toe tag inside of a human zip-lock

I be the witch doc

You wanted to be my competition

Now it's pitch dark

In you coffin as coughin

Off the doujha that I'm chokin

Lynchin mothafuckas

For the actions their provokin

Taken a fake individual

Teach em lesson they'll never forget

I'm the mister pain inflicter

From the pits I bring you death

Smith and West out one to your chest

Took your breath layed you to rest

Mr. Shadow pages are read

Of the bald head thug claimin the west

Blessed with the preyer of the sick

Triple 6 a 19

Hittin blunts and getting blitz trick

[Chorus: Devil]

It's the harvestor of sorrows

You care for no tomorrow

Eyes are being hollowed
The days are being borrowed
Follow me the Shadow
Through the valley of the lost
You play the game of life
So you have to pay the cost
[Repeat 2x]

[Mr. Shadow]
Death wish granted
Expiren these ass holes
Makin mothafuckas take cover
Hold one another
Cause they know I blast hoes
Now who knows where I'm gonna be strikin next
Hope for the best but expect the rest
To be the worst encounter
Of the hour now we're in the west
It's the Shadow over castin
Blastin any body that askin questions
Actions of a soldier fuck your thoughts
I'll rise your blood preasure
You're in the room for emergencies
Soon you'll feel the tendecies
To slice your throat avoidin facing me
You're makin me lose my temper
Don't you remember
I'm still the Woptown Crazy
San Diego county gang member
I'm in this business if you like it or not
I'm that physco mothafucka
Selling units like rocks
I plot history makin events
Like blowin up your convelense homes
And I am known for using
Dianomite and silicon
I'm on a mission and it just don't stop
So when I cock the glock you better drop
Or catch a hot one to your knot
Bitch

[Chorus]

[Mr. Shadow]
I see the darkness it my heart
When I blow mothafuckas domes apart
I make em collapse perhaps
You wanna be another tourture
For my staff so I bust a cap
And it's like that
I'm at the cemetery smokin weed

With 12 other demons
And with me it's 13
I got the gilotine
For them back stabbin sluts
Decappitation is a must
And you know in death is who we trust
So bust slugs if you can
And if it jams then your fucked
The Planet of the Evil
Leads to where we bust

[Chours]

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