

Solange Knowles F/ Murphy Lee

"My Hood to Your Block"

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[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 chiefting 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-C 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 dont let me speak unless you wanna meet
defeat

[Chorus 2x]

One, Two many motherfuckers wanna 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
Wanna put me in a bag, but I got that .45Mag

Ready to shoot me a filthy rat, strap on my waist line
Fool you wanna 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 fucken hecated, 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 wanna burry me
They think there scaring me, we'll they just daring me
To reach for my motherfucking weapon. stop
supressing
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

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