

## **Solange Knowles F/ Murphy Lee**

### **"Shadow of Your Death"**

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Here Comes The Knightowl... Knightowl  
[Gun shots]

[Mr. Shadow]  
Eventually I'ma have to see the penitentiary  
For sending all you fake mothafuckas to the cemetery  
I'm granting death wishes, for all those bitches that be  
yappin  
Acting like they fuckin hate me, but they bump 'Me and  
My Shadow'  
Battle me, why try, bullets fly, I'm the type of guy to  
poke an owl in his eye  
If it hoots, I shoot you know my rhymes are absolute,  
To your death I salute, watch your ass when I lute  
Mothafucka, whatcha got to say about your family  
dismissing you  
Your homies dissing you, when shadow blessen you  
I heard about you and the homie rolling through the  
rival park  
And you didn't want to cap cause you said you had a  
bad heart  
Ya fucking coward, you talk alot of shit  
Talking about you serve some times you never did a  
bid  
Then you're doubting out cha ass saying I don't right  
my lyrics  
You just want me to write some weaker shit so you can  
go and hear it  
You did remember NOTORIOUS, then you shook the  
hook again with VICTORIOUS  
Knightowl you got to give it up it's getting old, you're  
34  
Your life ain't shit and you're acting like a hoe biatch  
  
I'm bringin hell to this mothafucka cappin  
So it's time for some military action  
It's the shadow of your death here to take your last  
breath  
So run mothafucka cause I'm blatin  
  
[Mr. Shadow]

Fat boy fat boy where the fuck you at  
Man I heard it through the vine that you tried to bite my  
rap  
For that Ima slap you just like a slap box  
Pop the 44 slug blow your top off  
Calling me a faggot ask my nina who was in a  
They seen you on the table bustin raps for extra dinner  
Ya fake like the rest of them punk mothafuckas  
that surround you, watch when I find you  
I got my slope aiming at these three bitches  
mothafuck snitches, I hit him with the three sixes this is  
mandatory,  
I kick this story about these phunny bunch of lops,  
perpitrating in my  
terriroty  
Like that bitch 'Rob', you ain't no good  
You's a wanna be thug never busting a slug so motha  
fuck ya hood punk  
Now onto a bigger hoe named 'Royal T'  
It's the shadow of your death fool remember me  
Never in your life have you banged with the cliq hoe  
You and bitch freelo can suck on my dick  
It's 'Mr. Shadow' dumping rounds on these fuckas  
Said my named to many times  
And that was your first and last mistake mothafuckas

[chorus]

[Mr. Shadow]

I kicks nothin but the real up on the mic  
I wasn't out in ceetho getting in a gun fight  
So you say, tell whos gay  
This is all my game and your a shame to play  
mothafuckas  
You brag about your shit while you roll in your caddy  
Yous nothing but a fake and takin loot from your daddy  
Had he never been here you'd be broke,  
Like a joke I provoke mothafuckas till they bolt  
Hold up, remember staright clown and left you with a  
frown  
So get the fucking point that no one wants you ass  
around  
I found out about you claiming to be rich  
You still live with your parents so quit acting like a bitch  
You took my lyrics out of a song, that was wrong  
You felt it coming on cause you know that I'm the bomb  
Intimidation gots you goin in circles gots you crazy  
You will never fade me thats the reason why you playa  
hate me follow me,  
No one will ever be believin all the lies that you be  
hummin

I had that bitch 'Knightowl' running, he knows that  
'Shadow's' comin  
It's a thin line between foes and friends  
Causes you're hated once kiss your kids good bye  
Because it the begining to your end

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