

## Ganz Schön Feist

### "The Mistahs"

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[Mr. Shadow] Oh yeah  
[Mr. Lil' One] That's right  
[Mr. Shadow] The unexpected  
[Mr. Lil' One] Motherfuckers  
[Mr. Shadow] That's how we're doing it one more time  
Mr. Shadow and the Lil' Uno  
[Mr. Lil' One] That's right  
[Mr. Shadow] Walking through your neighborhoods  
Bringing the drama  
[Mr. Lil' One] In your hallways, cellblocks  
[Mr. Shadow] Beyond Entertainment, so peep game  
[Mr. Lil' One] Motherfuckers, here we go

[Mr. Lil' One]  
I buck fools, I smoke em and I lay em  
Pay em no respect, still got the bayonet  
Lil' brings static just to get you automatic  
Reach for your piece or you end up deceased  
Bitch motherfucker, see you outta know  
You can't fuck around with the Lil' Uno  
Sitting short quarters, Sicko style ballers  
Motherfuck a bitch, we're all about the dollars  
Live, bounce to the motherfucking ounce  
I heard it through the vine that you need to plug and  
ounce  
Now hit my boy speedy, left your man bleedy  
All up at the killer, and that's on the for reala  
That's what he gets fucking around with a grand dealer  
Feel the wrath flowing through your veins  
Psycho motherfuckers that be sick up in the brain  
Dropping all these bombas with my nigga Sombra

[Chorus x2: Mr. Lil One and Mr. Shadow]  
The Mistahs, the Mistahs  
Walking through your hallways  
The Mistahs, the Mistahs  
Talking shit all day  
The Mistahs, the Mistahs  
Walking through your cellblocks  
The Mistahs, the Mistahs  
Fuck around and get shot

[Mr. Shadow]

I have started on the avenue of catching possessions  
Motherfuck an eye witness if they make a confession  
They stressing, I'm teaching lessons like Professor  
Smith and Wessun  
I got deadly ambitions like playing tag with  
ammunition, listen  
Since I was born I've had a fetish for murder  
It's Mr. Shadow and Lil' One stashing bones by the  
border  
You heard of us, a motherfucker getting rid of  
evidence  
Catch a case like the president for blasting at your  
residence  
Creating drama, better keep them walking if they're  
watching  
They better not be talking, find their bodies cold for  
gawking  
Then he can be a king or a street sweeper  
But everybody dances with the motherfucking Grim  
Reaper  
I keep a son of a bitch in fear everyday of every year  
So I say fuck a rival and his mother's tears  
It's Mr. Shadow right behind you but you call me Mr.  
And guess who got your sister wiggling, it was me and  
Whisper

[Chorus x2]

[Mr. Lil' One]

I've been in as many wars as the world's got whores  
I'm the lyrical, critical, psycho individual  
Not even a miracle could ever stop my ritual  
Kicking all the mad shit like I knew I would  
What's the matter motherfucker, had a doubt that I  
could  
Well now I'm hooked up like a fiend on some uncut shit  
Overdosing out this Lil' One hits  
Now fits is what he gets, let me sit and reminice  
When I feed him thirty six in the corner selling tapes  
The fourty four, the buzz, ever wonder who I was  
The one with the bottle, fought fatal for a while  
And since I got the bottle everybody wanna borrow  
I put that on the hood I got your money by tomorrow  
And if you came through, then cool you was true  
But if you didn't pay me you really didn't fade me  
I still got the money, the bottle, and the clout  
motherfuckers

[Chorus x2]

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