

Gary Brooker

"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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