

**Georg Michael****"61909"**

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[ODM]

Yeah, what's up  
1998 bout to set it straight  
ODM, Mr. Shadow come on  
Got Viscious up in here  
Yeah, what's up I said make money money  
Make money money money  
Hey yo Shadow come through

[Mr. Shadow]

I'm about to make you bounce Mr. Shadows' in the  
house  
I don't care about the fame making money's all that  
counts  
Headed south now you know there's a party goin on  
ODM got's those bottles of those Don Perron

[ODM]

It's a mexican thing that we bring to your city  
619 909 homies tell me 'Are you with Me'  
Bumping Lake Side with the Brown Bride through these  
city streets  
With phat ass rides and homies coming with that heat  
From undearneth, I got that DP with a twist lime in  
Throw on an instrumental start rhymin  
I'm climbing to the level 80 proven toxication  
I'm so fucked up Shadow tell what they're facing

[Mr. Shadow]

A gang of shows  
A gang of hoes  
When I step in through the door  
Everybody knows that I becoming with my flows  
I'm the one that is known for my sickness  
Going down my hitless, now tell me if you're with this

[Mr. Shadow/ODM]

Now everybody raise up  
Who you be what you claim  
619 909 staying true to this game  
Mr. Shadow ODM coming through with the sickness

Clock a grip load a clip cause I trip with a quickness  
[Repeat]

[ODM]

Now ODM will make you bounce like Skate in the 98  
He won't hesitate to make the scrilla before it's too late  
Us fools got to stick together quit hittin on the next man  
Get a plan and flip the next grand  
And watch me clown cause my shit is straight legit  
7 years in this bitch and still bangin out those hits  
And it don't quit and it don't stop, til my album drops  
Now I'm that fool that brought mexicans to hip hop  
I brought the pattern of browns and introduced the new  
sounds  
And now I'm down to put it down for the underground  
A young playa with the hit one time  
Shadow let that nine shine if they find time to step out  
of line  
And I ain't servin no manners, just provin I'm the  
baddest  
And what we do is creeping through the night  
Like the devils get at us and if you think you got that  
bomb shit  
You're fuckin with the wrong cliq 619909 fools be on

Chorus

[Mr. Shadow]

I thought you knew that I was staying true to the scene  
Blowin up bustin raps nation wide here people scream  
and clap  
It's that bald headed fool ain't no room for the drama  
It's all about the show state to states makin dollars  
I gonna drop it like gernades, rock the spot like if I was  
from Bed Rock  
Dependin on my rhymes cause my life depends on hip  
hip  
And it don't stop til I come up, on a grip like Billy Gates  
Mr. Shadow and ODM at the gates for 98  
Straight swiggin on that bottle of the don huh  
We carry on to the limit and beyond huh  
We just some young mothafuckas staken paper like the  
tribune  
Now why would you want to get sick if you know I'm  
always with you  
Make you panic like your nena when I'm coming  
Like daffy got you duckin, like the law I got you runnin  
And now you know I'm the man with the plan  
Let me hear you yell my name, 619 909 stayin true to  
the game

[Chorus]

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