

Franz Morak

"Wuff Tickets"

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(Mr. Shadow)

I make the shit hit the fans
Smoke ah bowl and take a stand like a solidier
No one can hold us we're taking over
Better get a hold of your so-called friends
S-D so Cal from beginning to end
Mexicans with an attitude not giving a fuck
You can hate all you want your hoes still on my nuts
We the Mistahs tell me what you got against us
That were G's and your broad want to sex us?
Mr. Shadow and the Mutha fucking Lil one
We let 'em bleed and staying heated like the Cali sun
Anyone got a problem? We'll handle it
Cause all that you know what I heard... we ain't having it
Watch your mouth your tongue is your worst enemy,
Remember me
And don't ever try impressing me
I know my presents be posing a threat
I'm the chosen mutha fucka the shadow of your death

(Hook)(x2)

We're selling Wuff Tickets
Keep your shit upon your gun
Wuff Tickets
Mr. Shadow, Lil One
We're selling Wuff Tickets
You can never see the Mistahs
Wuff Tickets
While we all up in your Sistah

(Mr. Lil One)

I'm take 'em to the strain
All the loot and the fame
We got these petty mother fuckers always wuffing my
name
It's a shame but there lying that there living is fast
I'm ah wanted mutha fucka you be wearing a mask
Me and Shaddy ain't got a brag you be knowing we bad
All the stories you be selling jeopardizing your path
Got a million mutha fuckaz on my nuts everyday
Got a couple more mill on the way right away

Stay away from the rain stay away from the fate
I don't need to explain find your corps in the lake
Stay awake if you sleep then your deep in the mist
You can blame it on your mouth or your gossiping lips
Aint that a bitch how you lived and you died for this shit
Aint that a trip how you did ain't nobody give a shit
Live your life to the fullest and avoid meeting bullets
(Hook)

(Mr. Shadow)

Payback is a bitch trick you stop smiling
Run your mouth and get your whole hood green lighted
Don't try it inside or outside
You get crossed and bum rushed in the Southside
It's brown pride till the day I get buried
I'm very... high drunk strapped and ready
Your talk is petty so shut the fuck up, yeah
We the Mistahs...bitch what?

(Mr. Lil One)

Now I really don't need to explain myself
Now don't trip dog I'ma behave myself
I got to much shit going on in my life
To jeopardize my child and my future wife
Got a lid to give and another ten kids
Still pop lids and mind my own bids
Which reminds me you find me kind of loony
Bring your bitch dog... I bet she wanna do me

(Hook)

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