

## Mr. Shadow

### "Bow Down"

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Uh huh, yeah  
Killa California's Most Wanted  
Most wanted  
You know, you know, you know  
Mr. Shadow and the Saint ALT  
Motherfuckers picture that  
From Dago to LA  
Check it

Feel the bass like the back of my hand when it hits  
All you fake motherfucker on my wannabe list  
Ain't that a bitch, back again with a gangsta twist  
It's Mr. Shadow from Dago, Southern Cali the sick  
Homey with metal or sticks we can get our bang on  
Real G's kicking them punk bitches never stay long  
Lil' who? never heard of you homey  
Keep my name out your mouth or I'll murder you homey  
You all know me as the night stalker  
619 Amici Parker dodging cops and helicopters  
To hell with you coppers  
Fuck your neighborhood watching crime stoppers you  
nosey motherfuckers  
Mind your own business if you want to live longer  
Roam with the sickest if you want to be stronger  
Ain't nothing wrong but your lips running wild  
So shut the fuck up or get a dick up in your mouth

When we come up in your hood we make em bow down  
From SD to Hollywood we make em bow down  
When you're rolling in your ride you better bow down  
And when they speak on Brown Pride we make em bow  
down

You want to battle me and Shadow  
You up the creek without a paddle motherfucker,  
round em up like they were cattle  
I'm hitting harder than your fucking stepfather  
And I'm coming through your hood heated like I was  
lava  
You caught up in some bullshit  
I got a full clip of shells for motherfuckers,

you knew you couldn't fool this  
So deal with it homey the best that you can  
Or I'll come up in your hood and it's just me and my  
man  
We'll be strapped down with guns, got gats in each  
hand  
And I'll do you like Godzilla did to fucking Japan  
So embrace a motherfucker like I was a god  
And you can meet me in the back and we'll be taking a  
shot  
Breaking em off a little something, man you know how  
we do it  
I'll be puffing on a pound in the back, sipping the fluid  
I'm keeping it Brown, I'm sipping the Crown  
I'm puffing a pound, I'm making them all bow down

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Bow down it's the sickest  
Motherfucker with the thickest caliber grain known to  
bust the quickest  
It's Killer Cali baby haven't you heard  
We're some everyday bangers blazing trees on the  
curb  
Nothing but sticky herb swerving down the highway  
When I'm in this bitch, shit we do it my way  
Fly straight or get your wings cut off  
A tatted up G, all you bitches fuck off  
A snub nose for all you punk hoes  
23 to the motherfucking 20  
You know we don't play in the streets  
It's Mr. Shadow and the Saint ALT  
The most requested, caution is suggested  
Figures you can get some hoe, don't try to test this  
Smith and Wesson repping, loaded for you haters  
I'll smoke now and I'll worry about you bitches later

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