

Mr. Shadow

"Gunshots"

Visit "[Gunshots](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

yeah
this is what it sounds like
ha ha
shit
listen

(Verse 1.)

this is what it sounds like
you need a vest over your chest on the southside
we can take it outside if you want
and load the metal thangs up
and let the mothafuckas bang like
i hang with nothing but convicts
we don't give a fuck, born and raised in the projects
i'm a hothead, spittin' hotleg
walkin' the wrong park in the dark, and get shot dead
outside, and what you thinkin'
anywhere outside of your hood, it's called slishing
i ain't trippin', that's the way that it goes
and let my foes wanna know, i packed a foe foe, like
with hollow tips mothafucka
and quit the trippin, empty clips mothafucka
beg humbo, i can't trust no fake ass crip, they get hit
with tha snupnose
god knows my situation
you runnin' outta time, and i'm runnin' out of patience
radio stations and tv shows don't know shit about life
on the streets, or when the gun goes....
bullet holes on streetsigns
if you're packin', squeeze yours, before i squeeze mine
i'm 3 times the G that you'll never be
now, here is something for your ass to remember me

(Chorus) [2x]

do you really know what it sounds like
when the ghetto bird's trippin', doing flyby's
gunshots in the middle of the night
gettin' rid of all your witnesses
that bitch ass snitch is like

(Verse 2.)

you better duck, or get plucked
ain't no warning shots, homie, out here you get
touched
roughneck, young G's and pimps, controlling the hood
you better show respect or get....
hot grain out tha barrel
the name's Shadow, walk town San Diego
we can settle this however you please
ain't no love, i'm a thug, bringin' heat to my enemies
i got G's that push, weigh the grapes
it don't mather where, just name the stake
you gotta have your papers straight
these mothafucka's don't play, you either pay or they
hit you with tha....
that's the rule of the game, and if your playin', i'm the
one to put an X on your name
i'll never change, i was born and raised in my hood
i'll meet ya part crazy, it ain't all good, you catch a....
we smoke a patch of that stickie, higher then a
mothafucka, all my dogs with me
hit me on the next tale, who got beef?
who's next to get stretched on a busy street, you
mothafucka

(Chorus) [4x]

do you really know what it sounds like
when the ghattobird's trippin', doing flyby's
gunshots in the middle of the night
gettin' rid of all your witnesses
that bitch ass snitch is like

Visit [Mr. Shadow](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.