

## Mr. Shadow

### "Harvestor of Sorrows"

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[Devil]

Yeah.....

It's that 1 triple 9 for that ass

Out the west side of the 619 area

[Mr. Shadow]

I think I'm goin crazy

Lately I've been feelin the need

To submit a mothafuckin

Into pain and make him bleed

Smokin weed with all my crooks

Let me tell you how it looks

First we pray em we slay em

Then we hang em from the hooks

Readin books on black magic

It get's tradgic when I curse

May the lord of hell be with you

While you're ridin in a hearse

Tottin a toe tag inside of a human zip-lock

I be the witch doc

You wanted to be my competition

Now it's pitch dark

In you coffin as coughin

Off the doujha that I'm chokin

Lynchin mothafuckas

For the actions their provokin

Taken a fake individual

Teach em lesson they'll never forget

I'm the mister pain inflicter

From the pits I bring you death

Smith and West out one to your chest

Took your breath layed you to rest

Mr. Shadow pages are read

Of the bald head thug claimin the west

Blessed with the preyer of the sick

Triple 6 a 19

Hittin blunts and getting blitz trick

[Chorus: Devil]

It's the harvestor of sorrows

You care for no tomorrow

Eyes are being hollowed  
The days are being borrowed  
Follow me the Shadow  
Through the valley of the lost  
You play the game of life  
So you have to pay the cost  
[Repeat 2x]

[Mr. Shadow]  
Death wish granted  
Expiren these ass holes  
Makin mothafuckas take cover  
Hold one another

Cause they know I blast hoes  
Now who knows where I'm gonna be strikin next  
Hope for the best but expect the rest  
To be the worst encounter  
Of the hour now we're in the west  
It's the Shadow over castin  
Blastin any body that askin questions  
Actions of a soldier fuck your thoughts  
I'll rise your blood preasure  
You're in the room for emergencies  
Soon you'll feel the tendecies  
To slice your throat avoidin facing me  
You're makin me lose my temper  
Don't you remember  
I'm still the Woptown Crazy  
San Diego county gang member  
I'm in this business if you like it or not  
I'm that physco mothafucka  
Selling units like rocks  
I plot history makin events  
Like blowin up your convelense homes  
And I am known for using  
Dianomite and silicon  
I'm on a mission and it just don't stop  
So when I cock the glock you better drop  
Or catch a hot one to your knot  
Bitch

[Chorus]

[Mr. Shadow]  
I see the darkness it my heart  
When I blow mothafuckas domes apart  
I make em collapse perhaps  
You wanna be another tourture  
For my staff so I bust a cap  
And it's like that

I'm at the cemetery smokin weed  
With 12 other demons  
And with me it's 13  
I got the gilotine  
For them back stabbin sluts  
Decappitation is a must  
And you know in death is who we trust  
So bust slugs if you can  
And if it jams then your fucked  
The Planet of the Evil  
Leads to where we bust

[Chours]

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