

## **Mr. Shadow**

# **"Mind of a Sick Man"**

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[Mr. Shadow]

It's the master of the dark

Stalkin anybody talking about the incident

Tryin to blow it like if I was the president

Narcotic selling resident

Makin ends daily

Fuck being locked in Bailey

Boo I got to feed my baby

And maybe lately

You've been havin dreams

Of this mothafucka followin your steps

Where ever you may be

I'm from SD bitch, southern Cali

Where homies run up in bunches

Beat you crutches in the back of an alley

Call me Daddy

When you come before my presence

If not they'll find your body wrapped in plastic

Like a present, adolescence

Gun Slangers where I come from

That big Woptown Crazyes

Is the gangsters that you run from

Confront me and suffer, diagnosis critical

I'm lettin moma know you were a phony individual

It's pitiful to see a fool die like a bitch

But that's the way it goes

When you're got up in the mix you trick

[Chorus]

It's the mind of a sick man

But can you blame me

Mothafuckas out to get me

Strap me down and incarcerate me

You got to beat down or get beat down

Rules of the game and ghetto streets clown

[Repeat 2x]

[Mr. Shadow]

Pack a bowl inhale the smoke and a don't stop

Cause in my part of the block

We pack glocks and grow crops

If you cross through my hood

It'd be like crossin through

The Brumueta Triangle

Find your body floating

With signs of bein strangled

I disable body's like a cripple

Strike em with an axe

With a natural high

I relax when I smoke my crypto

Slang crystal

On my hip I got my pistol

You wanna be a victim

Come on fool don't make me whistle

Scitzo... phranic  
Eye lids always slanted

Death wish granted

When I draw my automatic

Dramatic

People say I'm satanic

For my actions

Knock on your front door

When you answer

Find me blastin

Attackin straight jackin

211 on my rivalry

Inside of me

There passion for armed robbery

So possibly

It's just that I'm a mothafuckin nut

Plan and simple homie

I just don't give a mad fuck  
[Chorus]  
[Mr. Shadow]

Now fuck beatin around the bush

I straight smoke em

Find me a mothafucka that's a snitch

And straight choke em  
In blood we soak em  
Ain't no joke  
I love to make a mothafucka buckel  
Give a sign and watch my boys rush you  
In a couple  
Duffle bags full of weapons and narcatics  
4 Desert Eagles and a key of hydro-ponic  
It's ironic pounds of chronic  
When I blaze  
The place is full of gangstas  
Fuck a rebel and rave  
My behavior is negative  
So stop runnin  
If not it'll be your relative  
The one I'm gunnin  
Blunted, wanted by America's Most  
Cause the shit that I be rappin  
Makes a fool wanna over... dose  
Black roses after hyptnosis  
Send your wife your hand  
As a gift with paid postage  
Now you know it ain't no game  
In my town  
Where the ballers make it happen

And the hood hoppers get beat down  
[Chorus]

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