

Mr. Shadow

"You Could Tell"

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[Mr. Shadow]

Yeah Shadow and Seven back up in your motherfuckin
ear hole
Bitch ass motherfuckers, you foo's ain't knowing about
the West coast
Hell no, and the way we do thangs, in a better way, we
play for keeps
Motherfuckers yeah watch your backs

[Verse One]

I'm on a grind for the shine with no time to waste
Carabines and tech ninez ready to give you a taste
Give me my space or I'ma make room shadow's the
name
All in the vest for all you lame foo's, hell yeah
I came to rock it for the side where we love to bang
Down town San Diego to the streets of L.A.
We gettin paid stayin blazed yeah thats all we do
I'ma A.P. crazy foo, I paid my do's when I was young
Now I'm runnin this bitch still thuggin stayin ruged
Gettin run on this shit yeah headhuntin all you
motherfuckin haters
Mad cuz your bitch hangin wit some real playas
Place niggaz round where they don't stop from the
bottom to the top
We got the whole place on lock down, right now and
forever it's mine
You don't want to fuck around with a fool from the
westside

[Chorus]

You can tell that I dwell in the zone of my own
You can smell what I saw quick to put it in the o-zone
Fuck you ho-moes speakin on shadow Kalifornia venom
bitch without a rap
(Repeat)

[Verse Two]

And if you walk a straight line or I'ma keep you in line
Vigorous mind fully dedicated to crime
Drop a dime and get your lips split

Infamous for storming in with some sick shit
You little bitch get the fuck out the way or get sprayed
and layed out
With a 350 cal. running thats how I came out
Pushing weight as far as I can I got 48 states in the
palm of my hand
I say fuck it tuck it in my drawers and mash smoking
cocktail blunts
What you now about that, nothing, something for that
ass to learn
I'm the last man standing foo haven't you heard
I stash a bird in the dash for the business trip
Cockblockin and end up on the hitlist bitch
Getting rich off of slanging cd's and trees on the rares
with the homiez
Fuck my enemies

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse Three]

You can't fuck with me and my dawgs, we breaking the
law ruged and raw
Learnin all the fuckin time you can run but you can't
hide
Aint nobody steppin to these thugz from the southside
Inside or outside the state, get your mind right pimpin
no ??? from the state
I come sooner than you think, faster than you blink
Boy I'm off the chank, can't fuck with you weak links
Every week, every day, every hour, try to stay paid
flossin on you cowards
Tossin bolders, marchin soldiers, watchin out for you
hoez tryin to hose us
I wanna quarter pound of danky weed, you love your
hoe
But she's nuthin but a skank to me, she thankin me for
every single time I came
And every time I seen the bitch holla my name

[Chorus 4x]

Yeah, so watch your back and your front you
motherfuckers
What up to my boy Frankie Coleon and the rest of the
family
Keep it gangsta, all the rest of you motherfuckers ain't
knowin about this shit
Shadow out this six one nina and I'm out

