True Playaz

Mr Shadow

Give me a bottle, I love the bombay
I want all my thugs in the house to say hey
Aka the night stalker, bouncing through your residential
Mr. Shadow's back to take it to the next level
From San Diego, we ain't playing around
I'm from the streets of California, yeah we're putting it down
Still holding the crown so bow down to your highness
From America's finest and down the street is where you'll find us
Nothing but riders, now get your back on the wall
We're some balling individuals, ain't no stopping at all
Pop a bottle of bomb, bob your head, throw your hood up
Parties full of thugs, gang bangers and hoodlums
Year 2000, I came to make everybody and their mama in the house start bouncing
I'm lounging in your town, so get ready or bow down
Homey, in Cali we don't play around[Chorus x2]
To all my true players keeping it live
Putting it down for your city till the day that you die
All night till the next sunrise
House full of funk, hella skunk and bloodshot eyesEverybody swigging, buzzing off the liquor
Homies playing quarters to see who hits the floor quicker
Drink up till you hicup, hit the table
Free brew all night, charge it to the label
I'm unstable, ninety proof straight creeping
Put your cups in the air, it's a Cali weekend
Ain't no leaving, your curfew will be violated
We're gonna party all night till it gets raided
Afterwards we're mashing to the hoe's pad
Have a pool party bash till we all crash
Now dash if your ass do what you want
But you can't stand still to this gangster funk
Blaze skunk, no bunk, homey keep it nice and fluffy
This is for you uniforms trying to handcuff me
Now pass me another brew, we ain't through
It's barely getting started, ain't no telling what we might do[Chorus x2]Keep the music thumping, bumping to the next day
It's not over till it's over so we all stay
From SD to LA we parlay
On the coast of California in a scandelous way
Hey, now wait a minute it's a whole new game

Felons making millions, getting paid for their name
Same fool from SD, you all know me
Till I die I'm representing, it's the OMB
Mob deep's entertainment from a gangsta
House full of bangers, sleeved up puffing vegas
They hate us 'cause we straight on top
And uh, it's Mr. Shadow blowing up your spot
Boo-yaa[Chorus x2]

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