

# It Ain't Over (feat. Trigonometry)

## Mr. Shadow

[Mr. Shadow]

Shadow and Trigonom

Killin' that ass like anthrax, bitch

Ain't no tellin' when we gonna hit

Hahaha, yeah, check it out I'll make your head snap back

Helmets get crack in the back house

We smoke out 'till you black out

That's how we do it out here

Cats try but they don't come near

Stand clear out the way

I ain't stoppin' or slowing down

Where's this so called king of rap, I'll snatch his crown

Clowns talk loud but ain't down for their own shit

Their life wasn't opened booked and I closed it

The world knows ain't know one sicka

Then Shadow and Trigonom, we drop bombs

Calm and collective, you get affected

Around me and my dawgs, you get neglected

Necklaces, brackletes, and watches, relentless

Give a fuck if somebody's watchin'

I'm +Born Without A Konsense+, smooth and cautious

Prowl through your block and put an end to this nonsense [Chorus: Mr. Shadow - repeat 2X]

I don't know what they told you, bitch I'm a soldier

You'll never find me sober, it ain't over 'till it's over - yeah Yeah, all my soldiers get your march on

Shit, ain't no stoppin' in this bitch

Shadow with my dawg Triga

Fuckin' bomb like a noma [Trigonometry]

Even in the day you'll find them dark spots

Shadows'...the reason they avoid them dark blocks

The Untouchable...motherfuckers with the small pox

Step in to the place and watch they fuckin' jaws drop

That's the families of the last fools that wanted them dead

The last thing they said was "Here come them baldheads"

It ain't fair but it's reality

Nothin but drugs, slugs, and causalities, that's police mentality

Tell me, how would you handle this

They pulled out they sticks, I pulled out my dick

Trigonom packin' much power

Tell your gang they'll have to jump me in for half an hour

And I'm still standing, respect we demanding  
Oh, you got a gat, bitch I got this fucking cannon  
But I'll have more fun just leaving you neck strangled  
Kinda insane though, rollin' with this cat from Diego[Chorus][Trigonometry]  
Got that additude, like we don't give a fuck (WHAT)  
You'll need a brain, I drive in to your house with my truck (WHAT)  
Puffin' on this stuff makes me even meaner  
A couple felonies can't even count the misdemeanors  
All through the streets you hear is names on they lips  
But Shadow after this they better call you eclipse (why)  
Cause you hittin' big plus outta Trigg  
Aw naw, the reason that they nerves a call[Mr. Shadow]  
Do the math young cat to us your all kittens  
Diego to Oxnard we hard hittin'  
Switching in and out of the car pool lane  
Puffin' on something purple, takin' it to the brain  
See I stay at a level your ass can't reach  
If you don't want trouble don't open your beak  
You get treatment, looks can be decievein'  
Trigonom and the Don bitch believin'[Chorus] - 4X

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