

Shaking In Your Bootz (feat. GPA & Mr. Lil One)

Mr. Shadow

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Mr. Lil' One (talking)]

Aight, here we go

Oh yeah... triple sixin

Mr. Lil' One, GPA

And that mothafucka Shadow[Mr. Lil' One]

Comin through my return

Mothafuckas fin to burn

It's the Little

I came to bring the pain in the rain

Exclude me from any peace talks

Watch the gun shot

Comin through your block

Mothafuck you and the cops

Still I feel the urge to emerge for the kill

Spit up in your face, roll you down a big hill

No one will rescue the streets wanna test you

Put you on the spot for that bull shit you talked

Plus my nigga Whisper went up in your house

And then you ate cheese like a little bitch mouse

And then I seen you fly, deep into the night

I wanna be like Lil One, so mothafuck might

I came to put it down, wipe the tears from the ground

Don't even got an attitude but claimin to be rude

Finally I send those claimin to be foes

To that other level, you can't fuck with the devil[Chorus: Mr. Lil' One]

I got you bitch mothafuckas a shaken [shaken]

All up in your boots cause their fakin [fakin]

Listen to the shit that we be makin [makin]

Evil like that mothafucka Satin [Satin]Got you bitch mothafuckas a shaken [shaken]

All up in your boots cause their fakin [fakin]

Listen to the shit that we be makin [makin]

Evil like that mothafucka Satin [Satin][Mr. Shadow]

It's the shadow of your death here to take your last breath
Now you're hopeless, I'm hittin mothafuckas with my lokness

Hokus pokus, I'm deadly like a stroke is

Mentally abuse all them fools when I flow this

Nemesis, makin none of this cause you're envious

The Mistah makin mothafuckas pray like a minister

I'll blitz ya, never hesitating when I'm rushin

I'll leave ya seein stars like the flag of the Russians

Concussion, ain't no gettin up full of blood clots

I must turn my soul competition into dust

A trust no mothafucka but myself fuck tomorrow

If your ass only knew all the days I let you borrow

The sorrow that I cause makes your life forever paused

I knew it from the git cause I read in the cards

And now you hear me laugh

Like the witch that did the craft

Rap Devils on the loose leavin fools up in the past[Chorus][GPA]

With no hesitation puttin these holes up in your dome

It's the return of GPA and I'm always packin a microphone

Just like a gavel when I be bangin up in these streets

You better not get caught slippin

Like a rhyme your ass will meet defeat

Hey Little, who the next to second guess our flows

I hope it ain't your crew, I'm leavin a bomb at your front door

Along with a note some wires a clock and dynamite

30 seconds to ignite I'm seein flash backs of your life

Fool, I'm lettin it be known I'm takin every thing personal

In the streets you play for keeps, I'm ready to give your ass a funeral

I'm used to kickin my style I maybe the sharpest on top of the pile

You asked me to flip some shit I'm entering in and I defile

Any thing you have in mind, I'm kickin my rhyme

Just keepin my time, look and you'll find

And you'll decide whether or not the truth's inside

You heard it come from me, should be no other way

Fuck the Aztec Tribe and Mad Man all mothafuckin day[Chorus]

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