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

## Mr. Shadow

[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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