

# Who Shot Ya?

The Notorious B.I.G.

As we proceed  
to give you what you need  
9 to 5 motherfuckers  
get live motherfuckers (2x)

As we proceed  
to give you what you need  
East coast motherfuckers  
Bad Boy motherfuckers

BIG - Now turn the mics up  
Turn that mic up, yea that beat is knockin  
to that microphone  
Turn that shit the fuck up  
Uh, what?  
Turn it up louder  
Yea, uh

As we proceed, to give you  
what you need  
J.M. motherfuckers  
J.M. motherfuckers  
9 to 5 motherfuckers

Who shot ya?  
Seperate the weak from the ob-solete  
Hard to creep them Brooklyn streets  
It's on nigga, fuck all that bickering beef  
I can hear sweat trickling down your cheek  
Your heartbeat soun like Sasquatch feet  
Thundering, shaking the concrete  
Finish it, stop, when I foil the plot  
Neighbors call the cops said they heard mad shots  
Saw me in the drop, three in the corner

Slaughter, electrical tape around your daughter  
Old school new school need to learn though  
I burn baby burn like Disco Inferno  
Burn slow like blunts with ya-yo  
Peel more skins than Idaho potato  
Niggaz know, the lyrics molestin is takin place  
Fuckin with B.I.G. it ain't safe  
I make your skin chafe, rashes on the masses  
Bumps and bruises, blunts and Landcruisers  
Big Poppa smash fools, bash fools  
Niggaz mad because I know that Cash Rules  
Everything Around Me, two glock nines  
Any motherfucker whispering about mines  
And I'm, Crooklyn's finest  
You rewind this, Bad Boy's behind this

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As we proceed

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Get high motherfuckers  
Get high motherfuckers  
Smoke blunts motherfuckers  
Get high motherfuckers  
Ready to die motherfuckers  
9 to 5 motherfuckers

I seen the light excite all the freaks  
Stack mad chips, spread love with my peeps  
Niggaz wanna creep, got ta watch my back  
Think the Cognac and indo sack make me slack?  
I switches all that, cock-sucker G's up  
One false move, get swiss cheesed up  
Clip to Tec, respect I demand it  
Slip and break the, 11th Commandment  
Thou shalt not fuck with raw C-Poppa  
Feel a thosand deaths when I drop ya  
I feel for you, like Chaka Khan I'm the don  
Pussy when I want Rolex on the arm  
You'll die slow but calm  
Recognize my face, so there won't be no mistake  
So you know where to tell Jake, lame nigga  
Brave nigga, turned front page nigga  
Puff Daddy flips daily  
I smoke the blunts he sips on the Bailey's  
on the rocks, tote glocks at christenings  
And my cock, in the fire position and...

(Get live motherfuckers  
Ready to Die motherfuckers)

C'mere, c'mere (it ain't gotta be like that Big)  
open your fucking mouth, open your... didn't I tell you  
don't fuck with me? c'mon man  
Huh?  
Didn't I tell you not to fuck with me?  
(as we proceed) (c'mon man) Look at you now  
(to give you what you need) Huh? (c'mon man)  
(9 to 5 motherfuckers) Can't talk with a gun in your mouth huh?  
(get live motherfuckers) Bitch-ass nigga, what?  
(get live motherfuckers) [muffled sounds, six gun shots]  
(as we proceed...) Who shot ya?

...to give you what you need  
9 to 5 motherfuckers  
Get live motherfuckers

(Who shot ya?)

Get high motherfuckers  
Ready to Die motherfuckers  
Hah!!  
As we proceed...

(Who shot ya?)

...to give you what you need  
9 to 5 motherfuckers  
East coast motherfuckers

(Who shot ya?)

West coast motherfuckers...

West coast motherfuckers... hah!

As we proceed, to give you what you need

As we proceed

to give you what you need

Get live motherfuckers

9 to 5 motherfuckers

Get money motherfuckers

As we proceed

to give you what you need

Get live motherfuckers

9 to 5 motherfuckers

J.M. motherfuckers

J.M. motherfuckers

As we proceeeeeeeed

To give you what you need...

9 to 5...