

U Got Shot

EPMD

U got shot, 'cause you knock, knock, knocked
Who's there? Another motherfuckin' hardrock
Whoa ho hoh, let me like slow up with the flow
Introducing, yo, fuck that nigga's name

If you wanna step to my motherfuckin' rep
Chk chk, blaow, blaow, blaow, blown traject
Gimme my fuckin' shit, chk-chk, blaow
U got shot, 'cause you knock, knock, knocked

On my knees at the mercy of God
Straight up back up I keeps it hard
You like to watch
But can't touch this nigga or catch a charge

Papichulo with karate chops just like judo
Fuckin' coolo make you quit rap and go sing with Menudo
Underground's where we live and that's where we'll be when you leave
Overachieve, I'd rather be rockin' Apollo Creed

Time to speak up, fagot niggaz droppin' these weak cuts
We're the B-boys, hows about some hardcore in the speakers
For the Mic Dons, callin' like Dion
PMD shinin' with my stripes on

In the saddle, fuck around, get your shit rattled
No paddles up shit's creek when time to battle
Same place, same bad time, so fuck a bat channel
This nigga, object of game, get your pockets bigger
Biggie, Pac and Eaze, one love, them still my fuckin' niggaz

We don't need no gat, just cock me fuckin' back
And watch me spitfire my volerical fact
It's a sign of a miracle that, my iron spittin'
Ain't peelin' your cap, me and the Devil had a spiritual chat
'Cause I'm eviler with lyrical rap
Than a black cat, on a black night and I'm black

In the moonshinin', I'm sippin' Starsky and Hutch
While my rims blindin', while P rollin' the Dutch
'Cause I'm too much for ma's and grandpa's to solve
Roll the windows to your cars, when out at large
Who the fuck's in charge? Charles Laston Sauls
I got his mom suckin' my balls like a fresh pack of halls

Right hand to Allah, I'm the roughest of the raw
Nobody's ever seen what they seen and never saw
When I jump in my car, they go "Ooh and ahh"
EPMD, 215 and 8-Off Agallah

Yo, 215, who the fuck was them cats up in the car?
One of them got a gat, the other one wanna spar
Jumpin' out the car, pop a trunk, swingin' crowbars
Stick up my seeds in my fiends for the G's
People low self-esteem rockin' the gleam, hotter than steam

When I blow off the top, I got this cream like Bill Rothstein

And when I rob unique excitement is, why you scream
So put your hands together, get your mans together
Here's the plan together, here's the gun together, let's run together

Soldier mind crime nigga, bitch-down live nigga
8-Off's gonna hit 'em like, five niggaz, surprise niggaz

Aiyyo, you hit 'em like that
I bust 'em from the back to the extreme
Hit 'em up, make 'em scream like a bitch
And switch up for the mix up and dig a ditch up
And bounce, then for luck, I throw a six up

And hook off like Prince Naseem ahead
Duck yo' head or go inside instead
Step to me bourgeoisie? Fancy as Dandy?
You get killed, like you was Jon-Bennet Ramsey

And some of y'all just plain civilians
Talkin' shit and never even seen a million
Actin' like y'all Sicilians, when y'all niggaz
With small figures and chasin' gold diggers

Don't even come up to me yappin'
Or you'll Die Hard with Bruce and Sam Jackson
Right now, you wanna duel, you fool
I'm a Dogg 4 Life like my nigga Ja Rule

Who wanna flex with the influential
With mad credentials on instrumentals we're too essential
The mic and the beat, now shit's complete
For me to kick your ass for talkin' trash, punk

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