

# Somebody Knows

Faith Evans

And the question remains, why was he gunned down in the streets of Los Angeles and who was responsible?

I'm feelin' some type of way  
Can somebody explain why? (who shot ya)  
Why they took your life away and left filled with some much pain  
I gotta make it on my own, like who's gon' hold me down, down (who shot ya)  
Your life was so profound, can't nobody wear your crown  
They took your life in vain but your memories still remain  
It's a misery to me, I'll give anything to know who shot ya  
And I swear to god I know somebody knows who shot ya  
Somebody knows

We were havin' a good time up in the party  
Even though we wasn't really speakin' at the time  
And we never got to have a conversation  
That still weighs heavy on my mind  
Busy ignorin' each other  
We didn't know if we be over  
In just a matter of time (neighbors call the cops, said they heard mad shots)  
)

I felt so helpless and frustrated and I damn near lost my mind  
And I still don't have the answers even after all this time

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Can't believe it's been this long  
Twenty years have come and gone  
There is so much we need to know (Old school, new school need to learn though)  
And until I get some kind of resolution  
I cannot choose to let go (yeah)  
No help from the police  
Only hang on to the memories  
Whoever did it better stay low-key  
'Cause it's hard to creep them Brooklyn streets

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[Busta Rhymes:]

I don't even know where to start and it's very hard to address it  
A conversation dealin' most niggas don't want to mess with  
Continue his blessings I sent to you and Mama Wallace  
To this day I carry a picture of BIG in my wallet  
While I give you these bars, I try not my composure  
It has been twenty years and yet you still lookin' for closure  
Still can't try over bein' a baby, not havin' my father  
My heart continues to go after CJ and Tanyana  
Tryna avoid truckin' 'bout it, not to revisit the drama  
Let me remind the shooter that the most gangster nigga is karma  
Big Poppa, yes, [?] your legacy proper  
And [?] to provide the answers in your honor  
Frank and Pac, I hope you had the chance to talk and have it fellas  
About the truth that would led the way up, both of you ain't tell us  
You probably up there talkin' about who really fuckin' did it  
Maybe you a sinners sign with some honest answers in it  
I walk to Tillery park where we use to smoke with Flanton  
Even after all this time, we could never accept it  
From Westhouse Brooklyn to bein' one of the great  
To the last time we linked up, I shed a tear at your wake

The Notorious B.I.G. was silence forever, Los Angeles are looking for his killer