

# 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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