

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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And I still don't have the answers even after all this time

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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