

Fat Joe

"I Shot Ya"

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Yeah, L.O.D.
Keith Murray, Def Squad
Mr., Mr., Mr., Mr. Smith
You wanna hit?
Uhh, gimme an hour plus a pen and a pad

Yo, I'm here to make a dollar out of fifteen cents
And let my balls hang like I'm on a toilet takin' a shit
My style is all that, and a big bag of chips wit' the dip
Fuck all that sensuous shit, I represent intellectual
violence

And leave your click holier than the Ten
Commandments
Like Redman I shift with tha ruck
If ya if was a spliff we'd be all fucked up
No need to ask you who is he, son I get busy

Scuff my Timbs on the boulevard of many ruff cities
I'll have to Norman Bate ya, I love ta hate ya
'Cause youse a freak by nature, can't wait to face ya,
mutilate ya
Drink your style down straight wit' no chaser

My verbal combat's like a mini-Mac to your back
As soon as one of you niggaz try to over react
Tha L.O.D. love good confrontation or vamp
Break your concentration, murder your camp

For tha jealous, overzealous, we fellaz
Blow the the spot like Branford Marsalis
Niggaz comin' through and actin' wild
Y'all commercial niggaz better have a Coke and a
smile, I shot ya

Yo, I conversate wit' many men, it's time to begin again
Forgot what I already knew, aiyyo you hear me friend?
Illuminati want my mind, soul, and my body
Secret society, tryin' to keep they eye on me

But I'm stay incogni', in places they can't find me

Make my moves strategically, the G.O.D.
It's sorta similar but iller than a chess player
I use my thinker, it coincides with my blinker

While you wondered what we sayin' on the records real
Yeah, you motherfuckin' right kid you know the deal
My Mobb is infamous just like the fuckin' title read
You get back slapped so hard make ya nose bleed

Some, kids feeling guilty 'bout the
But you first baby girl so just face it
But anyway, back on the real side of things
My niggaz sling cracks and wear fat diamond rings

Not only is it inside the songs that we sing
Everything is real not just a song that we sing
From my life to the paper, very accurately
Give you all of my two so maybe you can three

Prodigy will forever will S-H-I-N-E
My shit attract millions like the moon attract the sea
How dare you ever in your life walk past me
Without acknowledgin' this man as G-O-D, I shot ya
faggot ass

Now who the fuck you think you talkin to, I pay dues I
spray crews
Look I'm Joey Crack, motherfuckers be like he's bad
news
Runnin' this racket, from New York to Montego
Slaughterin' people, bring a ton of keys from Puerto
Rico

I'd rather be feared than loved because the fear lasts
longer
These bitch ass niggaz know we stronger
Than these weaklings, seekin', for respect that ain't
there
Knuckleheads beware, there's mad tension in the air

Tommy guns for fun, shotties for block parties
While fresh lead heats up your insides like a fifth of
Bacardi
Call the ambulance, this man's wet
Bullets cut him down from the root up just like a Gillette
razor

Which I keep hidden in my oral
Ready to spatter, at any ad out, that wants to quarrel
These feds want me for some tax evasion
Now that the fact that somebody's gettin' lucci that's

not Caucasian

Bullets be blazin'
Through these streets
Filled with torture
Joey Crack, a.k.a. Keyser Soze

Thug niggaz give they minks to chinks
To' down we sip drinks rockin' minks, flashin' rings and
things
Frontin' hardcore deep inside the Jeep, mackin'
Doin' my thing fly nigga you a Scarface king

Bitches grab ya ta-ta's, get them niggaz for they
chedda
Fuck it, Gucci sweaters and Armani leathers
Flossin' rocks like the size of Fort Knox
Four carats, the ice rocks, pussy bangin' like Versace
locs pops

Want ta the creep, on the light raw ass cheeks
I'm sexin' raw dog without protection, disease infested
Uh, Italiano got the Lucciano
I gets down fuckin' with Brown Fox extra keys to the
drop

Boo I'm jingling jaby, I got crazy Dominicans who pay
me
To lay low, I play slow
Roll with tha Firm, Mafiaso crime king pin
It all real nigga what tha deal, I shot ya

What the fuck? I thought I conquered the whole world
Crushed Moe Dee, Hammer, and Ice-T's girl
But still, niggaz want to instigate shit
I'll battle any nigga in tha rap game quick

Name the spot, I make it hot for ya bitches
Female rappers too, I don't give a fuck boo
Word, I'm here to crush all my peers
Rhymes of the month in The Source for twenty years

Niggaz scared, I'm detrimental to your mental state
I use my presidential Rolex to be debate
Niggaz fight, glock cocked ya temple gets fucked
MC's, that fuck with LL they gets bucked

That's real, what's up with that 'I shot ya' deal?
Light shit, niggaz slip now how the bullet feel?
New York appeal, in L.A. they gang bang
But if you touch a mic your motherfuckin' ass hang

That's facts, niggaz don't recieve no type of slack
'Cause if they do, they ass is always runnin' back
Not this time, but next time I'ma name names
LL, shittin' from on top of the game, I shot ya

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