

## Keith Murray

### "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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