Mtume "Who Shot Ya"

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* originally from the 'Big Poppa' vinyl 12"

Intro: Puff Daddy

As we proceed to give you what you need 9 to 5 motherfuckers get live motherfuckers -- 2X

As we proceed to give you what you need East coast motherfuckers Bad Boy motherfuckers

BIG - Now turn the mics up
Turn that mic up, yea that beat is knockin
to that microphone
Turn that shit the fuck up
Uh, what?
Turn it up louder
Yea, uh

As we proceed, to give you what you need
J.M. motherfuckers
J.M. motherfuckers
9 to 5 motherfuckers

Verse One:

Who shot ya?
Seperate the weak from the ob-solete
Hard to creep them Brooklyn streets
It's on nigga, fuck all that bickering beef
I can hear sweat trickling down your cheek
Your heartbeat soun like Sasquatch feet
Thundering, shaking the concrete
Finish it, stop, when I foil the plot
Neighbors call the cops said they heard mad shots
Saw me in the drop, three in the corner

Slaughter, electrical tape around your daughter Old school new school need to learn though I burn baby burn like Disco Inferno Burn slow like blunts with ya-yo Peel more skins than Idaho potato Niggaz know, the lyrics molestin is takin place Fuckin with B.I.G. it ain't safe I make your skin chafe, rashes on the masses Bumps and bruises, blunts and Landcruisers Big Poppa smash fools, bash fools Niggaz mad because I know that Cash Rules Everything Around Me, two glock nines Any motherfucker whispering about mines And I'm, Crooklyn's finest You rewind this, Bad Boy's behind this

Interlude:

As we proceed to give you what you need 9 to 5 motherfuckers get live motherfuckers

As we proceed to give you what you need East coast motherfuckers Bad Boy motherfuckers

Get high motherfuckers
Get high motherfuckers
Smoke blunts motherfuckers
Get high motherfuckers
Ready to die motherfuckers
9 to 5 motherfuckers

Verse Two:

I seen the light excite all the freaks
Stack mad chips, spread love with my peeps
Niggaz wanna creep, got ta watch my back
Think the Cognac and indo sack make me slack?
I switches all that, cock-sucker G's up
One false move, get swiss cheesed up
Clip to Tec, respect I demand it
Slip and break the, 11th Commandment
Thou shalt not fuck with raw C-Poppa
Feel a thosand deaths when I drop ya
I feel for you, like Chaka Khan I'm the don
Pussy when I want Rolex on the arm
You'll die slow but calm
Recognize my face, so there won't be no mistake

So you know where to tell Jake, lame nigga Brave nigga, turned front page nigga Puff Daddy flips daily I smoke the blunts he sips on the Bailey's on the rocks, tote glocks at christenings And my cock, in the fire position and...

(Get live motherfuckers Ready to Die motherfuckers)

C'mere, c'mere [it ain't gotta be like that Big] open your fucking mouth, open your... didn't I tell you don't fuck with me? [*muffled* c'mon man] Huh? Didn't I tell you not to fuck with me? (as we proceed) [c'mon man] Look at you now (to give you what you need) Huh? [c'mon man] (9 to 5 motherfuckers) Can't talk with a gun in your mouth huh? (get live motherfuckers) Bitch-ass nigga, what? (get live motherfuckers) [*muffled sounds, six gun shots*] (as we proceed...) Who shot ya?

Outro: Puff Daddy

...to give you what you need 9 to 5 motherfuckers Get live motherfuckers

(Who shot ya?)

Get high motherfuckers Ready to Die motherfuckers Hah!! As we proceed...

(Who shot ya?)

...to give you what you need 9 to 5 motherfuckers East coast motherfuckers

(Who shot ya?)

West coast motherfuckers...
West coast motherfuckers... hah!
As we proceed, to give you what you need
As we proceed
to give you what you need
Get live motherfuckers
9 to 5 motherfuckers

Get money motherfuckers

As we proceed to give you what you need Get live motherfuckers 9 to 5 motherfuckers J.M. motherfuckers J.M. motherfuckers As we proceeeeeed To give you what you need... 9 to 5...

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