

Prince Of Tennis

"You Got Shot"

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Featuring Breeze Sha

Chorus

"You got shot cuz you knocked knocked knocked
Who's there another motherfuckin hard rock" [ODB] 4x

[True/Sha]

If you knock on my door you better been there before
Cuz for trespassin you know I got the cure
I sleep wit hot lead and it'll be dawn 'fore dead
I'll let my girl go 'fore my gun leaves my bed
Every man want heaven but no man want dead
As the pope once said, 'fore the dred lost his head
So I keep my door locked, my gun cold-cocked
First nigga that knock, I'm lightin up the whole block
Test me not if you don't want to get hot
Cuz I have missing posters filled wit all you hard rocks
And I suggest, if you don't want to get blessed
Just remember to wear your bullet-proof vest

"You got shot cuz you not not not
Who's there another mother" "BLAOW"

[Tariq/Breeze]

It's showdown, brother high noon
My soul questin like old Westerns
The low down gonna die soon
The True fake, you gonna fall to rock-bottom
When my glock spot em, then for you snake you gonna
crawl
Crumblin, messin wit me, definitely humblin
Mumblin mercy, thirsty I need to hear it
I need your spirit decimated, desecrated my core up to
the extreme
Before you do your next scheme, deserve to leave you
sufferin
You gots to catch a payback, from her to me
Your brother been your brother kid from way back
Ain't no shame in your drama
You will be feelin the heat from you stealin my beat
Down to you gamin my mama

Aimin a bomb to finish wit you, diminsh split you
You done pushed me, shit I didn't even get to kill that
pussy
But now I'm bout to kill it, fill it, spill it on this pavement
Your scream'll satisfy my Wes Craven/craving

Chorus 2x

[Tariq/Breeze]

Yo word is bond son, I'm sayin niggaz
When I see that nigga, yo that's my word
Shit is gonna be so real for that nigga
Yo, I'm sayin

[True/Sha]

My cream I protect, your dreams I respect
My plan to hard rock shit be snappin at your neck
I thirst for beef, hot lead spells relief
So play your position, brave nigga I'm the chief
And all that hard rock shit gon get you closer to redrum
And reachin for your pistol, I can say that's quite dumb
So leave it alone, you've been dethroned
That's only if your black ass wanna make it home

[Tariq/Breeze]

You're gettin carried away
Wit pallbearers, twist you while I'm wettin
That be the way it's all clear wit Mr. L
Gone black, I'm tellin him you was plottin for cheddar
To hell wit him, you forgotten
Against my contract, we could do this like Judas
Blast you wit your style, mastered it so foul
Leave you clueless like "who this?"
Carma caught you kid, I'm fuckin sicker than true lies
I'ma scorch a nigga, comin thicker wit new rise
It's hard to live, knowin that you doin the same
Knowin about you and your game, let God forgive
I won't see I don't give a fuck son
I give a buck in gross earning, you eatin the heat in my
toast burnin

"You got shot cuz you knocked knocked knocked
Who's there another motherfuckin hard rock"
"You got shot cuz you knocked knocked knocked
Who's there another mother" *gun shots

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