

Screw 32

"Who Shot Rudy?"

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--If you see a devil, smash him--

[Keron]

Yeah, Screwball shit, yeah-yeah-yeah, Keron yo
Little something for that snake ass, slimy ass, devil ass
Motherfucker out there. Listen to this and suck on it
bitch

Knaw'mean? Screwball shit, what, what, yeah
Check-check-check-check it out, yo

Ay-yo Who shot Rudy? in broad daylight for cash
I woke up this morning and hear the newsflash
They said it happened down at City Hall
He had his wife with'im, 5 shots from the crowd made
him fall
It was chaos and pandomonium blood covered up the
podium
Covered his face, and wouldn't show me him
I had to see if it was true
Secret service was mad nervous, so was the boys in
blue
Scatterin, like rats and ants, with the lights on
Man hunt the suspect all night long
Interrupted episodes, every channel show
Barracaded the city and blocked every road
Jakes in riot gear, blacks smilin it is
Reporters cryin out in the street, ?"It ain't Rudy!?"
He ain't dead off, somebody blew his head off and
skated out
Commisioner live on channel 5 when they announced
his death
Wifey was stressed, she was right there
She stated: it was like a nightmare
One-time, was combing the streets, had the whole
force on the beat
Flyin in cars and on feet
The D's came through stompin
Ghetto birds had the projects lookin like Compton with
marksmen
With dirty thirties out the window
I'm in my room smokin boom, playin Nintendo, high off

the indo
Who shot Rudy?

Chorus
>From courthouse to your house
Rich house to poor house
QB to Shaolin, Brooklyn Long Island
BX to Money Makin', YO and New Ro
The news final, yo, who shot Rudy?
repeat

[Keron]
They speculated it was mob related
Every wise guy with mafia ties, interrogated for lies
Every king and yeta, had the linguistics
Snatchin they gats for ballistics and expert statistics
Were drawn out, gang unit was all worn out
Investigatin his body and everybody else
Whoever gave threats, made bets or wages
Cash donators from the campaign stages
Cab drivers and frank vendors who protested
Were roughed up like Abner, gettin broom molested
Sharp lawyer suit-breasted, double-breasted reporters
Was mobbin daughters and other mourners
Pushin cameras away, blockin the sights
Had the riot squad at Washington Heights
Kennedy Airport, stoppin flights, niggaz was tight
Cause the couldn't sell a dime all night, but that was
alright
The devil died and nobody cried
They was real like some Jews celebratin when the
pharaohe got killed
Glasses of Henny were spilled and we got twisted
Smokin blunts on the corner like we used to cause we
lived it
Knowin he was gone for good ???, it got me thinkin
Ay-yo, where the fuck Dinkens?
And Harlem World, Shaolin to Brownsville
Did Sharpton and Farrakhan make the shit real?
Was it Khalel? you know he keep mad steel
Did the Bloods or the Crips smoke Rudy on the hill

Chorus

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