

## Hill Dan

### "You Got Shot"

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Chorus

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

[True/Shade]

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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