

## Prince Paul "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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