

B.B. King F/ Stevie Nicks

"Shot Down"

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[DMX] Grrrr... ARF! ARF!

[50 Cent]

Move on over, I done told ya boyyyy
I'm a G-Unit motherfuckin soldier boyyyy
And when you gon' get it in your brain
The gate's wide open and the dog's off the chain

I be that yung'n with that gun-ness, tellin ya stop frontin
I be that yung'n on the run, after I pop some'n
In the Bible I read, death is of the tongue
And if you talk about death enough death is gon' come
Jay taught me how to flow, they shot him in the head
Randy ass was there, now he runnin scared
Some say I'm gangsta, some say I'm craaazy
If you ask me I'll say I'm what the hood made me
Now I can stunt 'til my ass dead broke like J.D.
Or put a hundred grand on e'ry nigga head that play
me
See I'm cool with them Hatian mob niggaz
{?}Tu say sapa say mavule{?} and rob niggaz
The media be tryin to make a nigga look bad, whassup
with that?
See my flick, next to bring Papi and Cat
And Montana, I kill 'em with the grammar
I enhanced in the slammer after bangin them hammers
X whattup? (AIGHT!!)

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

You don't live that, you shouldn't say that
Cause what come out your mouth'll get you SHOT,
DOWN
Throwin your money around and we don't play that
Get in our line'll get you SHOT, DOWN (nigga)
We know where you hang, we know where you stay at
That bullshit you on'll get you SHOT, DOWN
Here's a few clips that you shouldn't play with
G-Unit, Ruff Ryders'll get you SHOT, DOWN

[DMX]

Aiyyo, fuck y'all niggaz talkin bout, think you playin wit?

Double R, G-UNIT, the same ol' shit (WHAT!)
Put the faggots in the ring, watch 'em all quit
All y'all niggaz is pussy, suck my dick!
Ain't nuttin but a handful of man still standin
I remember 50 in a cypher when Onyx was "Slammin"
(AIGHT?)
Now we meet again, it's all good my nigga
Back to the street again, it's all hood my nigga
Knock on wood my nigga, we both walk the dog
We ain't get to where we at by luck, shit was hard
(AIGHT?)
But once we got through the trials it's all smiles
'til a big type nigga all of a sudden get wild
Now why you gotsta go and take me back to where I
came from?
I'ma make you remember, where you know my name
from (YEA!)
45th Street, and BLAOW-BLAOW Ave
I done ran through your crew and only let off half,
nigga!

[Chorus]

[Styles P]

Yeah, word, yeah
If your head ain't offa your shoulders (uh-huh)
You ain't get shot, you got nicked nigga (just nicked)
Cause if my chrome hit a piece of your bone
It's gon' do more than chip, nigga (a lot more than that)
Yea, what the fuck is the problem
The Porsche is red the buckets is Army
30 shot handguns the gutter is starvin (yea)
Niggaz like me might rush your apartment (word)
Bloodstains'll fuck up your carpet, brain on the window
I smell murder every time that the wind blow
Tie him to the chair and then knock out his chinbone
I don't want the throne or the crown, I ain't sellin up
You can have the jail or the ground, you ain't in hell
enough
I'm the one that flood the gutters
Better tap your man, and let him know P'll love to cut
his
And niggaz is gettin shot down, two guns up
Double R, S.P. holdin D Block down

[Chorus]

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