

Body % Style

"I Shot Ya"

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[Verse One: Keith Murray]

Haaah! (woooooooo!)

Yeah, (hah, hah, hah, hah) L.O.D.

Keith Murray, Def Squad

Mista, Mista, Mista, Mista Smith

You wanna hit? (You wanna hit?)

Uhh, gimme an hour plus a pen and a pad

Yo... I'm here to make a dollar out of fifteen cents

And let my balls hang like I'm on a toilet takin a shit

My style is all that, and a big bag of chips wit the dip

Fuck all that sensuous shit

I represent intellectual violence

And leave your click holier than the Ten

Commandments

Like Redman I shift with tha ruck

If ya if was a spliff we'd be all fucked up [Word up!]

No need to ask you who is he, Son I get busy

Scuff my Timbs on the boulevard of many ruff cities

[Chicago, LA, any of them]

I'll have to Norman Bate ya I love ta hate ya

Cause youse a freak by nature

Can't wait to face ya, mutilate ya

Drink your style down straight wit no chaser [Word up!]

My verbal combat's like a mini-Mac to your back

As soon as one of you niggaz try to over react

[BLAOW!]

Tha L.O.D. love good confrontation or vamp [Word up!]

Break your concentration, murder your camp

For tha jealous, overzealous, we fellaz

Blow the the spot like Branford Marsalis

Niggaz comin through and actin wild

Y'all commercial niggaz better have a Coke and a smile

I SHOT YA!

[Verse Two: Prodigy]

Yo, I conversate wit many men, it's time to begin again

Forgot what I already knew, aiyyo you hear me friend?

Illuminati want my mind, soul, and my body

Secret society, tryin to keep they eye on me

But I'm stay incogni', in places they can't find me

Make my moves strategically, the G.O.D.
It's sorta similar but iller than a chess player
I use my thinker, it coincides with my blinker
While you wondered what we sayin on the records real
Yeah you motherfuckin right kid you know the deal
My Mobb is Infamous just like the fuckin title read
You get back slapped so hard make ya nose bleed
Some ---- kids feeling guilty bout the ----
But you first baby girl so just face it (awright)
But anyway, back on the real side of things
My niggaz sling cracks and wear fat diamond rings
Not only is it inside the songs that we sing (kid)
Everything is real not just a song that we sing (word up,
it's real)
From my life to the paper (what), very accurately
Give you all of my two so maybe you can three
Prodigy will forever will S-H-I-N-E (shine baby, just
shine)
My shit attract millions like the moon attract the sea
How dare you ever in your life walk past me
Without acknowledgin this man as G-O-D
I shot ya faggot ass

[Verse Three: Fat Joe]

Now who the fuck you think you talkin to, I pay dues I
spray crews
Look I'm Joey Crack, motherfuckers be like he's bad
news
Runnin this racket, from New York to Montego
Slaughterin people, bring a ton of keys from Puerto
Rico
I'd rather be feared than loved because the fear lasts
longer
These bitch ass niggaz know we stronger
Than these weaklings, seekin, for respect that ain't
there
Knuckleheads beware, there's mad tension in the air
Tommy guns for fun, shotties for block parties
While fresh lead heats up your insides like a fifth of
Bacardi
Call the ambulance, this man's wet
Bullets cut him down from the root up just like a Gillette
razor, which I keep hidden in my oral
Ready to spatter, at any ad out, that wants to quarrel
These feds want me for some tax evasion
Now that the fact that somebody's gettin lucci that's not
caucasian
Bullets be blazin through these streets filled with
torture [what the deal pop]
Joey Crack, a.k.a. Keyser Soze

[Verse Four: Foxy Brown]

Thug niggaz give they minks to chinks
To' down we sip drinks rockin minks, flashin rings and
things [what the deal]
Frontin hardcore deep inside the Jeep, mackin
Doin my thing fly nigga you a Scarface king
Bitches grab ya ta-ta's, get them niggaz for they
chedda
Fuck it, Gucci sweaters and Armani leathers
Flossin rocks like the size of Fort Knox
Four carats, the ice rocks, pussy bangin like Versace
locs pops [what the deal]
Want ta the creep, on the light raw ass cheeks
I'm sexin raw dog without protection, disease infested
Uh, Italiano got the Lucciano
I gets down fuckin with Brown Fox extra keys to the
drop
Boo I'm Jingling Baby, I got crazy Dominicans who pay
me
to lay low, I play slow
Roll with tha Firm, Mafiaso crime king pin
It all real nigga what tha deal
I shot ya!

[Verse Five: LL Cool J]

What the fuck? I thought I conquered the whole world
Crushed Moe Dee, Hammer, and Ice-T's girl
But still, niggaz want to instigate shit
I'll battle any nigga in tha rap game quick
Name the spot, I make it hot for ya bitches
Female rappers too, I don't give a fuck boo
Word, I'm here to crush all my peers
Rhymes of the month in The Source for twenty years
Niggaz scared, I'm detrimental to your mental state
I use my presidential Rolex to be debate
Niggaz fight, glock cocked ya temple gets fucked
MC's, that fuck with LL they gets bucked
That's real, what's up with that I Shot Ya deal?
Light shit, niggaz slip now how the bullet feel?
New York appeal, in L.A. they gang bang
But if you touch a mic your motherfuckin ass hang
That's facts, niggaz don't recieve no type of slack
Cause if they do, they ass is always runnin back
Not this time, but next time I'ma name names
LL, shittin from on top of the game
I SHOT YA!

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