

Tracey Lee

"Clue Who Shot LR"

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Talk: I don't believe this shit here man

Y'all niggas is fucked up word up

It's aight though Imma get to the bottom of this shit

Check it

L.: Yo what the fuck is

I go uptown to collect these checks

Come back to find my man body in blood shit stretched

Across the pavement

I know one of y'all know some information

So Imma get down to the bottom of this whole situation

Who shot the LR? Was it you Rock?

Rock: Don't look at me, Oc!

I don't believe you think I

Shoot niggas on my team

We grew up on the same block

Set up weed spots together

Stacked a good amount of cheddar

Cracked a few brews, so never would I do that to my
reverend

This crime, nobody witnessed?

L.: Rock, my only lead is this photo of him kissin this
mistress

That I found at the scene

Rock: Hold up, she used to live around my way

Yo, shit is fucked up

I think I need a drink, pass the Cavasiaa

L.: Aight, I hear you kid

But if you didn't, nigga who did?

This bullshit, I ain't buyin it

Mr. Lee?

Mr. Lee: Don't even try it son

My life is private

I handles my B-I, then I'm slidin

Fuck it if it ain't about some real estate and what I'm drivin

Get the picture?

No time to get caught in the mixture

Plus I was winnin with the

LR in a joint venture

I know you feel that

Money's the motive nigga

But I'm coming out of fiscal year with my

Number seven figures

Chorus: Well, Goddamn that niggas layin up in ICU

Shot the fuck up and nobody got a clue

That's some bullshit for real

Son was set up and yall won't say who

Somebody knows and yo, I think I got a clue

L.: So niggas what's the deal yall

Somebody squeal or Imma fuck around and kill all

That fall just for frontin

Cuz somebody know sumthin

Yo, Tray, I think it's you

You never showed love for my brother son

I should pop that ass now you pretty motherfucker

Tray: Aight, you right, shit is true, I never really liked that nigga but

Despite my personal views I'd never snipe the nigga

Fuck a oozy

When I'm layin in Jacuzzis

Sippin on Don P, slayin a don piece

Chillin, makin movies which reminds me

Sis in the picture, I used to hit that

But, correct me if I'm wrong, I coulda sworn I seen you wit that

Plus, yall never got along and you accuse me, wait a second yo

My question is what's wit the leather gloves and why you sweatin?

L.: What, are you suggestin

That I put one in my flesh and

Blood?

Tray: Coulda been done

Rock: Yeah, civil of the good son when the good one almost caught it

L.: Yo, Rock, don't even take it further

Cuz you was the last nigga wit him

Huh, did you attempt the murder?

Y'all was supposed to come together

Rock: Right, and we was on the way but then son had to make a run

Hold up dog, what are you sayin?

L.: That you're to blame, the last to arrive, the rest of us was early

Mr. Lee: Aight so just what time did you get here

L.: What, about 7, 7:30?

Mr. Lee: Fuck that you left for a second nigga

L.: Nigga you know what, niggas is funny

Rock, that nigga drank your liquor

Mr. Lee, he owes you money

But yall look at me like I'm guilty

I find that hard believin

When my case and point is I'm the only one without a reason

Chorus

L.: Check it out, we all agree that he was the nicest MC

All: True dat, for real, aight

Mr. Lee: But, L., you looked at him wit envy

L.: Yo that's my brother, not me

I beg to differ

Mr. Lee: Aight then let's get back to this picture

L.: Yo what about it

Mr. Lee: Niggas know you used to dig her

L.: She got a fat ass but I doubt it

Tray: Oh yeah she got a fat ass

Mr. Lee: You, hold up Tray, he's killin me

L. used to hit it B

Before he went away to DC

That's right, remember that?

So all this doubt shit, yo I ain't feelin that

And it got you heated when you found out LR was killin that

L.: Yo you still on that?

Mr. Lee: Yeah I'm still on that and I would let it pass

But you the only nigga wit gloves and a mask, dumb ass!

Blood splashed from sole to sole

Now you lookin petro

Caught you plottin from the get-go

But son ain't dead, though

L.: Goddammit I knew it this .38 special is bullshit and played

Next time I'm blazin niggas wit the 12 gauge

I had it made, was on my way to LA

To lay low, nigga

And stay to'

Up off the Hennesy

Fuck memories, yo we was enemies

And shit you didn't see, since we was young yo son was testin me

I let it get the best of me

Tray: It's jealousy!

L.: Yeah, yeah whateva B.

Yo, I admit that

I used to love her and I smacked it

But I'll be damned if Imma let that nigga crack it

(hospital intercom in background)

(three shots)

(flat line

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