

Sticky Fingaz "Shot Up"

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Kill 'em all, let God sort 'em out

Giva fuck
[Sticky Fingaz]

This is AK-47, banana clip rap

Bloodstain your album cover before it get wrapped
P-89 your mind, you won't forget that
Caught behind enemy lines, you gonna get clapped

On chase got shot in the face

Nine niggaz, broad to nothin, while the slug judged his
fate

Shoulda got low 'steada tryna flossin his cake

Reaction was slow, reflexes way too late

These are warzone niggaz, home sweet home niggaz
Killers ain't afraid of nothin, it's on niggaz
M-14 your legs with one in your head

Put chumps to sleep, lay 'em in deathbed
[Chorus]

You get shot up
Go in the hood you not from
You get shot up

Twenty-two shots'll leave you numb

You get shot up

Startin the beef with no gun

You get shot up
Blah! You get shot up, blah!
You get shot up

Leavin wit' bitches after the club

You get shot up

Stuck at the light, sittin on dubs

You get shot up

Left for dead in your own blood

You get shot up

Blah! You get shot up

[Sticky Fingaz]

You never saw the nigga face that was holdin the glock

You just heard shots then the nigga next to you
dropped

Til you seen blood you ain't even know you got popped
Felt your body temperature change from cold to hot
Left you for dead, you still alive, count your blessings

In the middle of the street holdin in your intestines
All they wanted was the money, you had to be dumb
Jumped for the gun, he blew off and punctured your
lung

Your man came back and found you scrollin on the
pavement

Grabbed you in his arms and said "hold on son you
gon' make it!"

Your vital signs droppin, your haloucinatin
"Somebody call the ambulance!" If you live it's
amazing

One still in your stomach, two went through your chest
Your boy tellin you "don't talk son, save your breath"
The more you walk to the light the more it's hurtin less
You gettin nautious from the smell of burnin flesh
Cryin to God, think he can hear you beg?

Tears in your eyes, screamin "I can't feel my legs!"

You closer to death, paramedics pumpin your chest

Blowin you breath, you dyin but you under arrest

How it feel to see a man dead knowin you next

I guess that's what niggaz meant by blood in the x

Tryin to hang on but you gon' wish you was dead

Cause if you live the rest of your life it's in the feds

[Chorus]

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You get shot up, you get shot up

You get shot up, you get shot up

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