

Stroke 9

"I Shot Ya"

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Intro:

Blaze this one, word up!
I'ma blaze this one
No doubt! Uhh, check it, check it, check it!!!
Uhh, uhh, check it, check it, check it!!!
I'm Uncle L, check it, check it, check it!!!
The Trackmasters, check it, check it, check it!!!
Now everybody now, check it, check it, check it!!!
All my niggas now, check it, check it, check it!!!
Yeah, we 'bout to serve this one off nice, y'nahmean?
Word up, check it!

I shot ya!
I'm splittin brothers open like a doctor
Ya fell asleep, the vampire teeth got'cha
I drop ya down in boilin acid
Ya melt like plastic, elastic, is drastic
Violations, room vibrations, son
cock the hammer let the Uncle give em one
Done take a flick of a wicked lunatic
puttin hits on your clique, got'cha wife in turnin tricks
What? You don't wanna, I thought that you was bawlin
Now watch cos I cock ya love, ya girlies fallin
Uh, what's my function? Lyrical injection
Blazin niggas, hittin em raw with no protection
I take advantage
Ya fear me, I'm doin damage
Ya hear me
the whole scenario is dreary
MC's is gettin wet up in the game
I meet you up in Memphis, just call my name
I shot ya!

Chorus:

Ya wanna (uhh)
Ya wanna (uhh)
Ya wanna hit, give me a hour (uhh)
plus a pen and a pad (uhh, check it, check it, check
it!!!)

I shot ya!
repeat

I shot ya! (uhh)
I got ya strap to the stagin
Trapped in a cagin, toe kissin a Cajun
Ya mob's locked down underneath the surface
Ya gettin nervous for talkin shit with no purpose
Laced up, mind charmer, mad drama
What goes around comes around, not around farmers
Silence, shhhh, very deadly
Come and battle, let me add you to my medley
Possessin power, takin everything I can grasp
Go get it now, why you always dwellin on the past?
Baby boys reminiscin old school shit
Young fools get dicked, LL rules the shit
with a platinum fist, the relentless abyss
I take you to a land where piranhas like to kiss
Massacre, mmuh, blowin up the tour bus passengers
Chuckin the colour outta cartoon character
Ya get serious
Real niggas recognise what my theory is
I shot ya!

Chorus

Bridge:

I shot ya!
Word up, I'ma lace this shit crazy, y'nahmean?
Word up, we're gonna blow the spot up, kid
No doubt about it
Yeah, yeah, I ain't thru, I ain't thru, I ain't thru

Uh-uh-uh-oh, lookin kinda leary
Ya clique thought I fell off, they didn't wanna hear me
Oh really, now teel me how long have you been whinin?
Sixteen years, twenty million albums, yeah you're
climbin
I love your joint Rock The Bells, it was mad hot
Ya record 'bout the Radio was blowin up my spot
My girl was on your chip when you flipped I Need Love
Your backseat countset was mad butter, son
I loved your boomin system it was wicked as could be
You bad, now I'm writin on your pink cookies
And you had me screamin Mama Said Knock Ya Out
Ya jinglin, baby, no doubt
Uh, talk to me (what, what, uhh, uhh) become a
zombie, walk to me
Ain't a MC alive who fought with me
Y'nahmean? Man, rock it

Easy does it
I gotta pluck it like buzzards
I shot ya!

Chorus (x3)

Outro: (over chorus)

What, what, what, what, what
Uh, what?
Y'nahmean? This is how we gettin down for crizzown
No diggity, y'knowl'msayin?
Trackmasters lace me, y'knowl'msayin?
And I take care of mines, y'knowl'mean?
That's it son!
Peace!

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