

U Got Shot (feat. 8-Off Agallah, 215)

EPMD

"you got shot cause you knock knock knocked

Who's there? another motherfucking hardrock""whoa-ho-hoh, let me like slow up with the flow""introducing,
yo fuck that niggas name!""if you wanna step to my motherfucking rep

Chk-chk, blaow blaow blaow, blown traject""gimme my fucking shit, chk-chk, blaow!""you got shot cause you
knock knock knocked.."[Parrish Smith]

On my knees at the mercy of god

Straight up back up I keeps it hard

You like to watch but can't touch this nigga

Or catch a charge

Papichulo, with karate chops, just like judo

Fucking coolo make you quit rap and go sing with menudo

Underground's where we live and that's where we'll be when you leave

Overachieve, I'd rather be rocking apollo creed

Time to speak up, fagot niggas dropping these weak cuts

We're the b-boys, hows about some hardcore in the speakers

For the mic dons,

Pmd shining with my stripes on

In the saddle, fuck around, get your shit rattled

No paddles up shit's creek when time to battle

Same place, same bat time, so fuck a bat channel

This nigga, object of game, get your pockets bigger

Biggie, pac, and eaze, one love, them still my fucking niggas[215]

We don't need no gat, just cock me fucking back

And watch me spitfire my ? volerical? fact

It's a sign of a miracle that, my iron spitting

Ain't peeling your cap, me and the devil had a spiritual chat

Cause I'm eviler with lyrical rap

Than a black cat, on a black night, and I'm black

In the moonshining, I'm sipping starsky and hutch

While my rims blinding, while p rolling the dutch

Cause I'm too much for ma's and grandpa's to solve

Roll the windows to your cars, when out at large

Who the fuck's in charge? Charles Laston sauls

I got his mom sucking my balls like a fresh pack of halls

Right hand to Allah, I'm the roughest of the raw

Nobody's ever seen what they seen and never saw

When I jump in my car, they go ooh and ahh

EPMD, 215, and 8-off agallah[8-off]

Yo 215, who the fuck was them cats up in the car?

One of them got a gat, the other one wanna spar
Jumping out the car, pop a trunk, swinging crowbars
Stick up my seeds in my fiends for the G's
People low self-esteem rocking the gleam, hotter than steam
When I blow off the top I got this cream like bill rothstein
And when I rob unique excitement is, why you scream
So put your hands together, get your mans together
Here's the plan together here's the gun together let's run together
Soldier mind crime nigga, bitch-down live nigga
8-off's gonna hit em like, five niggas, surprise niggas[*Erick Sermon*]
Hey yo you hit em like that
I bust em from the back, to the extreme
Hit em up, make em scream like a bitch
And switch up, for the mix up, and dig a ditch up
And bounce, then for luck, I throw a six up
And hook off like prince naseem a head
Duck yo' head, or go inside instead
Step to me bourgeois? fancy as dandy?
You get killed, like you was jon-benet ramsey
And some of y'all just plain civilians
Talking shit, and never even seen a million
Acting like y'all Sicilians, when y'all niggas
With small figures, and chasing gold diggers
(motherfuckers) don't even come up to me yapping
Or you'll die hard with Bruce and Sam Jackson
Right now, you wanna duel, you fool
I'm a dog 4 life like my nigga ja rule
Who wanna flex, with the influential
With mad credentials on instrumentals we're too essential
The mic and the beat, now shit's complete

For me to kick your ass, for talkin trash, punk"you got shot cause you knock knock knocked
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knock knocked.."

Songwriters

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