

Who Shot Ya

Notorious B.i.g.

As we proceed to give you what you need
9 to 5 mother***, get live mother***
As we proceed to give you what you need
9 to 5 mother***, get live mother***
Turn the mics up, turn that mic up
Yeah, that beat is knockin' to that microphone
Turn that *** the *** up, uh, what?
Turn it up louder, yeah, uh
As we proceed, to give you what you need
J.M. mother***, J.M. mother***
9 to 5 mother***
Who shot ya, separate the weak from the obsolete
Hard to creep them Brooklyn streets
It's on ***, *** all that bickerin' beef
I can hear sweat tricklin' down your cheek
Your heartbeat soun' like Sasquatch feet
Thunderin', shakin' the concrete
Finish it, stop, when I foil the plot
Neighbors call the cops, said they heard mad shots
Saw me in the drop, 3 in the corner
Slaughter, electrical tape around your daughter
Old school, new school need to learn though
I burn, baby, burn like Disco Inferno
Burn slow like *** with ya-yo
Peel more skins than Idaho potato
N***** know, the lyrical molestin' is takin' place
*** with B.I.G. it ain't safe
I make your skin chafe, rashes on the masses
Bumps and bruises, b***** and Land cruisers
Big Poppa smash fools, bash fools
N***** mad because I know that Cash rules
Everythin' around me, two *** nines
Any mother*** whisperin' about mines
And I'm Crooklyn's finest
You rewind this, Bad Boy's behind this
As we proceed to give you what you need
9 to 5 mother***, get live mother***
As we proceed to give you what you need
East coast mother***, Bad Boy mother***

Get high mother***, get high mother***
Smoke *** mother***, get high mother***
Ready to die mother***, 9 to 5 mother***
I seen the light excite all the freaks
Stack mad chips, spread love with my peeps
N**** wanna creep, got to watch my back
Think the Cognac and Indo sack make me slack?
I switches all that, ***sucker G's up
One false move, get swiss cheesed up
Clip to Tec, respect, I demand it
Slip and break the 11th Commandment
'Thou shalt not *** with raw C-Poppa'
Feel a thousand deaths when I drop ya
I feel for you, like Chaka Khan, I'm the don
P**** when I want Rolex on the arm, you'll die slow but calm
Recognize my face, so there won't be no mistake
So you know where to tell Jake, lame ***, brave ***
Turned front page ***, Puff Daddy flips daily
I smoke the b*****, he slips on the Bailey's
On the rocks, tote *** at christenings
And my ***, in the fire position and what?
Come here, come here, open your fucking mouth, open your
Didn't I tell you don't fuck with me, huh?
Didn't I tell you not to fuck with me, huh?
Look at you now, huh?
Can't talk with a gun in your mouth, huh?
Bitch-ass ****a, what?
(Who shot ya?)
As we proceed to give you what you need
9 to 5 mother***, get live mother***
(Who shot ya?)
Get high mother***, ready to die mother***, hah
(Who shot ya?)
As we proceed to give you what you need
(Who shot ya?)
9 to 5 mother***, east coast mother***
(Who shot ya?)
West coast mother***, west coast mother***
As we proceed to give you what you need
As we proceed to give you what you need
Get live mother***, get live mother***
9 to 5 mother***, get money mother***
As we proceed to give you what you need
Get live mother***, 9 to 5 mother***
J.M. mother***, J.M. mother***

As we proceed to give you what you need

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