

Who Shot Ya

Living Colour

Gun violence takes the life of an African-American man every five hours. It's the leading cause of death for black men under the age of 35 Who shot ya? Separate the weak from the obsolete

Hard to creep them Brooklyn streets
It's on nigga, fuck all that bickering beef
I can hear sweat trickling down your cheek
Your heartbeat sound like Sasquatch feet
Thundering, breaking the concrete
Finish it, stop when I foil the plot
Neighbors call the cops, when they heard mad shots Who shot ya?

Who shot ya?

Who shot ya?

Who shot ya?

Saw me in the drop, three and a quarter
Slaughter, electrical tape around your daughter
Old school/new school need to learn though
I burn, baby, burn like "Disco Inferno"
I burn slow like blunts and yayo
Peel more skins than Idaho Potato
Niggas know: the lyrical molesting's taking place
Fucking with me. it ain't safe
I make your skin chafe, rashes on them asses
Bumps and bruises, blunts and Land Cruisers
Big Poppa smash fools, bash fools
Niggas mad because I know cash Rules
Everything around me, two Glock 9s
Any motherfucker whispering about mine
And I'm Brooklyn's finest

Come on, tell me

Who shot ya?

Who shot ya?

Who shot ya?

Who shot ya? I seen the lights excite all the freaks
Stack mad chips, spread love with my peeps
Niggas wanna creep, gotta watch my back
Think the Cognac and indo sack make me slack?
I switches all that, cocksucker G's up
One false move, get Swiss cheesed up
Clip to TEC, respect I demand it
Slip and break the 11th Commandment Who shot ya?

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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