U Got Shot (ft. 8 Off Agallah

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, 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 v'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

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 Who's there? another motherfucking hardrock""whoa-ho-hoh, let me like slow up with the flow""introducing, yo fuck that nigga's name!""if you wanna step to my motherfucking rep Chk-chk, blaow blaow, blown traject""gimme my fucking shit, blaow!""you got shot cause you knock knock knocked.."

Songwriters

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