

I Shot Ya

Ll Cool J

Blaze this one, word up!
I'ma blaze this one
No doubt! uh, check it, check it, check it!
uh, uh, 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, why'nah mean?
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 want to, I thought that you was bawlin'
Now watch 'cause 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: x2]
Ya want to (uh)
Ya want to (uh)
Ya want to hit, give me a hour (uh)
Plus a pen and a pad (uh, check it, check it, check it!)
I shot ya! I shot ya! (uh)
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, sh, 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 fucked, 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 color outta cartoon character
Ya get serious
Real niggas recognize what my theory is
I shot ya! [Chorus] I shot ya!
Word up, I'ma lace this shit crazy, why'nah mean?
Word up, we're gonna blow the spot up, kid
No doubt about it
Yeah, yeah, I ain't through, I ain't through, I ain't through Uh-uh-uh-oh, lookin' kinda leery
Ya clique thought I fell off, they didn't want to hear me
Oh really, now tell 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 count set 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, uh, uh) become a zombie, walk to me
Ain't a MC alive who fought with me
Why'nah mean? Man, rock it
Easy does it
I gotta pluck it like buzzards
I shot ya! [Chorus: x3] What, what, what, what, what
Uh, what?
Why'nah mean? This is how we gettin' down for crizzown
No diggity, why'know I'm sayin'
Trackmasters lace me, why'know I'm sayin'
And I take care of mines, why'know I mean'
That's it son!
Peace!