

## I Shot Ya Remix - 1/3

Interprété par LL Cool J.

[Verse One: Keith Murray]

Haaah! (wooooooo!)  
Yeah, (hah, hah, hah, hah) L.O.D.  
Keith Murray, Def Squad  
Mista, Mista, Mista, Mista Smith  
You wanna hit? (You wanna hit?)  
Uhh, gimme an hour plus a pen and a pad

Yo... I'm here to make a dollar out of fifteen cents  
And let my balls hang like I'm on a toilet takin a shit  
My style is all that, and a big bag of chips wit the dip  
Fuck all that sensuous shit  
I represent intellectual violence  
And leave your click holier than the Ten Commandments  
Like Redman I shift with tha ruck  
If ya if was a spliff we'd be all fucked up [Word up!]  
No need to ask you who is he, Son I get busy  
Scuff my Timbs on the boulevard of many ruff cities [Chicago, LA, any of them]  
I'll have to Norman Bate ya I love ta hate ya  
Cause youse a freak by nature  
Can't wait to face ya, mutilate ya  
Drink your style down straight wit no chaser [Word up!]  
My verbal combat's like a mini-Mac to your back  
As soon as one of you niggaz try to over react [BLAOW!]  
Tha L.O.D. love good confrontation or vamp [Word up!]  
Break your concentration, murder your camp  
For tha jealous, overzealous, we fellaz  
Blow the the spot like Branford Marsalis  
Niggaz comin through and actin wild  
Y'all commercial niggaz better have a Coke and a smile  
I SHOT YA!

[Verse Two: Prodigy]

Yo, I conversate wit many men, it's time to begin again  
Forgot what I already knew, aiyyo you hear me friend?  
Illuminati want my mind, soul, and my body  
Secret society, tryin to keep they eye on me  
But I'm stay incogni', in places they can't find me  
Make my moves strategically, the G.O.D.  
It's sorta similar but iller than a chess player  
I use my thinker, it coincides with my blinker  
While you wondered what we sayin on the records real  
Yeah you motherfuckin right kid you know the deal  
My Mobb is Infamous just like the fuckin title read  
You get back slapped so hard make ya nose bleed  
Some ---- kids feeling guilty bout the ----  
But you first baby girl so just face it (awright)

## I Shot Ya Remix - 2/3

But anyway, back on the real side of things  
My niggaz sling cracks and wear fat diamond rings  
Not only is it inside the songs that we sing (kid)  
Everything is real not just a song that we sing (word up, it's real)  
From my life to the paper (what), very accurately  
Give you all of my two so maybe you can three  
Prodigy will forever will S-H-I-N-E (shine baby, just shine)  
My shit attract millions like the moon attract the sea  
How dare you ever in your life walk past me  
Without acknowledgin this man as G-O-D  
I shot ya faggot ass

[Verse Three: Fat Joe]

Now who the fuck you think you talkin to, I pay dues I spray crews  
Look I'm Joey Crack, motherfuckers be like he's bad news  
Runnin this racket, from New York to Montego  
Slaughterin people, bring a ton of keys from Puerto Rico  
I'd rather be feared than loved because the fear lasts longer  
These bitch ass niggaz know we stronger  
Than these weaklings, seekin, for respect that ain't there  
Knuckleheads beware, there's mad tension in the air  
Tommy guns for fun, shotties for block parties  
While fresh lead heats up your insides like a fifth of Bacardi  
Call the ambulance, this man's wet  
Bullets cut him down from the root up just like a Gillette  
razor, which I keep hidden in my oral  
Ready to spatter, at any ad out, that wants to quarrel  
These feds want me for some tax evasion  
Now that the fact that somebody's gettin lucci that's not caucasian  
Bullets be blazin through these streets filled with torture [what the deal pop]  
Joey Crack, a.k.a. Keyser Soze

[Verse Four: Foxy Brown]

Thug niggaz give they minks to chinks  
To' down we sip drinks rockin minks, flashin rings and things [what the deal]  
Frontin hardcore deep inside the Jeep, mackin  
Doin my thing fly nigga you a Scarface king  
Bitches grab ya ta-ta's, get them niggaz for they chedda  
Fuck it, Gucci sweaters and Armani leathers  
Flossin rocks like the size of Fort Knox  
Four carats, the ice rocks, pussy bangin like Versace locs pops [what the deal]  
Want ta the creep, on the light raw ass cheeks  
I'm sexin raw dog without protection, disease infested  
Uh, Italiano got the Lucciano  
I gets down fuckin with Brown Fox extra keys to the drop  
Boo I'm Jinglyng Baby, I got crazy Dominicans who pay me  
to lay low, I play slow  
Roll with tha Firm, Mafiaso crime king pin  
It all real nigga what tha deal

## I Shot Ya Remix - 3/3

I shot ya!

[Verse Five: LL Cool J]

What the fuck? I thought I conquered the whole world  
Crushed Moe Dee, Hammer, and Ice-T's girl  
But still, niggaz want to instigate shit  
I'll battle any nigga in tha rap game quick  
Name the spot, I make it hot for ya bitches  
Female rappers too, I don't give a fuck boo  
Word, I'm here to crush all my peers  
Rhymes of the month in The Source for twenty years  
Niggaz scared, I'm detrimental to your mental state  
I use my presidential Rolex to be debate  
Niggaz fight, glock cocked ya temple gets fucked  
MC's, that fuck with LL they gets bucked  
That's real, what's up with that I Shot Ya deal?  
Light shit, niggaz slip now how the bullet feel?  
New York appeal, in L.A. they gang bang  
But if you touch a mic your motherfuckin ass hang  
That's facts, niggaz don't recieve no type of slack  
Cause if they do, they ass is always runnin back  
Not this time, but next time I'ma name names  
LL, shittin from on top of the game  
I SHOT YA!

ft. Fat Joe, Foxy Brown, Keith Murray, Prodigy