

# I Shot Ya - 1/3

Interprété par LL Cool J.

Intro:

Blaze this one, word up!  
I'ma blaze this one  
No doubt! Uhh, check it, check it, check it!!!  
Uhh, uhh, 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, y'nahmean?  
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 wanna, I thought that you was bawlin  
Now watch cos 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:

Ya wanna (uhh)  
Ya wanna (uhh)  
Ya wanna hit, give me a hour (uhh)  
plus a pen and a pad (uhh, check it, check it, check it!!!)  
I shot ya!

I shot ya! (uhh)  
I got ya strap to the stagin  
Trapped in a cagin, toe kissin a Cajun  
Ya mob's locked down underneath the surface

## I Shot Ya - 2/3

Ya gettin nervous for talkin shit with no purpose  
Laced up, mind charmer, mad drama  
What goes around comes around, not around farmers  
Silence, shhhh, 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 dicked, 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 colour outta cartoon character  
Ya get serious  
Real niggas recognise what my theory is  
I shot ya!

Chorus

Bridge:

I shot ya!  
Word up, I'ma lace this shit crazy, y'nahmean?  
Word up, we're gonna blow the spot up, kid  
No doubt about it  
Yeah, yeah, I ain't thru, I ain't thru, I ain't thru

Uh-uh-uh-oh, lookin kinda leary  
Ya clique thought I fell off, they didn't wanna hear me  
Oh really, now teel 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 countset 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, uhh, uhh) become a zombie, walk to me  
Ain't a MC alive who fought with me  
Y'nahmean? Man, rock it  
Easy does it  
I gotta pluck it like buzzards  
I shot ya!

Chorus (x3)

Outro: (over chorus)

## I Shot Ya - 3/3

What, what, what, what, what  
Uh, what?  
Y'nahmean? This is how we gettin down for crizzown  
No diggity, y'knowI'msayin?  
Trackmasters lace me, y'knowI'msayin?  
And I take care of mines, y'knowI mean?  
That's it son!  
Peace!