

# 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

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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

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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

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