

Who Shot Me?

YG

Who shot me?
Motherfucker who shot me?
I don't know, who shot me?
Motherfucker who shot me?

I'm like, "Damn, did the homies set me up?"
Cause we ain't really been talking much
I know that sounds sick, my thoughts dark as fuck
Like the barrel of the pistol I saw when he sparked it up
Prolly was mad as fuck when I walked out the hospital
Stupid ass motherfuckers, thinking they was going to stop Gizzle
Had my pops mad, my momma sad, my sister feel bad
My lil bro still mad, domebody got to pay for that
My granny's prayers work cause it could've got worse
I'm talking pictures on the shirt
When the shots went off, I thought the spot was deserted
But nah everybody in the spot was just nervous
I don't like that, nah I don't like that, we can't go right back
So many niggas ready to go, we can go war with Iraq
They knew the code to my gate, that was awkward
Answer this, I got a million dollars

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Maybe it cause I fucked Jamal bitch and I knew if he found out
Her scary ass was gon tell him about my hideout
Yeah they really came to the front door
But luckily we had something fatter than this 9 out
Or maybe it was the nigga that I socked out
When he hit me first I shoulda been knocked out
All these maybe maybe maybe maybe's
I'm about to say fuck it and start squeezing without aiming
I got trust issues if I don't fuck with dude
My body language gon tell him I don't fuck with you
I can't sleep at night this shit unbomftable
Having nightmares of me coming for dude
Having a hard time putting together two and two
They was in a brand new truck, somebody sent them dudes
They knew the code to my gate that was awkward
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Staring out the window
Smoking on this indo
Cause I don't know who did it but I know this
Bullets don't just go where the wind blows
So I'm looking under my nose
And it always comes from up close
But they can't stand me though

Niggas ain't do no damage though
Nigga bounced up that muthafuckin' hospital
That same night, walked that shit off
Like a motherfucker gangsta is posed to, nigga, feel me
Like my mama asked this nigga
Like "Boy what's wrong with you"
Motherfucker shot me, nah mama
None of these motherfuckers can stop me, nah mama
Just got to walk it off mama
Who shot me?
After all the wicked shit I did
I knew karma was gon catch up with a nigga
(Hey nigga what you doing?)
Damn, I ain't know it was gon' happen like this
(Nigga watch out, nigga you ain't coming in here)
Some nigga really tried to set me up
I know shit get wicked in the street sometimes
Like I said "You never know when it might brack off"
But I guess God has some other plans for me
Cause that shit ain't stop me