

Somebody Knows (feat. Busta Rhymes)

Faith Evans & The Notorious B.I.G.

And the question remains,
Why was he gunned down in the streets of Los Angeles
And who was responsible? I'm feelin' some type of way
Can somebody explain why? (who shot ya)
Why they took your life away and left filled with some much pain
I gotta make it on my own, like who's gon' hold me down, down (who shot ya)
Your life was so refound, can't nobody wear your crown
They took your life in vain but your memories still remain
It's a misery to me, I'll give anything to know who shot ya
And I swear to god I know somebody knows who shot ya
Somebody knows
We were havin' a good time up in the party
Even though we wasn't really speakin' at the time
And we never got to have a conversation
That still weighs heavy on my mind
Busy ignorin' each other
We didn't know if we be over
In just a matter of time (neighbors call the cops, said they heard mad shots) I felt so helpless and
frustrated and I damn near lost my mind
And I still don't have the answers even after all this time I'm feelin' some type of way
Can somebody explain why? (who shot ya)
Why they took your life away and left filled with some much pain
I gotta make it on my own, like who's gon' hold me down, down (who shot ya)
Your life was so refound, can't nobody wear your crown
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It's a misery to me, I'll give anything to know who shot ya
And I swear to god I know somebody knows who shot ya
Somebody knows
Can't believe it's been this long
Twenty years have come and gone
There is so much we need to know (Old school, new school need to learn though)
And until I get some kind of resolution
I cannot choose to let go (yeah)
No help from the police
Only hang on to the memories
Whoever did it better stay low-key
'Cause it's hard to creep them Brooklyn streets I felt so helpless and frustrated and I damn near
lost my mind (damn near lost my mind)
And I still don't have the answers even after all this time I'm feelin' some type of way
Can somebody explain why? (who shot ya)
Why they took your life away and left filled with some much pain
I gotta make it on my own, like who's gon' hold me down, down (who shot ya)

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They took your life in vain but your memories still remain
It's a misery to me, I'll give anything to know who shot ya
And I swear to god I know somebody knows who shot ya
Somebody knows I don't even know where to start and it's very hard to address it
A conversation still that most niggas don't want to mess with
Continue his blessings I send to you and Mama Wallace
To this day I carry a picture of BIG in my wallet
While I give you these bars, I try not to lose my composure
It has been twenty years and yes you still lookin' for closure
Still can't try over bein' a baby, not havin' my father
My heart continues to go after CJ and T'yanna
Tryna avoid truckin' 'bout it, not to revisit the drama
Let me remind the shooter that the most gangster nigga is karma
Big Poppa, yes, we will rep your legacy proper
And now downtown to provide the answers in your honor
Frank and Pac, I hope y'all had the chance to talk in heaven fellas
About the truth that really led to why y'all both ain't here to tell us
Y'all probably up there talkin' about who really fuckin' did it
Maybe you a sinners should sign with some honest answers in it
I walk to Tillery park where we use to smoke with Flex and
Even after all this time, we could never fully accept it
From Western house Brooklyn to bein' one of the great
To the last time we linked up, I shed a tear at your wake The Notorious B.I.G. was silenced
forever, and Los Angeles are searching for his killer
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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