

# 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  
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  
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)

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 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  
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