

16 Shots

Vic Mensa

Ready for the war we got our boots strapped
100 deep on State Street, where the troops at?
The mayor lying saying he didn't see the video footage
And everybody want to know where the truth at
On the South side where it's no trauma centers, but the most trauma
A lot of cannons but you don't want no drama
I can't imagine if it was my own mama
Got her first born son stole from her, he never had a chance
And we all know its cause he black
Shot 'em 16 times, how fucked up is that?
Now the police superintendent wanna double back
Cops speeding up to the block like a runnin' back
Tension is high, man these niggas is irate
You can see it in they eyes, they wanna violate
Screaming out "Oink! Oink! Bang! Bang! Gang! Gang! Gang! Gang! Murder! Murder!"
Murder they mind state
I just made me a mil' and still militant
This ain't conscios rap, this shit ignorant, nigga, hair trigger
Ain't no fun when the rabbit got the gun
When I cock back, police better run
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, fuck 12
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, fuck 12
16 shots
And we buckin' back
16 shots
16 shots
And we buckin' back
16 shots They threw a little girl down on the pavement
Pushed her with the bike and said, "Stay out the way, bitch"
She was bleedin' on the ground through her braces
This is what happens when niggas don't stay in their places
The mayor duckin' when he fired the superintendent
But resignation come with bonuses and recognition
So we gon' break in the stores on Magnificent Mile
And if we gotta go, let's go to prison in style
Cops killin' kids and stayin' out of jail
But Bobby Shmurda can't even catch bail
So it's 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Now I got everybody yellin' out, "Fuck 12"
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, fuck 12
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, fuck 12
16 shots

And we buckin' back
 16 shots
 16 shots
 And we buckin' back
 16 shots There's a war on drugs, but the drugs keep winnin'
 There's a war on guns, but the guns keep ringin' Me and Lord got a clip with an extendo
 And we rollin' with it, hangin' out the window
 We on 16th ridin' by the police station
 We might make a pork rind out of pig, bro
 Somebody tell these mothafuckas keep they hands off me
 I ain't a mothafuckin' slave, keep your chains off me
 You better hope this 9 millimeter jam on me
 Or get blown, I hope you got your body cam turnt on
 Fuck a black cop too, that's the same fight
 You got a badge, bitch, but you still ain't white
 This for Laquan on sight, when you see Van Dyke
 Tell him I don't bring a knife to a gunfight 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, fuck 12
 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, fuck 12
 16 shots
 And we buckin' back
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 And we buckin' back
 16 shots There's a war on drugs, but the drugs keep winnin'
 There's a war on guns, but the guns keep ringin'
 Singin' Mu-u-u-u-murderer, murderer
 Mu-u-u-u-murderer, murderer
 Mu-u-u-u-murderer, murderer
 Mu-u-u-u-murderer, murderer
 Mu-u-u-u-murderer, murderer
 Mu-u-u-u-murderer, murderer
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Mu-u-u-u-murderer, murderer The video shows Laquan walking southbound down the middle of Pulaksi. There are squad cars visible in front of him and also squad cars behind him. The shooter's squad car is visible as it drives past Laquan. Two officers then exit that vehicle with their guns drawn. At that point, Laquan begins to look away from the officers at a southwest angle toward the sidewalk. When Laquan is about 12 to 15 feet away from the officers, the width of an entire lane of the southbound traffic, one officer begins shooting. Laquan immediately spins to the ground and the video clearly shows that the officer continues to shoot Laquan, multiple times, as he lays in the street. 16 seconds pass from the time Laquan hits the ground until the last visible puff of smoke rises from his torso area. An officer then approaches Laquan, stands over him and appears to shout something as he kicks the knife out of his hand

