

# Homicide

## Future

R: You say you wanna take a ride? Get in  
I grew up on that other side, getting it in  
You niggas selling a bunch of pies, snatch a Benz  
I heard you say it's going down, I'm going in  
Go tell 'em it's a homicide (murder)  
Go tell 'em it's a homicide (murder, murder)  
Go tell 'em it's a homicide (murder, murder)  
Go tell 'em it's a homicide, ya ya

Fighting, shooting, killing, riding  
Crippling, tripping, spitting fire  
In the kitchen, baking pies  
Taking mines, making mines  
Yellow tape, black gun  
Fill it with them hollow shells  
And leave the scene bloody  
Buddy can't nobody tell  
Catch a plane to the ATL  
Lay low in a cheap motel  
Whatever suits ya  
And get a few thangs from my cousin Future  
Now I'm back on and popping like  
Trapping, rapping in the cut  
Talk shit, I fuck you up  
They don't recognize who I am or where I'm from  
So I hit the strip club banging 20 Crip cause  
Treble with the bass, put that thang up in yo shavening  
And leave yo body bleeding on the pavement

R:

How many a ride for you, open up that fire for you  
You gotta question a nigga standing next to you, cut him off  
I grew up on the side you gotta make yourself a boss  
Niggas'll shit on you any chance they get  
Cross you out on a lick  
If you ain't ready for the ending then quit  
It's a dirty world, you gotta get your hands dirty  
I'm going for the title with my hands on the rifle  
I put in the same work you put in, survival  
Looking at my rival, they looking suicidal  
Keep them bodies off wax, I can spot a rat  
Let the guitar play, brrrat!

R:

Slang a bunch of packs, and go and snatch a Benzo  
I played them streets as a young nigga, ain't never liked Nintendo  
Them gangstas in the yard, them my motherfucking kinfolk  
They'll kidnap you and yo broad (in broad) daylight, no pretendo  
I grew up 'round a bunch of monsters, call that pressure on ya  
Be so scared for ya life, you call the police on ya  
You ready say you ready  
You gon' starve or you want fetti? Yo life'll change a second  
Good or bad, don't open yo mouth, make sure you shut it  
Ain't no telling who listening, make a wise decision  
I'm from 'cross the tracks, like Boosie

If you ride, you better know who shooting

R: