

Homicide

Kevin Gates

I'm not the strongest man in the world
I never said I was
But, I fear none and I respect all
And if you disrespect it, I'm a die bout it

(Shoot em' up) In the ghetto where we all grind
Sun up to sun down
Hustle all night (Shoot em' up)
Pressure on em, that's at all times
Take one of mine then I'm a make sure that we all cry (one eighty seven)
Homicide, Homicide (Shoot em' up)
Pray that it don't be a homicide
Homicide, Homicide (Shoot em' up)
Pray that it don't be a homicide

Malcom X a religion but this ain't television
Go watch the movie then come back and try to tell me different
I swear to God I miss my nigga chest full of hate (I do)
Bullet in the chamber, pull up and go BANG
Doin' it for his kids the ones that Shud don't look after
Watching the news in a foster home, they father was massacred
In the hospital laid up inside my dick a decathetar
Heal up and go kill up everything in his family
Should've flipped me got to teach the bitch that tried to get at me
Left my nigga children on this Earth to be bastards
Bitch I'm up in the mornin', caught a slip, grip up on em'
At the red light through the windshield knocked out all his components

Had to draw down, lay the law down for a month straight
Ain't no sleepin', nigga beefin', this a month straight
Band-aids on my fingertips, with gloves on I clutch chrome
Duct tape the bottom of my shoes, with the snub on
Up it, spray it to the pavement you a blood donor
Infrared, white shirt, red all the blood on it
Throw a bag of drugs on you, for the crime scene
Drug-related homicide, closed case, crime scene
Extender stick out, BLICKA BLOCK and didn't dick off
Thought that was your bitch she set you up, caught with your dick out
Trail you to the club and catch you thievin' out that bitch
My decoy fight cause a distraction leave you leakin' out that bitch