

# Homicide

LL Cool J

This for my man yo... word up

"I got a 187 on the corner of Farmers boulevard in Linden."

"Uh, drug related?"

"The usual."

I don't mean this in a disrespectful way  
But Columbine happens in the ghetto every day  
When the shit goes down y'all aint got nothing to say

He kicked the old lady's door in, threw her on the floor  
Choked her to death so she don't scream no more  
He need some white chocolate, he feel it in his bones  
He heard she refinanced and got a bank loan  
He used to mow the lawn, take the garbage out  
Now she in the closet wit a sock in her mouth  
Copped a chain, copped some crills  
Crack pipe in his windpipe, twistin like a drill  
Run around frontin, buyin his mens kicks  
Gassed a broad up so she can help her rent a whip  
The other killer peeped him out flashin a knot  
A well known murderer, check the ill plot  
Call up Corey Buns, get him on the block  
Niggas gotta eat, plus he front alot  
He came through, straight strip search  
He said I'm comin back, and I'ma put in work  
Niggas told him, ayo leave that shit alone  
But pride mixed with crack, had him in a zone  
Prepared for more shit than Depends  
Eyes bloodshot through a Cardier lens  
Niggas said Buns came through lookin strange  
Yeah, Buns won't stay in his lane  
Aight, Buns want ghetto fame  
And caught two in the Ukraine at point blank range

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Jamaician cat, real treacherous  
Used to smuggle burners up from Texas  
Had the ill crib out in Rosedale  
Took the money from the trunk and copped a fishscale  
Chinese Jamacian, real pretty nigga  
Love puffin blunts, throwin bodies in the river  
One of the illest niggas that the world ever saw  
Used to take loaded nines and throw 'em on the floor  
He was from Brooklyn, and I don't know the block  
I met him at the flicks he commented on my rocks  
We rolled back to back, while I was slingin raps  
He was slingin crack, I was seventeen fascinated by the stacks  
Runnin with dangerous niggas and packin gats  
Uh, the shit thrill me, lookin so clean, and livin so filthy  
I heard his right hand man disappeared  
They found his bike in the street somewhere  
Conspiracy theories, niggas talkin shit

Small world, I was close to his right hand man's chick  
She kept beepin him he never called back  
When they found him in the trunk his body was jet black  
Pretty Jamacian kept doin his thing  
Him and his older brother got caught up in a sting  
Out on bail, pressure by the feds, he caught seven in the head  
What goes around, comes back around  
Nigga rest in peace when they lay ya down

"Uh, central, your assistance is requested we have a major crisis here  
Mrs. Winthrop's cat is stuck in a tree."  
"Roger, a squad car is on the way."

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"Central, the cat has been rescued."

In the ghetto black men are dying at alarming rates  
Walkin the street is like entering a sweepstakes  
You never know if you gon win or lose  
We walk around feelin confused and totally abused  
Can't front, I'ma millionaire livin like a king  
Still feenin for that shrimp, fried rice and chicken wings  
Still feenin for the vibe, only the ghetto bring  
Pumpin songs of pain only real niggas sing  
Queens finest, but there's one minus  
The bodies on the battlefield that got left behind us  
I'm sick and tired of going to wakes  
Cuz niggas never look the same in the casket  
It's bugged out, they skin look like plastic  
I shed tears, but use shades to mask it  
"Mr. Media", where was you at when my man died  
When it was classified a drug related homicide  
It's like until the killer hit the suburbs  
I aint hear nothing, not a word  
"Mr. Media", help us shed light on these homicides  
Not just Columbine, but all the time

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