

Homicide

Tony Yayo

turn me up in them f**kin headphones real quick man,
im finna body this track an body a nigga when i get outta here man,

1st verse

cock sucker this aint rap, check ma rap sheet,
ill feed you to the rats, wit peanut butter on yo feet,
44 bulldog, they money hustle hard, so the feds want ma face on that damn nu
mber card,
i drag u in the elevator, hit the stop button, when i pop sumthin, they cant
fingerprint nothin,
i help you wit yo bitch, im lovin ya dame, shoot her ass in the heart, hit t
he jugular vein,
niggas talk but they dont live it, these niggas is bucked, go through the pr
ojects n there jewels is tucked,
im in apartment 4b, wiping down that llama, wit two freaks kissin like britn
ey an madonna,
an you kno how i ride when the beef is on, pull out blahh blahh, like jamaic
an songs.

chorus

its a ninnne its ninnne,
theres a clip in the nine,
bullet in the clip, bullet in the chamber,
round on the ground, an thats why homicide all around,

theres a hooole, hooole, theres hooole in his head,
hooole in his leg, hooole in his pants, hoooles everywhere,
an thats why homicide all around,

theres a body, theres body, theres a body in the drop,
body in the lot, body uptown, body downtown,
an thats why homicide all around.

2nd verse

im in that brand new range,
when i put up kid,
i turn your brains into red car-ving stains,
thats the beauty of gruesome valets,

im a loud mouth nigga but ma ruger silent,
sun up, sun down, ma fish still move,
an if a nigga wanna stop, he gonna be fish food,
yea yayo rhyme but i merk a person, an when ur mind leave ur body, ya spirit
is soul searchin,
gas ya team, nigga imma blast ya team, i got plastic milk jugs full of gas-o-
line,
44s buck loud, u layin in heaven, while ur mum an ur pops in deep clouds of
depression,
i turn ur head into pasta, an bag-
sukini, like that bitch did that rasta in new jack city,
in broad daylight, u better think twice, or that thing on ur hip better spra
y right.

chorus

its a ninnne its ninnne,
theres a clip in the nine,
bullet in the clip, bullet in the chamber,

round on the ground, an thats why homicide all around,

theres a hooole, hooole, theres hooole in his head,
hooole in his leg, hooole in his pants, hoooles everywhere,
an thats why homicide all around,

theres a body, theres body, theres a body in the drop,
body on the block, body uptown, body downtown,
an thats why homicide all around.

outro

im feelin to f**kin kill somethin right now nigga, f**k,
i got a shit loada guns right now nigga, homicide come around im gone nigga,
ya see them suits an ties ya best believe i did that to ya nigga, matter fac
t i did do that to ya huh,
come on man, this shit is real man, this is for them niggas that, f**k yo li
sten let me tell you somethin,
dont run up on a whip, jus run up on a nigga an blow his f**kin brains out,
thats gangsta nigga, you hear me, dont run up on a whip an spray somethin,
let me see you shoot a nigga brains out, an stand there for 2 minutes, and t
hen run, motherf**ker!