

# Homocide

Tony Yayo

Yea, yea, yea  
I get it now a motherfucker got it then  
My own folk is gone tryna get these parrots in  
I'm on a bird with them birds yea that trafficking  
G4 on the way to see the africans  
No confirmation, we do tell numbers  
With a bag full of bills like the male ronda  
M.I.a, that's the high rise  
No restaurants but I could get 5 guys  
And they all got a fag count  
Shit ain't adding up we gon do a head count  
See these automatic guns got bodies on em  
I got killers with me this is just a hobby for em

Homicides on my mind everytime that we ride  
You don't wanna fuck around and be around when we high  
And we ride, and we ride, and we ride, and we riiiiidee

I'm bout to fly to the caymen islands  
My bitch from camden where them shooters wylin  
Y'all niggaz thinkin bout bloggin and them cheap hoes  
I'm thinkin stash house and a speed boat  
Weight up rooms think you disappear like david blain  
Homicide come around nobody seen a thing  
I bought my 1st trap and got a little heart  
And had it ever since lemal was in linkin park  
Jump in yhe hooptie, tie them bows tight  
Ride on a nigga aim with my sights  
Police comin, I'm runnin from the lights  
Come and kill I'm a come back in that after life  
As michael myers, slash all your tyres  
Leave your baby momma residence I start the fire  
As you walk your legs begin to grow weak  
You hit nigga it's time for you to go to sleep