

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