

# Homicide (Produced By Skitzo)

Cam'ron

29-5 live, the courts are pigeon  
Blame the economy, the courts are living  
Of course I'm living, bought some linen  
Take a courts on winning, forts of women  
Monday through Friday the Porsche is driven  
Change the Range to Thursdays, put that away  
Hard top Wednesdays, drop top Saturdays  
Sunday's Piscataway, 8 ki's I have we lay  
Half today, my whole island like Gilligan, it's fast away  
By the way, what's up, dawg? Who's hardest?  
Probation over, yeah, I'ma catch some new charges  
Crime the fricassee recipe, mess with me  
40th my pedigree, Big L regale  
R.I.P. to hand me legs, some name stamp he said  
Saying my dear you, tomorrow your families dead  
You a fag, fairy, no homo, that's scary  
Don't mean a e-mail or phone when I say Blackberry  
It's a homicide, homi, homi, homicide  
It's a homicide, homi, homi, homicide  
It's a homicide, someone unlucky died  
Yellow tape damn, right outside Kentucky Fried  
Figure I stay and lock it, fuck it 380 cock it  
King Jaffi Joe, I feel like spacely rockets  
Come and weight these pockets, the profits display these profits  
Play no way to stop it and my engine 80 rockets  
No Yao Ming, no T-Mac  
Lambo, skeet rat, 300 G stacks  
Wanna place a bet? Please match or breeze back  
Offensive coordinator hater, I read traps  
These niggas need naps, they bitches got weave naps  
Believe that, fuck with my a seeds and you'll get seized, snatched  
Over these pack we cap knee caps, teeth caps  
Believe that, fill your tweets, beat your raps  
It's a homicide, homi, homi, homicide  
It's a homicide, homi, homi, homicide  
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Damn Cam, you did it to consumers  
White and red boomers, blue and red Laguna's  
Dead all the rumors, all these rappers are my juniors  
Ma, you can't swim, well come follow the tuna  
Full moon, we got girls to moon us  
No cuddling ma, you won't spoon us  
Don't spit game, just sell Rick James  
Baby boy, my nick name is Switch Lanes  
Slash stick change, Slash get brain  
Slash that nigga, Slash make it rain

Slash tell summer girl, get the summer Z's  
Know what's in the dungaree's a hundred G's It's a homicide, homi, homi, homicide  
It's a homicide, homi, homi, homicide  
It's a homicide, someone unlucky died  
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It's a homicide, someone unlucky died  
Yellow tape damn, right outside Kentucky Fried

Songwriters

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