

# 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"

[illegible]

I don't mean this in a disrespectful way  
But Columbine happens in the ghetto every day  
When the shit goes down y'all ain't got nothin' to say  
Jamaican 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, officer, 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"  
It's a, homicide, just a homicide  
It's a, homicide, just a homicide  
It's a, homicide, just a homicide  
It's a, homicide, just a homicide  
I don't mean this in a disrespectful way  
But Columbine happens in the ghetto every day  
When this shit goes down y'all ain't got nothin' to say  
"Central, the cat has been rescued"  
In the ghetto black men are dyin' at alarmin' rates  
Walkin' the street is like enterin' 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 goin' 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 ain't hear nothin', not a word  
"Mr. Media," help us shed light on these homicides  
Not just Columbine, but all the time  
It's a, homicide, just a homicide  
It's a, homicide, just a homicide  
It's a, homicide, just a homicide  
It's a, homicide, just a homicide  
It's a, homicide, just a homicide  
It's a, homicide, just a homicide  
It's a, homicide, just a homicide  
It's a, homicide, just a homicide

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