

# Homicide

## LI Cool J

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  
    Jamaician 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 slargin' raps  
He was slargin' 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  
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        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'm a 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

IIt'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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