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"
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
He kicked the old lady's door in, threw her on the floor
Choked her to death so she don't scream no more
He need some white chocolate, he feel it in his bones
He heard she refinanced and got a bank loan
He used to mow the lawn, take the garbage out
Now she in the closet wit a sock in her mouth
Copped a chain, copped some crills
Crack pipe in his windpipe, twistin' like a drill
Run around frontin', buyin' his mens kicks
Gassed a broad up so she can help her rent a whip
The other killer peeped him out flashin' a knot
A well known murderer, check the ill plot
Call up Corey Buns, get him on the block
Niggas gotta eat, plus he front a lot
He came through, straight strip search
He said I'm comin' back and I'ma put in work
Niggas told him, ayo leave that shit alone
But pride mixed with crack, had him in a zone
Prepared for more shit than Depends
Eyes bloodshot through a Cardier lens
Niggas said Buns came through lookin' strange
Yeah, Buns won't stay in his lane
Aight, Buns want ghetto fame
And caught two in the Ukraine at point blank range
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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It's a, homicide, just a homicide
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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 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
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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
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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