Homicide

Cam'ron

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 drivenChange 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 awayBy 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 regaleR.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 BlackberryIt'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 FriedFigure 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 rocketsNo 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 rapsIt'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 FriedIt'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 FriedDamn 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 tunaFull 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 LanesSlash 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'sIt's a homicide, homi, homi, homicide
It's a homicide, homi, homi, homicide
Yellow tape damn, right outside Kentucky FriedIt's a homicide, homi, homi, homicide
It's a homicide, homi, homi, homicide

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