

# Homicide

## Tony Yayo

[Intro: Tony Yayo]

Turn me up in them fuckin headphones real quick man  
I'm feelin to body this track  
and body a nigga when I get the fuck outta here man

[Tony Yayo]

Cocksucker this ain't rap, check my rap sheets  
I feed you to the rats with peanut butter on yo' feet  
44 bulldog, get money hustle hard  
So the feds want my face on that damn number card  
I drag you in your elevator, hit the stop button  
So when I pop somethin they can't fingerprint nothin  
I help you wit'cho bitch, I'm lovin your dame  
Shoot her ass and her heart, hit her jugular vein  
Niggaz talk it they don't live it, these niggaz is butt  
Go through they projects and they jewels is tucked  
I'm in apartment 4B, wipin down the llama  
With two freaks kissin like, Britney and Madonna  
And you know how I ride when the beef is on  
Pull up, LA LA like Jamaican songs

[Chorus: Tony Yayo]

It's a niiiiiiiiine, it's a nine  
There's a clip in the nine, bullet in the clip  
Bullet in the chamber, round on the ground  
And that's why homicide all around  
There's a hole, there's a hole  
There's a hole in his head, hole in his leg  
Hole in his pants, holes everywhere  
And that's why homicide all around  
There's a body, there's a body  
There's a body in a drop, body in a lot  
Body uptown, body downtown  
And that's why homicide all around

[Tony Yayo]

I'm in that brand new Range; when I pull up kid  
I turn your brains into red concrete stains  
That's the beauty of gruesome violence

I'm loudmouth nigga but my Ruger silent  
Sun-up, sundown, my fishscale move  
And if a nigga wanna stop it he gon' be fish food  
Yeah Yayo rhyme but I murk a person  
And when your mind leave your body your spirit is soul searchin  
Gas your team, nigga I'ma blast your team  
I got plastic milk jugs full of gasoline  
Four-fours bark loud, you layin in heaven  
While your moms and your pops in deep clouds of depression  
I turn your head into pasta, and baked zuchinni  
Like that bitch did that rasta in "New Jack City"  
In broad daylight, you better think twice  
Or that thing on your hip nigga better spray right

[Chorus: Tony Yayo]

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It's a body, it's a body  
It's a body in a drop, body on the block  
Body uptown, body downtown  
And that's why homicide all around

[Tony Yayo]

Feelin to fuckin kill somebody right now nigga, fuck!  
Got a SHITLOAD of guns right now nigga  
Homicide come around I'm gone nigga  
When you see them suits and ties  
You best to believe I did that to you nigga  
Matter of fact I didn't do that to you  
Huh, c'mon man, shit is real man  
This is for them niggaz - fuck yo listen lemme tell you somethin  
Don't run up on no whip  
Just run up on a nigga and blow his fuckin brains out  
That's what, that's gangsta nigga - you hear me?  
Don't fuckin run up on a whip and spray somethin  
Lemme see you, shoot a nigga brains out  
and stand there for two minutes, and then run, motherfucker!

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