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 niiiiiiiine, 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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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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