

## Ludacris

### "Scene of the Homicide"

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Yo, just imagine, you sit and witness the scene of a  
homicide  
Your whole world's traumatized and mesmerized  
You know what I'm sayin?

[ VERSE 1: Breeze ]

Just imagine, you sit and witness the scene of a  
homicide  
Your whole world's traumatized, mesmerized  
That's what it's like to grip the mic and try to flow on  
Your sentences a run-on full of so-forths and so-ons  
Who inspired you, who the hell hired you?  
Whoever the swine need to find time to fire you  
Cause you don't quite meet the standards of  
excellence  
Claimin you a gigolo but ain't had sex since  
How many times must I ask you  
Show me an example on to make a sample sound hype  
Check the levels, make sure the record's on  
Show em the time of the crime (right, right)  
A murder's in progress, put out an APB  
The trigger is my best friend, so what I'm suggestin  
You keep your distance, don't come close or push up  
You'll be greeted by a bunch of heated niggas sayin  
(What's up)  
Defeat you, beat you, seat you in the Greyhound  
Cause love don't live here, hops, so just stay down  
I'm not to be played because I take pride  
And this is what it's like at the scene of a homicide

It's like a eerie feeling  
Wait hold up, I think I see one now

[ VERSE 2: Breeze ]

Yo foolio, what you're doin on the mic stand?  
You watched the hook but you forgot about my right  
hand  
It's automatic even though it's done manual  
Autographed by man man [Name] you know Samuel  
If this don't faze you this makes me wonder  
How good you are and where do you come-a from-a

It doesn't matter if Muff slays the drummer  
The difference between you and the others is you're  
dumber  
What's the matter with you? I 'bout had it with you  
Now you're steppin on the mic startin static with who?  
I don't agree with that riff-raff  
You keep tryin to rhyme and the result is you spit bad  
It's a sad scene that I have to fight ya  
Cause you was shy and all that, now first I liked ya  
Don't expect no affection, just look for protection  
From punches comin in every direction  
How do you find the time to even talk on?  
This ain't trials, ain't acceptin no walk-ons  
So while the pedal is pushed, just enjoy the ride  
As we venture to the scene of a homicide

[ VERSE 3: Breeze ]

It's too short to count on life support  
You either get caught out there or come up short  
I thought I couldn't hold it or somethin, what's that you  
mumbled?  
Now I'ma hand you the mic - fumble  
You're lookin silly, sort of like a clown, if  
I'm s'posed to be scared of somebody that you're down  
with  
I'm not indiminated easy, don't sleep on  
You couldn't scare me with a mask and a sheet on  
It's like you're on the street corner on the avenue  
And hangin from the lights is the noose used to hang  
you  
Forget what you say cause I don't wanna hear your side  
It'll be you who's the victim at the scene of the  
homicide

Homicide  
you know  
like murder in the first degree  
Yeah  
When you're stiff just layin there with a yellow sheet  
over it  
and you wait on a brown van to come  
so a coroner can get out and pronounce you dead  
at the scene of a homicide

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