

## Cpo "Homicide"

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{movie dialogue}

Yeah, well if you're the sheriff, you better get these  
men underground  
Get three coffins ready

{D.J. Train cuts and scratches "Welcome to Homicide"}

[Lil' Nation]

Aiyyo, enter the center for the world that's dark and  
demented  
Rap is like a savage to rhythm because I sent it  
to push the bass, down to 808, and deeper  
To thump the walls on the house of the Grim Reaper  
Yo, pump up the funk level then increase to open dome  
Punks and peasants bow to the King on the throne  
About to bust like a lunatic, snatch the gauge and the  
mac  
Suckers that wish to overthrow? Step the fuck back!  
This is madness and I'm the head madman  
Time for the straightjacket so loosen up the straps and  
yo I'ma get dumb, rip this funky continuum in half  
Lil' Nation, the C.P.O. psychopath  
You can't demolish the pedestal of the ruler  
Suckers who be lackin knowledge I guess I got to  
school ya  
Need I remind you of the fact I'm the eradicator  
C.P. too radical, Capital Gladiator  
Animal out of a cage, cause bars I'm bendin em  
Even when the tempo's slow, I swing like a pendulum  
Solid for suckers cause I'm a deadly motherfucker  
When your face and my gauge collide  
you'll become a victim of homicide

{D.J. Train cuts and scratches screaming sounds}

[Lil' Nation]

Check it this is a warning  
So you know to step off when I'm on the scene  
Forget expected, catch your neck reject on my  
guillotine  
Beware when I rush, your skull I will crush, like a mallet  
Cause I'm the "Menace" just like I said in the "Ballad"

No beginners in the posse allowed  
So the wack and new jack can snack a pack of Similak  
stacked in the crowd  
Occupation, alie-n-ation incredible  
Swingin when I'm downsteppin repeatin defeat was  
inevitable  
Mistake me for being unarmed but my tongue is like a  
pistol  
Intercontinental Ballstic Missile  
Fire with the fury, from the rage of an Asian  
Obliteratin suckers that battle me, it's fatal to rat on me  
For those that requestin relocation NO, permission  
denied  
There's no escapin your fate not even suicide!  
Push down the lever on the box, so I can explode  
Drop like the bomb that's atomic onto the next load  
No, I'm not just an image, I'm the reality  
Living incarnation of the dark, side of mortality  
A nightmare, brought to life - with the primary purpose  
of making you DIE - cause my business is strictly  
homicide

{D.J. Train cuts and scratches screaming sounds}

[Lil' Nation]

The sound in the background, is the melodic rhythm  
of the Minister  
M.C. Ren manufactured the beat symbolic and sinister  
But step off, when I flow, listen to intuitions  
Kick inhibitions, doin music which enter the C.P.O.  
It's a method I kept in my autobiography  
like a weapon to deaden the half-steppin that follow me  
Before I dismember, burnt to a cinder, blacken they  
glimmer of hope  
and wake em up when they dreamin they dope  
I proceed to specialize when I'm hype and  
demesmerizin the  
enemies that attack, then I figure,  
that if they should succeed to get any bigger that I'ma  
have to trigger  
Ren, the Ruthless excutioner of niggaz  
So, come one, come all, keep your weapons intact  
Didn't you know I was steppin with "The Villain in Black"  
It's too late, to escape the spot, I'm havin none of it  
So when the bass drops, prepare for perils of  
punishment  
It's a thunderstorm, and up your ass I'ma take your  
victory flag  
and.. STICK, you know from the first verse I'm a lunatic  
But when it comes to death, I kill to see you die  
for the thrill to commit a homicide

{D.J. Train cuts and scratches screaming sounds}

{movie dialogue}

\*gun shots fired\*

My mistake -- four coffins

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