

## Love Message

### "Murder By Numbers"

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Conejo

[Conejo]

Check it out, put me on track twenty five  
China White, alright  
Ey Venom, you ready homie  
Let me hear myself, let me hear myself  
Murder by numbers  
Small time hustler with big things on my mind  
Check it out, that's right

[Conejo]

I'm a small time hustler with big things on my mind  
If it ain't about the money then you're wasting my time  
Heated three-five-seven full of bullets so rise  
Bulb three point five full of crystal and ice  
You heard my old shit and said that's what you like  
So I spit the gangsterism, you're a victim in prison  
Started something, I'm promoting the violence  
Motherfuckers in the game scared, they're calling out  
tyrants  
We're just thugging and hollow points is reaching  
H Gang ain't no joke, we'll slip one through your dome  
These child proof killers give it up with a sign  
When their hands come together and they disrespect  
the knife  
They in trouble, ese we blast them on sight  
The little homies ride, multiply and divide  
Let's ride, till the figures get right  
Ese Venom, Ese Rabbit put in work on the mic

[Chorus: Conejo]

We can murder by numbers, I spit it bomb  
Twenty five riders in the street, dead wrong  
Homicide and we ain't gotta tell them why  
We don't fuck with the law, we let our enemies die  
We can murder by numbers, you do the math  
Me plus a glock equals blasting your ass  
Homicide and anybody snitch, they die  
Subtract motherfuckers off the map and get high

[Venom]

I'ma start deducting motherfuckers off this planet  
Damn it when you hate it's not hard to understand it  
So let's divide solid vatos from these rats  
And hoodrats and as a matter of fact  
Let's subtract enemigas by the thousands  
And poison all these rats by the dozens  
I learn mathematics by slanging, maintaining  
Counting bullets, profits, gang banging, trigger happy  
ass vatos  
So let's go do this, I count dead bodies when I go to  
sleep  
My nightmares are full of corruption  
Placaso Veneno, deadly are my fractions  
My mind just erupted like a volcanic eruption  
Me plus a cuete equals total destruction  
Multiply, subtract, divide  
I'm always ready to ride, plus I'm nothing nice twice

[Chorus]

[Conejo]

Just for my fans that's out there mobbing  
LA fucking Times, they're killing and robbing  
Homie coughing cuz the weed's too strong  
You're a hostage in your home when the glass' too  
strong  
The homie flipping, whether killing or sticking  
And all that I know is fuck being a victim  
Young Rabbit, that uncut I'm sniffing  
Ese drive through the park might end up missing  
Never listen, is what my pops be saying  
But I listen for the chopper and their fucking raids  
Shit is major, so ese what's your wager  
Get the fuck back, skinny chain and pager  
Moms tripping because it don't add up  
In a fraction of a second I'll go all out  
It's when you're on one, that Conejo's necessary  
The cd on repeat till you die in your sleep

\*samples from Goodfellas\*

...murder was the only way that everybody stayed in  
line..  
...you got out of line, you got wacked..  
...everybody knew the rules..  
...killing just got to be accepted..  
...hits just became a habit..  
...as far back as I can remember I always wanted to be  
a gangster..  
...murder was the only way that everybody stayed in  
line..

...you got out of line, you got wacked..  
...everybody knew the rules..

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