

Tony Yayo "Homicide"

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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

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 hope 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

It's a nine, 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

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

Sunup, sundown, my fish scale 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 zucchini
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

It's a nine, 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

It's a hole, it's a hole
It's a hole in his head, hole in his leg
Hole in his pants, holes everywhere
And that's why homicide all around

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

Feelin' to fuckin' kill somebody right now, nigga, fuck!
Got a shit load 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
C'mon man, shit is real, man
This is for them, niggaz that

Fuck you, 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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