

Tony Yayo

"Homocide"

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turn me up in them fuckin headphones real quick man,
im finna body this track an body a n**** when i get
outta here man,

1st verse

cock sucker this aint rap, check ma rap sheet,
ill feed you to the rats, wit peanut butter on yo feet,
44 bulldog, they money hustle hard, so the feds want
ma face on that damn number card,
i drag u in the elevator, hit the stop button, when i pop
sumthin, they cant fingerprint nothin,
i help you wit yo bitch, im lovin ya dame, shoot her ass
in the heart, hit the jugular vein,
n****s talk but they dont live it, these n****s is bucked,
go through the projects n there jewels is tucked,
im in apartment 4b, wiping down that llama, wit two
freaks kissin like britney an madonna,
an you kno how i ride when the beef is on, pull out
blahh blahh, like jamaican songs.

chorus

its a ninnne its ninnne,
theres a clip in the nine,
bullet in the clip, bullet in the chamber,
round on the ground, an thats why homicide all
around,

theres a hooole, hooole, theres hooole in his head,
hooole in his leg, hooole in his pants, hoooles
everywhere,
an thats why homicide all around,

theres a body, theres body, theres a body in the drop,
body in the lot, body uptown, body downtown,
an thats why homicide all around.

2nd verse

im in that brand new range,
when i put up kid,
i turn your brains into red car-ving stains,
thats the beauty of gruesome valets,

im a loud mouth n**** but ma ruger silent,
sun up, sun down, ma fish still move,
an if a n**** wanna stop, he gonna be fish food,
yea yayo rhyme but i merk a person, an when ur mind
leave ur body, ya spirit is soul searchin,
gas ya team, n**** imma blast ya team, i got plastic
milk jugs full of gas-o-line,
44s buck loud, u layin in heaven, while ur mum an ur
pops in deep clouds of depression,
i turn ur head into pasta, an bag-sukini, like that bitch
did that rasta in new jack city,
in broad daylight, u better think twice, or that thing on
ur hip better spray right.

chorus

its a ninnne its ninnne,
theres a clip in the nine,
bullet in the clip, bullet in the chamber,
round on the ground, an thats why homicide all
around,

theres a hooole, hooole, theres hooole in his head,
hooole in his leg, hooole in his pants, hoooles
everywhere,
an thats why homicide all around,

theres a body, theres body, theres a body in the drop,
body on the block, body uptown, body downtown,
an thats why homicide all around.

outro

im feelin to fuckin kill somethin right now n****, fuck,
i got a shit loada guns right now nigga, homicide come
around im gone n****,
ya see them suits an ties ya best believe i did that to ya
n****, matter fact i did do that to ya huh,
come on man, this shit is real man, this is for them
n****s that, fuck yo listen let me tell you somethin,
dont run up on a whip, jus run up on a n**** an blow his
fuckin brains out,
thats gangsta n****, you hear me, dont run up on a
whip an spray somethin,
let me see you shoot a n**** brains out, an stand there
for 2 minutes, and then run, motherfucker!

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