LL Cool J, Homicide

This for my man yo... word up

[Radio transmission] "I got a 187 on the corner of Farmers boulevard in Linden." "Uh, drug related?" "The usual."

I don't mean this in a disrespectful way But Columbine happens in the ghetto every day When the shit goes down y'all aint got nothing to say

[Verse 1]

He kicked the old lady's door in, threw her on the floor Choked her to death so she don't scream no more He need some white chocolate, he feel it in his bones He heard she refinanced and got a bank loan He used to mow the lawn, take the garbage out Now she in the closet wit a sock in her mouth Copped a chain, copped some crills Crack pipe in his windpipe, twistin like a drill Run around frontin, buyin his mens kicks Gassed a broad up so she can help her rent a whip The other killer peeped him out flashin a knot A well known murderer, check the ill plot Call up Corey Buns, get him on the block Niggas gotta eat, plus he front alot He came through, straight strip search He said I'm comin back, and I'ma put in work Niggas told him, ayo leave that shit alone But pride mixed with crack, had him in a zone Prepared for more shit than Depends Eyes bloodshot through a Cardier lens Niggas said Buns came through lookin strange Yeah, Buns won't stay in his lane Aight, Buns want ghetto fame And caught two in the Ukraine at point blank range

It's a, Homicide, just a Homicide [8X]

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[Verse 2]

Jamaician cat, real treacherous Used to smuggle burners up from Texas Had the ill crib out in Rosedale Took the money from the trunk and copped a fishscale Chinese Jamacian, real pretty nigga Love puffin blunts, throwin bodies in the river One of the illest niggas that the world ever saw Used to take loaded nines and throw 'em on the floor He was from Brooklyn, and I don't know the block I met him at the flicks he commented on my rocks We rolled back to back, while I was slingin raps He was slingin crack, I was seventeen fascinated by the stacks Runnin with dangerous niggas and packin gats Uh, the shit thrill me, lookin so clean, and livin so filthy I heard his right hand man disappeared They found his bike in the street somewhere Conspiracy theories, niggas talkin shit Small world, I was close to his right hand man's chick She kept beepin him he never called back When they found him in the trunk his body was jet black

Pretty Jamacian kept doin his thing Him and his older brother got caught up in a sting Out on bail, pressure by the feds, he caught seven in the head What goes around, comes back around Nigga rest in peace when they lay ya down

[Radio transmission]

"Uh, central, your assistance is requested we have a major crisis here Mrs. Winthrop's cat is stuck in a tree." "Roger, a squad car is on the way."

It's a, Homicide, just a Homicide [4X]

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[Radio transmission] "Central, the cat has been rescued."

[Verse 3]

In the ghetto black men are dying at alarming rates Walkin the street is like entering a sweepstakes You never know if you gon win or lose We walk around feelin confused and totally abused Can't front, I'ma millionaire livin like a king Still feenin for that shrimp, fried rice and chicken wings Still feenin for the vibe, only the ghetto bring Pumpin songs of pain only real niggas sing Queens finest, but there's one minus The bodies on the battlefield that got left behind us I'm sick and tired of going to wakes Cuz niggas never look the same in the casket It's bugged out, they skin look like plastic I shed tears, but use shades to mask it "Mr. Media", where was you at when my man died When it was classified a drug related homicide It's like until the killer hit the suburbs I aint hear nothing, not a word "Mr. Media", help us shed light on these homicides Not just Columbine, but all the time

It's a, Homicide, just a Homicide [8X]