

Suicide

Aceyalone

Suicide it's a suicide
Homicide it's a homicide
Suicide it's a suicide
Listen boy, I tell ya
Don't question your life
Homicide it's a homicide
Every day gonna make [you go don't tell no lie]

Murder is the way to go
And it'll be the day you go
When I'm up on you with a [..]
Shoot you like an animal
This is unexplainable
They think life is so unbeatable
They killin' [at me] the way they go
But me, I reckon just play it slow
They don't think life is valuable
[...]
There's always another child to go
They know they won't be held accountable
The laws are like [pla-liable]
It's either so reliable
Get shot with a gloc on your block
Death is undeniable

Suicide it's a suicide
Listen boy, I tell ya
Don't question your life
Homicide it's a homicide
Every day gonna make [you go don't tell no lie]

West side it's a homicide
And east side it's a homicide
And north side it's a homicide
And south side it's a homicide

It's murder in the first degree
Shot in the chest with a shotgun
And hauled off into surgery
Shots break out in front of me
Kinda feel like they huntin' me
I don't know what they want from me
But if I pull out a gun they all run from me

[Wanna put a man under me]
Maybe it's cause they wanna be
Maybe it's cause they hungry
Maybe it's cause they ugly
The cold steel protects the eye
In case someone disrespects the guy
Life it can't be rectified
Let's see who's the next to die

Suicide it's a suicide
Yes suicide it's a suicide
Yes, homicide it's a homicide
Put it all together it's a [J] in the side

West side it's a homicide
And east side it's a homicide
And north side it's a homicide
And south side it's a homicide

Suicide it's a suicide
Listen boy, I tell ya
Don't question your life
Homicide it's a homicide
Everybody, everybody

Suicide it's a suicide
Listen boy, I tell ya
Don't question your life
Homicide it's a homicide
Every day gonna make [you go don't tell no lie]

They say live by the gun die by one
Right there by your side you got one
Ready to hold up and shoot the hot one
Kill a man down to his life, [god done]
Man, you can't kill everyone
This gun better be a heavy one
Killing a Wiccan is never fun
Send him all up to a heaven [run]

Everytime you step in a spot
Talking about the weapon you got
[the fact that I'm gonna let you go hot]
Talking about you wrecking the block
Man I just can't understand there's war going on all over the place
Everybody gonna automatically grap their [...] soon as they panic

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West side it's a homicide
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