

# Homicide

NoCap

Swipers, they fill up my whole gang  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
(J Cameron)

It's a homicide, it's another butterfly, yeah  
We tryna make it out, they got the hood traumatized (Yeah, uh)  
Everything I did, I meant, I don't have no regrets  
I flew a ratchet bitch out, I put her on a private jet (She on a private jet  
)  
I get so high I drop some codeine on my Percocets (Lean on my Percocets)  
Everyday I hang with killers in them projects  
I'm in them projects

I'm surprised I ain't died yet  
You catch a charge, you keep it solid, you just stay quiet (You keep it quiet)  
I feel this codeine in my body, I'm sippin' Hi-Tech (I'm sippin' High')  
They were so happy when I was stuck, I left 'em upset, yeah (Uh)  
Get a feeling, I'm countin' this paper (This paper, yeah)  
I just fuck on a bitch, we don't lay up (Yeah)  
My youngins out pullin' the cable (Yeah)  
We ballin', I'm coaching the Pacers (Coaching the-, uh)  
Smash on a bitch, pain on me, you can see all the scars  
No love for a bitch, you can take me, you can rip out my- (Yeah)  
You can take me, you can rip out my heart  
And every nigga 'round me, they with the same thing (Gang, gang)  
Never drop no dime, we just don't name names  
I drown the Patek, I flood the face on it (I flood the face on it, yeah)  
I came in the game with a game plan (Yeah)  
I'm watching my real, I'm watching my fake homies (Yeah)  
Them swipers, they fill up my whole gang (Whole gang)  
Them niggas schemin', I know the bank want 'em (I know the bank want 'em)  
I fell in love with drug money (Street money, nigga)  
Coulda went pro but we just didn't think on it  
They left me scarred, they abandoned me  
I got two broads, they take a Xan' a piece (Xan' a piece, yeah)  
I sell codeine, this rap was plan B  
I'm finding any way, I gotta feed my family  
My diamonds water just like jet skis  
We push a button and we don't touch keys  
You seen everything but these  
I'm on these niggas ass like Huskies (And Huggies)

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Today, if I land in the hood, might walk past shit like trash  
I starved for them young niggas just to make 'em happy, we ain't going out sad (Going out sad)  
Grab your rag, young nigga, keep buying that spray paint (Buying that spray paint)

Lil' nigga gon' murk something, run to a wall, then draw up, "Gang, gang"  
Did a lot of dirt, put blood on that money, we was running through Band-  
Aids (Running through Band-Aids)  
Did a lot of dirt, she done fucked the whole hood, bitch went on a rampage (  
Went on a rampage)  
Say you gotta watch your back when it's nightttime, hallway (The hallway)  
I know some youngins got hit up in broad day  
Rats, stray dogs in the hood, we don't see no butterflies (We don't see no b  
utterflies)  
We just see a homicide (Just see a homicide)  
'Til you see another cold case ('Til you see a mama cry)  
Leave the funeral and buy more ratchets (Buy more ratchets)  
Middle finger to all the badges (All the police)  
Even if that phone start trippin', won't hang up, we want all the static (We  
want all the smoke)  
Judge hit Joe with an L, that was probably for his own good (You know)  
Mark got killed way in private, Kell died in his own hood  
Ain't no way I say  
Dog caught a body, but he spin for a PC  
With some money on his mind  
Get rich off crime  
Lil' goons know crime pays, they ain't never gon' pay no taxes (Don't pay no  
taxes)  
Halloween, I was federal, them young niggas strapped up them masks  
That molly done took over a young nigga brain, that's why he so active  
'Nother nigga got murked on the block, hood so hot, might see a cactus  
Load the money in a trash bag  
Gunshot, we like, "Where it's at?"  
They can tell 'em that the bad back  
Yellow tape, we can't go past that

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'Nother butterfly  
Another homicide  
They got us traumatized  
We tryna make it out  
It ain't safe about it  
On a private jet  
We tryna get up out it  
Make it out the jail  
Got family depending on  
We tryna make it out the jail