

Homicide Pt. 2

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Woah (Leor, light it up)
Lil Top, nigga
(Smoke)

Homicides, homicides, we know how to make mamas cry
Catch 'em 'fore he walk inside, baow, baow, blrrt
Crybaby, crybaby, walk down and we pull onside
Fuck wrong with the people? Talk crazy, YoungBoy, I say, "Termi
nate 'em"

Fuck wrong with them? I ain't wastin' none of my lean, are you
crazy?
Had her pistol totin' on the scene, that's my baby
Four, five hoes 'round, three, five sticks too
I wanna know when these pussy niggas got like this though
Like why, why, pussy niggas lyin' like they want my soul?
All these niggas hoes, they all hoes, tell 'em fuck that tensio
n, I'ma make sure that they know
She said she don't smoke no dope, come with me, know what it is
Stay up out my fuckin' house, this is not no place for kids
She tellin' me she love me
Bitch ain't poppin' pussy, she ain't stayin' over
Know I pop the pussy, ain't no layin' on me
Flawless diamonds, come and check the timin'
Baby know I'm grimy, ooh, baby know I'm slimy
Make that ho go buy lil' bro a stick
Just so I can tell him to shoot shit up inside this bitch
Pussy nigga, I say

Homicides, homicides, we know how to make mamas cry
Kill her child, kill her child, we make fuckin' mamas cry
People tell you lots of things, but chopper bullets never lie
Never know who tellin' names, that's why they go to every side

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