Future, Homicide (feat. Snoop Dogg)

You say you wanna take a ride? Get in
I grew up on that other side, getting it in
You niggas selling a bunch of pies, snatch a Benz
I heard you say it's going down, I'm going in
Go tell 'em it's a homicide (murder)
Go tell 'em it's a homicide (murder, murder)
Go tell 'em it's a homicide (murder, murder)
Go tell 'em it's a homicide, ya ya

Fighting, shooting, killing, riding
Cripping, tripping, spitting fire
In the kitchen, baking pies
Taking mines, making mines
Yellow tape, black gun
Fill it with them hollow shells
And leave the scene bloody
Buddy can't nobody tell
Catch a plane to the ATL
Lay low in a cheap motel
Whatever suits ya
And get a few thangs from my cousin Future
Now I'm back on and popping like
Trapping, rapping in the cut
Talk shit, I fuck you up
They don't recognize who I am or where I'm from
So I hit the strip club banging 20 Crip cause
Treble with the bass, put that thang up in yo shavening
And leave yo body bleeding on the pavement

How many a ride for you, open up that fire for you
You gotta question a nigga standing next to you, cut him off
I grew up on the side you gotta make yourself a boss
Niggas'll shit on you any chance they get
Cross you out on a lick
If you ain't ready for the ending then quit
It's a dirty world, you gotta get your hands dirty
I'm going for the title with my hands on the rifle
I put in the same work you put in, survival
Looking at my rival, they looking suicidal
Keep them bodies off wax, I can spot a rat
Let the guitar play, brrrat!

Slang a bunch of packs, and go and snatch a Benzo
I played them streets as a young nigga, ain't never liked Nintendo
Them gangstas in the yard, them my motherfucking kinfolk
They'll kidnap you and yo broad (in broad) daylight, no pretendo
I grew up 'round a bunch of monsters, call that pressure on ya
Be so scared for ya life, you call the police on ya
You ready say you ready
You gon' starve or you want fetti? Yo life'll change a second
Good or bad, don't open yo mouth, make sure you shut it
Ain't no telling who listening, make a wise decision
I'm from 'cross the tracks, like Boosie
If you ride, you better know who shooting