I Wish (To The Homies That We Lost) [Remix]

R. Kelly

[R. Kelly Talking]
Yo what up, my nigga?
You know, I was in the hood...
I just thought I'd stop by...and holler at you for a minute...
Pour out a little liquor or somethin'

[Verse 1]
Nigga, we done been through a lot of shit together
From runnin' these streets to bein' down for whatever
And now that you're gone I got a whole lot of shit to tell ya
Things I should've said way back when we was younger
Remember when we used to roll hand in hand?
And now I'm trippin' on how I really miss you, man
And remember when...you and me would say
We'd get up out this hood and everything would be okay
It's all good now...
My nigga, we out the hood now...(Uh)
We had the...same ideas, but not the...same careers
We shared the...same old laugh, but not the...same tears
You were my homie, my stoney, my Rollie
My nigga and never placed no bitch befo' me
Man, I swear to God I love for that shit
Why'd you have to get hit? Where was I? What time was it?
You were supposed to get older with me
On stage, hands on shoulders with me
Coppin' them Range Rovers with me
Sittin' on thangs and...smokin' trees
And if it wasn't for the will that God had made
I'd turn back the hands of time and take your place
Sittin' here sippin' on this Hennessy
Just...thinkin' about how much you meant to me, my nigga

[Bridge]
Even though you're gone, you will always be my nigga
Though you made it home, I'm still missin' you, my nigga
I'm feelin' like the timing was wrong, my nigga
I know you're smilin' down sayin', "Carry on, my nigga"
Sometimes my nights can get long, my nigga
Sometimes I feel God did me wrong, my nigga

So I had to write a song, my nigga...
Just to let you know that you're...still my nigga

[Hook]
I wish, I wish, I wish... (Oh, I)
I wish, I wish, I wish...

[Verse 2]
Your little son is lookin' at me like, "Where's my daddy?"
And your 13-year old daughter is mad 'cuz she understands
Promised your mama I'd take care of the family
But she's so hurt, she turns away my helpin' hands
Damn, I wish your ass was here, my nigga
To grow that gray beard and smoke that cigar, my nigga
And we would talk about you gettin' up out this game
And you would tell me how it keeps callin' your name
(We used to ride-ride-ride)
Never afraid to...(Die,die,die)
But some times we'd...(Cry,cry,cry)
Askin' the Lord...(Why,why,why)...they're tearin' down these projects...
We were homies for like 20 thug years (Say what?)
Sat in church and cried the same thug tears (Say what?)
You remember when Vibe World Premier
How we used to share the same old gear
And remember when...you and me would say
We'd get up out this hood and everything would be okay
It's all good now...
My nigga, we out the hood now
It's so...easy for folks to say, "Rob, just live on"
When I'm dyin' every second that you're gone
Nevertheless, I try my best to be strong
Hopin' you said your prayers before you went on home
We done stood on these blocks and just shot the breeze
We'd slap-box dead in the middle of streets
And if a fight broke out, you would take up for me
Now all I have left are these ghetto memories

[Hook]
I wish, I wish, I wish (Oh, I)
I wish, I wish, I wish

[Boo]
Uh, uh
Yo' dog, I can't explain how I miss you
We stayed together, coppin' cane, poppin' pistols

I miss you most, puttin' the doo-rag...over your bean head
Even out the hood on the scene you brag (Whoa)
Comin' up off the fiends wit bags
Runnin' up out the cleanest Jag
You was the closest nigga I had
Look how we stayed aces...hustled, made big faces (faces)
I wish we could trade places (places)
Fuck givin' you ice...I'd rather give you life
And the things that I had...I'd give you twice (Oh,
yeah)

[Gotti]
What the deal, my nigga? I know you holdin' it down
If you could see me you would say, I'm talkin' soft right now
But it's hard for me to say when I'ma see you again
And I know it's fucked up, I gotta talk through this pen
But you'd died for the love of the dough...
The love of the block...16 you was runnin' the spot (runnin' the spot)
Boy, your mama used to hate...how we stood on the curb
Hangin' with wild thug niggas...smokin' the herb (Mmm,hmm,hmm)
I'm gonna keep pourin' this liquor and that's my word
This here is for niggas that be flippin' them birds (Oh) Word up!

Even though you're gone you will always be my nigga(Whoa...whoa...oh...oh..)
Even though you're home I'm still missin you, my nigga
I'm feelin' like the timing was wrong, my nigga(I'm feelin' like timing was
wrong)
I know you're smilin' down sayin', "Carry on, my nigga"
("Radio, please don't take the "nigga" out my song)
Sometimes my nights can get long, my nigga
(Let it play on...play on...play on...play on")
Sometimes I feel God did me wrong, my nigga
So I had to write a song, my nigga...
Just to let you know that you're...still my nigga

Lyrics submitted by Alex.

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