

# Dead Homies

## Goodie Mob

Ha ha, yeah  
What's happening world  
This is for all my homeboys who didn't get to see a new year  
Yeah, yo This for my homeboys dead and gone  
Off in the bushes, we pour out liquor and roll up swisher smoke  
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Off in the bushes, we pour out liquor and roll up swisher smoke The hood has changed since you left, man  
I see your mom and dad got a new Jag  
Little Jason work at Papa John's, saw your other brother Kelly  
In the basement at Killer Bee's house Tuesday night fights, ESPN, Sportcenter, Big Screen  
You know how these Eastpoint vets do  
Can you recall riding bicycles in the trails behind?  
Krissy Collins dropping Huffys like BMX's Your first car was a Honda, my first car was a Rabbit  
Cut parties with a tall can or something  
Off in the 800 Ol' E, man, that old girl  
She always fell, drunk off the pink champagne Yeah, reminiscing going through adolescence with you  
Hoping that these words get to you in good spirit  
Your partna Gipp won't forget you, my little brother  
Went to prison last week, since he been in we barely speak This for my homeboys dead and gone  
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Off in the bushes, we pour out liquor and roll up swisher smoke Rest in peace, to all the brothers  
And sisters who didn't make it to see, a struggle  
In the flesh, my folk thought I'm in the carcass  
I don't worship the sun no more, I follow David Carr So wear black and white put tears [Incomprehensible]  
With a sheet pulled over my fucking head, I'm hanging in there  
Like a wasp nest, meanwhile niggaz is quitting on me  
'Coz they fall victim to stress I'm filling it with your diction homie  
But that don't take away from my spirit and my mind  
One time for my homie Barat, and my homie Quentin  
And my shawty Felicia, and my partna Floppy I'm still living for you, I'm still swinging on a nigga  
Still pulling on a flicker flicker, as I inhale the smoke  
With my kinfolk, G-double O D I E  
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You want this gold clean and shining  
Don't need to remind me about the divine, he polishes  
He demolish his competitors, who was the editor  
To bad mouth these boys that bred in the South  
Where chicken's fried on the daily and rebel flags fly  
I have no love for confederate sons but guns  
And no hogs' good for me, people like my type  
To spark the spiritual fight with the devil off tonight  
When he's white, at anytime, and any rhyme  
With substance is looked at as racist  
When good ol' boys is still doing hangings  
And Mississippi having no pity on my color skin  
Not having a choice from the begin  
Little brothers like me to pose a physical threat  
But check let me grab a hold of my black steel  
And I'll show all y'all who's real, c'mon  
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