

Miss My Boyz (feat. Crys Wall)

Lil Keke

Ain't nothing in the world more expensive than free
It takes a whole lifetime to pay the cost of a G
My little homie done ten, but shit at least he alive
And all the niggas he came up with either dead or retired
And some inside, they still waiting parole
I pray my niggas hold they head where its dark and cold
You can't win em all, that's what the old folks say
It's like trying to sweep leaves on a windy day
Take a look in the mirror cause it's all bout you
They say it's hard but its fair, man it's sad but it's true
The first thing I learned was by adding and subtracting
You movie star niggas need to shol quit acting
Bumps in the road I just used them for lessons
Getting a piece of mind, I considered them blessings
Ain't had a real clear thought up in a long time
It's a dark grind but a nigga still shine I got a few homies gone and I miss my boys
We had a lot of good summers and I miss them toys
Is there heaven for a G, can a hustler make parole.
This fo niggas in the streets steady loosing their soul (Repeat1x) One mans lose is another mans gain
Thats why you cant get trapped doing the same thing
Stop buying rims and cars just to feel betta
Cuz the jewelry like to sin us niggas to foreva
Keep yo game tight like a bill cosby sweater
Put yo bread up, try to save all yo cheddar
U kno I miss my boys up in da summer time
I think about you everyday nigga I aint lying.
We used to run like them getaway cars
Fast and hard tryna chase them broads
Seem like that nigga reggie aint gone neva make parole
And I aint seen my uncle since I was 12 yrs old
Screw died, Pat murderd Hawk got killed
Im the last one left original thats real
Takes more than a song thats how I feel
So this is for my niggas thats trapped behind da steel

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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