

Dedicated to My Dead Homies

L Matik

Yeahâ€!

This song is dedicated to all my dead homies
From the small town, that done passed away you knewmean,
from the last decade and a half, you know, each and everyone of them individually inspired me, motivated me,
to who I am today, you knewimean, still on the mothafuckin block, dboy fo life yallâ€!

Verse 1

2006 and im still layin bricks

Loyal to the game
im loadin my clip

Wonder if they ever would make it outta this bitch

Bottom line

Im Still here, ridin round getting lit

And aint no mothafucka stoppin my flow

Yallready know

A mo fo well if you reaching for chrome

Eight more to the dome

Gimme ???

And make it home

But draw down

????

????thats known for my homies thatâ€™s gone

fear left for them Fools That got away

I remember your face

That you can never hide a body one day

In my happiest times throughout my life

Was Right here on the block

With the homies sippin peppermint shnapps

Cant knock the new bitch on the block

??? Had a pop in my drop

Neglected kids, would you like to open shop

Was my only shot

It was success to push the best

A million dollar hustla from the bay with finesse

All up in the best

Chorus 2x

This is dedicated to my dead homies
Still on the block puffin weed tippin foâ€™ties

They died thuggin so ima die thuggin
No holdin back cock back forward for block huggin

Verse 3

From hoover school to belle haven to ravenswood

Kicked out and transferred to Menlo oaks

To the wrong neighborhood

But it was all good

Holdin it down

I put my money on wood with the fo pound

And lay who ever down

Clark bound for life

You better think twice before

you rollin through my hood at night

and some nights aint right

feelin death around the corner

like pac said

death walks from a shadow

and known with the locked dreads

a crooked fed tried to finish the job

and the CIA was plottin on the side

blood ties my life

cuz they hate to see a rogue getting bigga

15 years later still on that corner of Buchanan and clark

Bay road and clark

Keepin a net for the homies

in the dark in west park for life yall

to the homies that remember the days

of okeefe to manhattan getting paid

paid in full

Chorus 2x

Verse 3

They say Im drunk

Leave them little kids alone

But who are you to judge me and my own

Still up in the zone

With them wildcats

Thumpin the chrome

And it was yours supposed to move it alone

Don't be correctin my wrongs and rights

Cuz I aint goin back to being broke

??? trickle my stones if I have to

Go back to that which I did a few times

You cant live the way im livin with a 9to5
Regular of flippin old sâ€™s for my dead homies
5 time vogue with the vogue peel off sidin
I aint forgot where I came from
To all the homies locked down we blazin up fat blunts
Still on the block
With the drama and the lamas
Still livin the street lights survivin up the powder
Like its always been
Im losin friends by the change of the wind
Smellin a tech around the corner again
Cockin my mack10

Chorus 2x

Forward for block huggin
Forward for block huggin

Knawmean, motha fucka rest in peace to all my dead potnas in the small town, you knawimean, my nigga Save (Savelio), my nigga Tala (Tala Wala mayn), my nigga Jerry, my nigga Hen, rest in peace, knawmean, cant forget my mothafuckin ace koon Lazona, knawmean, Joey, Eddy, Cricket, knawmsayin, Sean Russian, my nigga Tega from the G knawmean, it donâ€™t stop nigga we still out here on the mothafuckin block nigga, the wheels are still spinnin, L mothafuckin Matik nigga, what it is baby, Cripple D rest in peace, Jeryl Reed rest in peace, knawmean, nigga we still on the mothafuckin block nigga 2300 buchanan and clark nigga, off the top nigga, we still rollin, my nigga, rest in peace to my nigga puma low brotha, little burrto niggaâ€!

Lyrics submitted by AJ.

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