I Miss My Dawgs

Lil' Wayne

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah This is the Carter muthafucka, yeah And in my building I must keep it real And man I miss the times, we would shine You would keep on your side You would teach me how to ride And you would teach me how to pry Then we get on the line and go over our lines We were in the same position And that's when you change position, shit I had never change and I miss ya And it's strange but I never forget ya Throw that at you and them bitches homie And I know that ain't you wit that dissin' on me That's why I never replied and never will just let em live phony If ya ever died I swear to God I got yo kids homie Whats mine is their I gotta give homie and yeah We still a army in this bitch homie Yea Cash Money still the shit homie, shit homie What's really real is you feelin' me nigga That Hot Boy shit still in me nigga, word the giggity nigga And I ain't got time to speak the history I miss you and I know you missin' me Gizzle but Man I miss my dawgs (Yeah) Many nights, club poppin' (Yeah) Many nights, we were blowin' trees (Yeah) Many nights, we were hustlin' (Yeah) Man I miss my dawgs (Yeah) Me and you, through thick and thin (Yeah) Me and you, through the very end (Yeah)

For only you, I was in the game

(Yeah)

Man I miss my dawgs

(Yeah)

Many nights, club poppin'

(Yeah)

Many nights, we were blowin' trees

(Yeah)

Many nights, we were hustlin'

(Yeah)

Man I miss my dawgs

(Yeah)

Me and you, through thick and thin

(Yeah)

Me and you, through the very end

(Yeah)

For only you, I was in the game

(Yeah)

And I remember when you came to the click

I had already made my name in the click

But you got famous and shit

I got my solja rag and dangled my shit

I was down to just to hang wit you shit

And I banged to the boogie bang bang wit yo click

And I ain't even from the 3, my hood was angry at me, shit

But I rose to my feet, played the post wit the heat

At them shows while you performed and posed

I was waitin' for a nigga to jump

See I was patient but was ready to duck

'Cuz you my brother chump

Real Gs never buckle up

But every family ain't filled wit gangstas that's real

And that's real and I would never turn my back or turn ya down

Even if you turned around muthafucka

But history is history

I miss you and I know you missin' me

Juve it, but

Man I miss my dawgs

(Yeah)

Many nights, club poppin'

(Yeah)

Many nights, we were blowin' trees

(Yeah)

Many nights, we were hustlin'

(Yeah)

Man I miss my dawgs

(Yeah)

Me and you, through thick and thin

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(Yeah)

Me and you, through thick and thin

(Yeah)

Me and you, through the very end

(Yeah)

For only you, I was in the game

(Yeah)

You was my nigga, my nerd, my joy, my herb

My main muthafuckin' man Turk

My other, my partner, I was teacher, he was father

I skilled, he schooled, we chilled, we moved

We thug, we hung, we ate, we slept

We lived, we died, I stayed, you left

Remember how we played to the left

And we stayed out of trouble 'cuz we stayed to our self

Remember Slim and B were leavin', handin' the ki's over Tell me not to go Uptown and we went straight to tha Nolia

While I watched you reunite wit yo soljas

And yo mom and brothers, while I lied to the stunna

Yeah those were the times my brother

Now I recognize real and I honor my brother

Yea nigga sub mage my brother, the Sqad's my brother

The nigga you left behind is my brothers

Man I miss my dawgs

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