

My Homie

Wolf Rellik

[master p]Damn. I never thought I'd be wearin a suit and tie so many times a year, but
Like bone said, to all my homies ain't here, see ya in the crossroads, fool

Imagine this, me dressed in all black

At a funeral strapped with a chrome gat

Who died p, I guess it was my homie, black

Somebody rolled up and shot him in the back

It was sad, my homie took a damn fall

Sort of like the tlc video, "waterfalls"

But this was the real deal, this ain't no movie

Niggaz drove up and blasted my homie with a oozie

Now me and silkk got to ride

After the funeral cause it's sad on my side

Cause in the ghetto, it's one big black moon

I mean people dyin everyday, we all are doomed

My mama look at me and say, "boy, watch yoself!"

But I can't trip, mama, cause I live for myself

And if I die on the streets, then it's my time to go

But if I live to see another day, another funeral

It's sad, I look into they eyes

Damn, everybody's got to die

But one day, I guess we gon to wake up

When they puttin me in that black truck

It could be you, it could be her

But in the end everybody gets did up

Cause in the ghetto everybody live like jesse james

I still question God for callin my homie name

Chorus I (2x): why my homie had to die?

Now somebody mama gonna cry

[silkk]Now when my grandfather died, I was like 5, it never really touched me much

But seein my brother layin dead on floor really kinda fucked me up

I never thought he could be here then he could be gone

I never thought the day he left the house he wouldn't be comin back home

I wonder when it's yo time to go, who gon protect you

See someone died in my family, didn't even much affect you

I wonder why my homie died at such a young age

I wonder why my homie death didn't make the front page

Cause it's a trip, and life ain't even worth to live

See ya gotta watch out for all us killa kids

Belive me, I be a youngsta tryin to spit the game

But it's a damn shame, all of the shit done changed
Through all the strivin and strugglin I try to stay hard
But look at mr. president in the white house tryin to play god
Put us all in one big ole boat
They call it housin projects, I call it one big ghetto

Damn. looks like the statue of liberty is cryin
I guess that mean the whole world is fuckin dyin
Chorus I (2x)

[c-murder]My nigga dead, my nigga died, how the fuck you figure

Another victim, my brother was a drug deala

I'm paranoid, lookin for the niggaz that did him in
They say it was his homie coulda been his best friend

My mama tell me keep my head on solid ground

But I can't forget how my brotha went down

An eye for an eye, another must lose his life

Never seen his kid it's gonna be a bloody night

Cause when you dead, you can't get a second chance

It's up to me to make anotha nigga dirty dance

Sometimes I sit and remenisce about the old days

Sellin dope and playin ball up in them coke ways

When I daydream, sometimes I gots to drink

Close my eyes and then I see my fuckin brother again

And when I wake up I'm hit by reality

Realizin, it was just a memory

Cause everybody put us down for bein drug dealas

But I say fuck em, and rest in peace kevin miller

Chorus ii (2x): why my brother had to die?

Now somebody mama gonna cry

Why my homie had to die?

Now somebody mama gonna cry

(why my homie had to die) huh, y'all niggaz betta wake up, and realize,

This muthafuckin album (why my homies got to die) is dedicated to all the

Niggaz that got a second chance on life, and that's constantly goin to

Funerals (why my homies got to die) constantly tryin to realize, why they

People gotta die (why my brother had to die) and to all them muthafuckin

Gs, hustlas, ballas, up there in the crossroads (why my homie had to die)

Crossfires, this album dedicated to ya'll, too. cause I know y'all got them

Muthafuckin earphones on, ridin in them drop-tops, up there in the clouds

(I told ya kevin, nigga) herbin on this silkk the shocker shit. cause ya'll

Know (we was gon do this shit) my little nigga done shocked the world

(nigga yo brother done did this shit) y'all niggaz feel this shit,

Everywhere (silkk, me and c) all cross the muthafuckin boulder (tru, nigga)

Ya'll niggaz feel this shit (no limit for life) peace, nigga (nigga, I told

You we was gon take over this rap shit, nigga) I know you wearin that tatoo

Up there, fool. (lettin it be known) me, silkk and c (yeah, we down here
Handlin our business) down here countin millions (believe that, nigga)
Sippin on mo wet (? ? ? , fool) toastin to you fool. huh, we done took over
This rap game nigga. let them niggaz up there know what's happenin.

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