

I Miss My Dawgs (f Reel)

Lil' Wayne

Yea, yea, yea, yea
This is the Carter, muthafucka, yea
An' in my building, I must keep it real An' man, I miss the times, we would shine
You would keep on your side
You would teach me how to ride
An' you would teach me how to pry Then we get on the line
An' go over our lines
We were in the same position
An' that's when you change position, shit I never change an' I miss ya, an' it's strange but I never forget ya
Throw that at you an' them bitches, homie
An' I know that ain't you wit that dissin' on me
That's why I never replied an' never will just let 'em live phony
If ya ever died I swear to God I got yo kids, homie
What's mine is theirs, I gotta give, homie
An' yea, 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
An' I ain't got time to speak the history
I miss you an' I know you missin' me, gizzle but Man, I miss my dawgs
Many nights, club hoppin'
Many nights, we were blowin' trees
Many nights, we were hustlin' Man, I miss my dawgs
Me an' you, through thick an' thin
Me an' you, to the very end
For only you I was in the game
Man, I miss my dawgs
Many nights, club hoppin'
Many nights, we were blowin' trees
Many nights, we were hustlin' Man, I miss my dawgs
Me an' you, through thick an' thin
Me an' you, to the very end
For only you I was in the game An' I remember when you came to the click
I had already made my name in the click, but you got famous an' shit
I got my solja rag an' dangled my shit
I was down to just to hang wit you shit An' I banged to the boogie bang bang wit yo click
An' 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 an' 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 realAn' that's real an' I would never turn my back or turn ya
down
Even if you turned around, muthafucka
But history is history
I miss you an' I know you missin' me, Juve, butMan, I miss my dawgs
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For only you I was in the gameYou 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 movedWe thug, we hung, we ate, we slept
We lived, we died, I stayed, you left
Remember how we played to the left
An' we stayed out of trouble 'cuz we stayed to our selfMember B an' Slim were leavin', hand the ki's over
Tell me not to go Uptown an' we went straight to tha Nolia
While I watched you reunite wit yo soljas
An' yo' mom an' brothers, while I lied to the stunnaYea, those were the times, my brother
Now I recognize real an' I honor my brother
Yea, nigga sub mage my brother, the Squad's my brother
The nigga you left behind is my brothersMan, I miss my dawgs
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