

# If My Homie Calls

2pac

Ever since you was a pee-wee, down by my knee with a wee-wee  
We been coochie-coo all through school, you and me G  
Back in the days we played practical jokes on  
everybody smoked with they locs and the yolks on  
All through high school, girls by the dozens  
Saying we cousins, knowing that we wasn't  
But like the old saying goes  
Times goes on, and everybody grows  
Grew apart, had to part, went our own ways  
You chose the dope gaaaane, my microphone pays  
In many ways we were paid in the old days  
So far away from the crazies with AK's  
And though I been around clowning with the Underground  
I'm still down with my homies from the hometown  
And if you need, need anything at all  
I drop it all for y'all, if my homies call

It's a shame, you chose the dope game  
Now you slang cane on the streets with no name  
It was plain that your aim was mo' cane  
You got game now you run with no shame  
I chose rappin tracks to make stacks  
In fact I travel the map with raps that spray cats  
But now I don't wanna down my homie  
No matter how low you go you're not lowly  
And I, hear that you made a few enemies  
But when you need a friend you can depend on me, call  
If you need my assistance there'll be no resistance  
I'll be there in an instant  
Who am I to judge another brother, only on his cover  
I'd be no different than the other  
H-to-the-O-to-the-M-to-the-I-to-the-E  
I'm down to the E-N-D  
Cause it's a fall in no time at all  
I'm down for y'all, when my homies call  
Word, if my homies call

Well it's ninety-one and I'm living kinda swell now  
But I hear that you're going through some hell pal  
But life making records ain't easy  
It ain't what I expected it's hectic it's sleazy  
But I guess that the streets is harder  
Trying to survive in the life of a young godfather  
My homies is making it elsewhere  
Striving, working nine to five with no health care  
We both had dreams of being great  
But his deferred, and blurred and changed in shaped  
It's fate, it wasn't my choice to make  
To be great, I'm giving it all it takes  
Trying to shake, the crates and fakes and snakes  
I gotta take, my place or fall from grace  
The foolish way, the pace is quick and great  
Smiling face, to hide the trace of hate  
But my homie would never do me wrong  
That's why I wrote this song, if you ever need me it's on  
No matter who the foe they must fall  
Us against them all I'm down to brawl if my homies call