

# Lil' Homies

2pac

Fuckin lil' homies..  
Everybody duckin, my fuckin lil' homies  
My lil' homies..  
Everybody duckin, my fuckin lil' homies

Just pay attention  
Here's a story bout my lil' homies, straight thuggin  
Lil' bad young mothafuckers, gotta love him  
You catch him in his G ride, touchin his glock  
Screamin Outlaw (Wessyde motherfucker) bustin on my enemy's block  
Educated on these cold streets  
Gettin money makin dummies out the police, ain't no peace  
for an adolescent nigga to rap, so be a thinker  
Bud smokin twenty-four seven, everyday drinker  
Got my diploma but I never learned shit in school  
Mo' money, mo' bitches, mo' murder fool  
Always the young niggaz gettin in shit  
She wouldn't stop to conversate so you called her a bitch (BIATCH)  
Bustin on paper thin motherfuckers  
Drinkin gin 'fore youu get to sinnin on them busters  
Emptied his clip, passed by like he didn't know me  
Everybody duckin, my fuckin lil' homies

Lil' homies on the ride  
Niggaz gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight  
(my lil' homies)  
Lil' homies on the mash  
Runnin from these punk police, cause lil' niggaz run the sreetes  
(my fuckin lil' homies)

I remember.. when you was just a lil' G  
Flirting with death, playin Russian Roulette, screamin KILL ME!  
Hey there young nigga, what you smokin on?  
Mad at the world cause you came from a broken home  
Love to squad plus your mob is sick  
A bunch of adolescent niggaz spittin major shit  
Tell me, young nigga if ya die let me know  
Would your heart feel pain, watchin as your mother cries?  
Will all your homies ride?  
Or will they all get high, and talk about how you died?  
Young niggaz on a mission to compete  
Gettin G's, packin heat, bringin havoc to the fuckin streets  
Nobody knows why he took a fo'-fo'  
and loaded up on the whole front row (BUCK BUCK, BUCK BUCK!!)  
Try to tell him but he act like he don't know me  
Pull out his pistol and show me, my lil' homie

Hahaha, whassup nigga? YEAH!  
You lil' bad motherfuckers  
You motherfuckers know what time it is  
Yeah nigga!  
Juvenile delinquent-ass motherfuckers  
Under eighteen.. better protect that shit!

First to bomb, sixteen on death row  
Bustin on them phony motherfuckers cause the big homey said so  
Niggaz knew I was a nut case, quick to blast

Livin underage, but he'll blaze on yo' bitch ass  
Is there a heaven for a G?  
And if it is, will I finally get to be at peace?  
On these streets ain't no peace, shell-shocked souls  
makin money off of crack sales, young black males  
Unable to change cause it's a cycle  
Plus nobody knows.. the evil that they might do  
Lil' Moo, Big Yak, K. Castro  
Big mouth Hussein, call them Outlawz  
Tellin the world to be equipped  
When these young motherfuckers rip shit, they don't quit  
Drew down on me, pull a pound on me  
Bust like he didn't know me, my lil' homies

Whassup nigga let's do this shit! My lil' homies!  
Lil' bad-ass motherfuckin adolescent niggaz! My lil' homies!  
What the fuck you niggaz wanna do? WHAT NIGGA? My fuckin lil' homies  
Sixteen, fifteen, thirteen, my fuckin lil' homies

Juvenile delinquents ready to BUST on you motherfuckers  
What the fuck you niggaz wanna do nigga?!  
Nigga take yo' shit on, lil' homies!  
We robbin motherfuckers nigga, Thug Life, Outlawwwwz! Wessyde!  
You know what time it is, my lil' homies!

You know what the fuck you gotta do nigga, Outlawz nigga  
My lil' homies..