

Miss My Boyz

Lil' Keke

Ain't nothing in the world more expensive than free
It takes a whole lifetime to pay the cost of a G
My little homie done ten, but shit at least he alive
And all the niggas he came up with either dead or retired
And some inside, they still waiting parole
I pray my niggas hold they head where it's dark and cold
You can't win em all, that's what the old folks say
It's like trying to sweep leaves on a windy day
Take a look in the mirror cause it's all bout you
They say it's hard but it's fair, man it's sad but it's true
The first thing I learned was by adding and subtracting
You movie star niggas need to shol' quit acting
Bumps in the road I just used them for lessons
Getting a piece of mind, I considered them blessings
Ain't had a real clear thought up in a long time
It's a dark grind but a nigga still shine

I got a few homies gone and I miss my boys
We had a lot of good summers and I miss them toys
Is there heaven for a G, can a hustler make parole.
This fo' niggas in the streets steady loosing their soul (2x)

One mans lose is another mans gain
That's why you can't get trapped doing the same thing
Stop buying rims and cars just to feel betta
Cause the jewelry like to sin us niggas to foreva
Keep yo game tight like a bill cosby sweater
Put yo bread up, try to save all yo cheddar
U kno I miss my boys up in da summer time
I think about you everyday nigga I ain't lying.
We used to run like them getaway cars
Fast and hard tryna chase them broads
Seem like that nigga reggie ain't gone neva make parole
And I ain't seen my uncle since I was 12 yrs old
Screw died, Pat murderd Hawk got killed
I'm the last one left original that's real
Takes more than a song that's how I feel
So this is for my niggas that's trapped behind da steel