

# 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