

My Homie

Silkk The Shocker

Damn. I never thought I'd be wearin a suit and tie so many times a year, but like Bone said, to all my homies ain't here, see ya in the crossroads, fool

Imagine this, me dressed in all black
At a funeral strapped with a chrome gat
Who died P, I guess it was my homie, black
Somebody rolled up and shot him in the back
It was sad, my homie took a damn fall
Sort of like the TLC video, "Waterfalls"
But this was the real deal, this ain't no movie
Niggaz drove up and blasted my homie with a oozie
Now me and Silkk got to ride
After the funeral cause it's sad on my side
Cause in the ghetto, it's one big black moon
I mean people dyin everyday, we all are doomed
My mama look at me and say, "Boy, watch yoself!"
But I can't trip, mama, cause I live for myself
And if I die on the streets, then it's my time to go
But if I live to see another day, another funeral
It's sad, I look into they eyes
Damn, everybody's got to die
But one day, I guess we gon to wake up
When they puttin me in that black truck
It could be you, it could be her
But in the end everybody gets did up
Cause in the ghetto everybody live like Jesse James
I still question God for callin my homie name

Why my homie had to die?
Now somebody mama gonna cry

Now when my grandfather died, I was like 5, it never really touched me much
But seein my brother layin dead on floor really kinda fucked me up
I never thought he could be here then he could be gone
I never thought the day he left the house he wouldn't be comin back home
I wonder when it's yo time to go, who gon protect you
See someone died in my family, didn't even much affect you
I wonder why my homie died at such a young age
I wonder why my homie death didn't make the front page
Cause it's a trip, and life ain't even worth to live
See ya gotta watch out for all us killa kids
Belive me, I be a youngsta tryin to spit the game
But it's a damn shame, all of the shit done changed
Through all the strivin and strugglin I try to stay hard
But look at Mr. President in the White House tryin to play God
Put us all in one big ole boat
They call it housin projects, I call it one big ghetto

Damn. Looks like the Statue of Liberty is cryin
I guess that mean the whole world is fuckin dyin

My nigga dead, my nigga died, how the fuck you figure
Another victim, my brother was a drug deala
I'm paranoid, lookin for the niggaz that did him in
They say it was his homie coulda been his best friend
My mama tell me keep my head on solid ground
But I can't forget how my brotha went down

An eye for an eye, another must lose his life
Never seen his kid it's gonna be a bloody night
Cause when you dead, you can't get a second chance
It's up to me to make anotha nigga dirty dance
Sometimes I sit and remenisce about the old days
Sellin dope and playin ball up in them coke ways
When I daydream, sometimes I gots to drink
Close my eyes and then I see my fuckin brother again
And when I wake up I'm hit by reality
Realizin, it was just a memory
Cause everybody put us down for bein drug dealas
But I say fuck em, and rest in peace Kevin Miller

Why my brother had to die?
Now somebody mama gonna cry
Why my homie had to die?
Now somebody mama gonna cry

(Why my homie had to die) Huh, ya'll niggaz betta wake up, and realize,
this muthafuckin album (why my homies got to die) is dedicated to all the
niggaz that got a second chance on life, and that's constantly goin to
funerals (why my homies got to die) constantly tryin to realize, why they
people gotta die (why my brother had to die) And to all them muthafuckin
Gs, hustlas, ballas, up there in the crossroads (why my homie had to die)
crossfires, this album dedicated to ya'll, too. Cause I know ya'll got them
muthafuckin earphones on, ridin in them drop-tops, up there in the clouds
(I told ya Kevin, nigga) herbin on this Silkk the Shocker shit. Cause ya'll
know (we was gon do this shit) my little nigga done shocked the world
(nigga yo brother done did this shit) ya'll niggaz feel this shit,
everywhere (Silkk, me and C) all cross the muthafuckin boulder (TRU, nigga)
ya'll niggaz feel this shit (No Limit for life) peace, nigga (nigga, I told
you we was gon take over this rap shit, nigga) I know you wearin that tatoo
up there, fool. (lettin it be known) Me, Silkk and C (yeah, we down here
handlin our business) down here countin millions (believe that, nigga)
sippin on mo wet (???, fool) toastin to you fool. Huh, we done took over
this rap game nigga. Let them niggaz up there know what's happenin.