

Chris Speding

"Missing Our G's"

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(*talking*)

Man, sitting here thinking
Knowing I miss y'all boys, man
I hope y'all feel this, we miss you

[Hook - 2x]

How we, miss our G's
Everyday, all I do is dream and pray
Hoping that, I can see my homie again

[Fat Pat]

It's been a whole year, you've been gone
And I still find it hard, to just gold on
Everybody misses you, P-A-T
Especially your down ass partna, that's me
Always on my mind, everytime I turn around
Up early in the morning, watch em put you in the
ground
A sad day it is, on this New Years
It seems like the heaven from above, sheds tears
All my ghetto peers, dead or on lock
25 to life, it just ain't right
Praying that the Lord, don't take me in the night
That long long flight, and ain't no coming back
Man I miss that Pat, and K.K
Hoping that I see you boys again, one day
Daytime from the Tre, Big Butler from that N
Both of the Bubba twins, doing time in the Penn
Partnas mean we kin, closer than friends
So I'm holding on, to the love to the end
Our skin is a sin, that's why they lock us in
The ghetto's saying that our kind, just don't blend
The Penitentiary, ain't no place for us to go
It's been eight long years, since I seen my kin folk
Po' out the liquor, roll a gang of smoke
I'm missing my homies mo' and mo', and mo' you feel
me

[Hook - 2x]

[Double D]

It was like yesterday, since me and you was chilling
My nigga for life, even though life ain't your game no
mo'
It's still the same though, and me and you can feel it
I know that you up in heaven, wait for me to come and
kick it
I'm ready no doubt, nigga still tripping for nothing
All of a sudden I thought it wasn't, then it came to
busting
Just lost my baby cousin, to the same shit
How much deeper can pain get, I'm ready to aim and
click
Reminiscing and missing you, and all these plans we
had
What can a nigga do, pull out some brew
And make em feel it, when I say a rhyme
Cause ain't no telling, when my time coming
Niggaz gunning, but I got no time for running
You ain't missing nothing, but drama and your mama
I swear I walk these streets I pack my heat, niggaz
don't care
And to my G's on lock, I pop the top
Pull out some liquor for your tears, and all these lost
years

[Hook - 2x]

[H.A.W.K.]

Now time has gone by, and the years have passed
Trying to block you out of my mind, is a complicated
task
I mash for my cream, but my job ain't done
Take it from John it ain't no fun, it's easier said than
done
To get over you, my boy Big B
You gone but not forgotten, up in H.A.W.K.'s memory
Day-Lee I stop and stare, gaze in the air
Knowing that nothing is impossible, through hope and
prayer
So my big bro, I know you know
It happened a long time ago, but it's hard for me to let
go
Now C-O and also, K.K. and Big Dead
Doing time for the crime, keeping that family fed
Hold your head up high, and avoid the shife
Cause when the judge gave you ya sentence, he didn't
say life
Will I see you again, I know the thought is scary
The Obituary cemetery, and then you buried hail Mary

[Hook - 4x]

(*Big Moe singing*)

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