

Goodie Mob "Dead Homies"

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Ha ha, yeah
What's happening world
This is for all my homeboys who didn't get to see a new
year
Yeah, yo

This for my homeboys dead and gone
Off in the bushes, we pour out liquor and roll up
swisher smoke
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The hood has changed since you left, man
I see your mom and dad got a new Jag
Little Jason work at Papa John's, saw your other brother
Kelly
In the basement at Killer Bee's house

Tuesday night fights, ESPN, Sportcenter, Big Screen
You know how these Eastpoint vets do
Can you recall riding bicycles in the trails behind?
Krissy Collins dropping Huffys like BMX's

Your first car was a Honda, my first car was a Rabbit
Cut parties with a tall can or something
Off in the 800 Ol' E, man, that old girl
She always fell, drunk off the pink champagne

Yeah, reminiscing going through adolescence with you
Hoping that these words get to you in good spirit
Your partna Gipp won't forget you, my little brother
Went to prison last week, since he been in we barely
speak

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Rest in peace, to all the brothers
And sisters who didn't make it to see, a struggle
In the flesh, my folk thought I'm in the carcass
I don't worship the sun no more, I follow David Carresh

So wear black and white put tears [Incomprehensible]
With a sheet pulled over my fucking head, I'm hanging
in there
Like a wasp nest, meanwhile niggaz is quitting on me
'Coz they fall victim to stress

I'm filling it with your diction homie
But that don't take away from my spirit and my mind
One time for my homie Barat, and my homie Quentin
And my shawty Felicia, and my partna Floppy

I'm still living for you, I'm still swinging on a nigga
Still pulling on a flicker flicker, as I inhale the smoke
With my kinfolk, G-double O D I E
M O B for L I F E

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You want this gold clean and shining
Don't need to remind me about the divine, he polishes
He demolish his competitors, who was the editor
To bad mouth these boys that bred in the South

Where chicken's fried on the daily and rebel flags fly
I have no love for confederate sons but guns
And no hogs' good for me, people like my type
To spark the spiritual fight with the devil off tonight

When he's white, at anytime, and any rhyme
With substance is looked at as racist
When good ol' boys is still doing hangings
And Mississippi having no pity on my color skin

Not having a choice from the begin
Little brothers like me to pose a physical threat
But check let me grab a hold of my black steel
And I'll show all y'all who's real, c'mon

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