

Ice-T**"Dear Homie(feat. Hen-Gee)"**

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[Hen-Gee]

Dear Homie, whats the hap, since your up in the sky?
With God by your side
Homie what's it like?
I know your bein' treated right
No more worries
Plus you're bein heard G
I guess you know niggaz is still trippin
I don't know why, they see a future in it
We're headed for self-destruction
Can't function
Only thing I can do is pray
And thank God, for another day
Yes Homie, it's rough down here. I gotta watch my back
Cos it's hard being black
If it ain't the other
It's my own colour
Tryin to work me
Tryin to hurt me
Ain't no L-O-V-E
Please tell me why, Dear Homie

[Ice-T]

Dear Homie, gang-bangin ain't joke
And I'm lookin over ya loc
Always knew there was fools out to get me
I didn't even hear the gunshots till after the slugs hit
me
I grabbed for my chest and my neck, hopin
When my head hit the ground my skull busted open
You used to ask for my advice
Well Dear Homie, dyin ain't nothin nice
And the place I'm at is overpacked
With young blacks who crash crack and gats
I can only pray
You don't come this way
You gotta stay alive, you got a kid G
I feel ya partner but I worry alot
Bust shots
I know you're tryin' to comfort me
But I don't want no company, Homie

[Hen-Gee]

Dear Homie, even though you're gone
I still fell your presence
Sometimes I can sleep
Cos I just can't see
Reality like it really should be seen
I still reminisce on how we used to kick it
Strollin' the yard, just hangin' out together
Down for whatever, whenever
And now I'm hopin, you're seeing a true friend in me
we where meant to be

[Ice-T]

Dear Homie, you used to call me O.G.
Now ya really gotta look up to me
Cos the place I'm at, is way high in the sky
I didn't want to die
But the life I lived was just to reckless
Too many bad marks on God's checklist
And many many brothers will go out
Just tryin to get that hard-core street clout
But a street reps final test, is when you're lying in a
coffin
with you're hands folded on your chest.
Then ya hear the girls cry
Then ya hear the brothers lie
Talkin' about how down you was
Then the next week the back on the street, they cold
forgot ya cuz'.
Don't wanna see ya on your back,
So for me stay sucka free, cos you don't need that,
Homie.

Dear Homie...

Dear Homie...

Ya know I miss ya Homie...

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