

# Ice-T

## "Dear Homie"

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**(feat. Hen-Gee)**

*[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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