

# Lil Wayne

## "I Miss My Dawgs"

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
This is the Carter muthafucka, yeah  
And in my building I must keep it real

And man I miss the times, we would shine  
You would keep on your side  
You would teach me how to ride  
And you would teach me how to pry  
Then we get on the line and go over our lines  
We were in the same position  
And that's when you change position, shit

I had never change and I miss ya  
And it's strange but I never forget ya  
Throw that at you and them bitches homie  
And I know that ain't you wit that dissin' on me  
That's why I never replied and never will just let em live  
phony  
If ya ever died I swear to God I got yo kids homie  
Whats mine is their I gotta give homie and yeah

We still a army in this bitch homie  
Yea Cash Money still the shit homie, shit homie  
What's really real is you feelin' me nigga  
That Hot Boy shit still in me nigga, word the giggity  
nigga  
And I ain't got time to speak the history  
I miss you and I know you missin' me  
Gizzle but

Man I miss my dawgs  
(Yeah)  
Many nights, club poppin'  
(Yeah)  
Many nights, we were blowin' trees  
(Yeah)  
Many nights, we were hustlin'  
(Yeah)

Man I miss my dawgs  
(Yeah)  
Me and you, through thick and thin

(Yeah)  
Me and you, through the very end  
(Yeah)  
For only you, I was in the game  
(Yeah)

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And I remember when you came to the click  
I had already made my name in the click  
But you got famous and shit  
I got my solja rag and dangled my shit  
I was down to just to hang wit you shit  
And I banged to the boogie bang bang wit yo click  
And I ain't even from the 3, my hood was angry at me,  
shit

But I rose to my feet, played the post wit the heat  
At them shows while you performed and posed  
I was waitin' for a nigga to jump  
See I was patient but was ready to duck  
'Cuz you my brother chump  
Real Gs never buckle up

But every family ain't filled wit gangstas that's real  
And that's real and I would never turn my back or turn  
ya down  
Even if you turned around muthafucka  
But history is history  
I miss you and I know you missin' me  
Juve it, but

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You was my nigga, my nerd, my joy, my herb  
My main muthafuckin' man Turk  
My other, my partner, I was teacher, he was father  
I skilled, he schooled, we chilled, we moved  
We thug, we hung, we ate, we slept  
We lived, we died, I stayed, you left

Remember how we played to the left  
And we stayed out of trouble 'cuz we stayed to our self  
Remember Slim and B were leavin', handin' the ki's  
over  
Tell me not to go Uptown and we went straight to tha  
Nolia  
While I watched you reunite wit yo soljas  
And yo mom and brothers, while I lied to the stunna  
Yeah those were the times my brother  
Now I recognize real and I honor my brother  
Yea nigga sub mage my brother, the Squad's my

brother  
The nigga you left behind is my brothers

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