

Lil' Wayne

"I Miss My Dawgs - (with Reel)"

Visit "[I Miss My Dawgs - \(with Reel\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"I Miss My Dawgs"

[Lil Wayne talking]

Yea.yea.yea.yea

This is the Carter muthafucka, yea

And in my building I must keep it real

[Lil Wayne]

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 never change and I miss ya, and its strange but I
never forget ya

Throw that at you and them bitches homie

And I know that aint 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 yea

We still a army in this bitch homie

Yea Cash Money still the shit homie, shit homie

Whats really real is you feelin me nigga

That Hot Boy shit still in me nigga, word the giggity
nigga

And I aint got time to speak the history

I miss you and I know you missin

Gizzle but

[Hook: Reel (Lil Wayne) Repeat X2]

Man I miss my dawgs(yea)

Many nights club poppin(yea)

Many nights we were blowin trees(yea)

Many nights we were hustlin(yea)

Man I miss my dawgs(yea)

Me and you through thick and thin(yea)

Me and you through the very end(yea)

For only you I was in the game(yea)

[Lil Wayne]

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 aint even from the 3(3rd Ward), 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
'cause you my brother chump
Real Gs never buckle up
But every family aint 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 but

[Hook]

[Repeat X2]

[Lil Wayne]

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 'cause we stayed to our
self
Member B and Slim leavin, hand 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
Yea 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

[Hook]

[Repeat X2]

Visit [Lil' Wayne](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.