

M**"Goodbye To My Homies"**

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[Master P]

RIP homie RIP

[Sons of Funk/Mo B. Dick]

How do I say goodbye to what we had

The good times that made us laugh outweighed the
bad

I thought we'd get to see forever

But forever's gone away

It's so hard to say goodbye to my homies

[Master P]

Yall niggas smile for my ghetto heroes

So many homies gone trying to ball till they fall

Now I'm left with nothing but old cards

and a bunch of pictures on the wall

RIP tatoos nigga, just to show you that we real

But I still can't believe that your dead fool, and how you
got killed

And on your birthday me and my boys visit your grave

And I remember when you first got high

and the first time you got laid

And I'm going through a thing, Kevin nigga, what
should I do

I never imagined living life without a nigga like you

[Sons of Funk/Mo B. Dick]

Chorus

Cause it's so hard to say goodbye to my homies

Cause it's so hard to say goodbye to my homies

[Master P]

We shed so many ghetto tears, see time is crazy

And every sunday grandma go to church

she said she gotta pray for her baby

And ah, your little son, he look just like you

And momma going through a thang, but she gonna
pull it through

And ah me, C and Silk we got a little money but that
don't mean shit

Cause I burn all that shit up nigga, just to have you
again

And it's real out here, all you niggas that's goin
through some pain

Keep your head up, and this for everybody

that lost a relative in the street game
[Sons of Funk/Mo B. Dick]
Chorus
[Silkk The Shocker]
Now look, I couldn't imagine life without you
I just sit here wonderin why
But the law of life, and god placed us here
and said everybody must die
Ended hard trying to move on but still I try
Even though we got money, judgement day
just some things we can't buy
Even though you gone, I never let you move on
Cause every time i think about you
I sit back and write your name in a song
Now ashes to ashes, and dust to dirt
It's kinda spooky when one day I see your face on a t-
shirt
I just pray to god it's hard wishing it would get better
And why it take a death or a funeral to bring our family
together
Now look, we done lost a brother, your son done lost a
father
Life ain't promised us so tell somebody you love them
You'll never know whether they'll be here tomorrow
[Sons of Funk/Mo B. Dick]
Chorus

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