

Master P "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 that 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]

Y'all need to smile for my ghetto heroes nigga

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 she'd 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 mamma going through a thang, but she gonna
pull it through
And ah, me, C and Silkk, we got all the 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
Aint it 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 I see your face on a t-shirt
I just pray to god it's hard wishing it would get better
And watch it, cause death or funerals 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 when they'll be here tommorow

[Sons of Funk/Mo B. Dick]
Chorus

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