

R. Kelly**"I Wish (feat. Boo and Gotti)"**

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Yo', what up, my n****
You know I was in the hood
I just thought I'd stop by
Holler at you for a minute
Pour out a little liquor or some'in'

N****, we done been through a lot of s*** together
From runnin' these streets to bein' down for whatever
And now that you're gone I got a whole lot of s*** to
tell you
Things I should've said way back when we was younger

Remember when we used to roll hand in hand
And now I'm trippin' on how I really miss you, man
And remember when you and me would say
We'd get up out this hood and everything would be
okay

It's all good now (My n****)
We out the hood now (Mmm)
We had the same ideas, but not the same careers
We shared the same old laugh, and now the same
tears

You were my homie, my soney, my Roni
My n**** and never placed no b**** before me
Man, I sear to God I love for that s***
Why'd you have to get hit
Where was I, what time was it

You were supposed to get older with me
On stage, hands on shoulders with me
Coppin' them Range Rovers with me
Sittin' on thangs and smokin' trees

And if it wasn't for the will that God had made
I'd turn back the hands of time and take your place
Sittin' here sippin' on this Hennessy
Just thinkin' about how much you meant to me (My
n****)

Even when you're gone you will always be my n****
When you went home I'm still missin' you, my n****
I'm feelin' like the timing was wrong, my n****
I know you're smilin' down sayin' carry on, my n****

Some times my nights can get long, my n****
Some times I feel God did me wrong, my n****
So I had to write a song, my n****
Just to let you know that you're still my n****

I wish, I wish, I wish (Oh, I)
I wish, I wish, I wish

Little son is lookin' at me like, "Where is my daddy?"
And your 13-year old daughter is mad Rcause she
understands
Promised your mama I'd take care of the family
But she's so hurt, she turns away my helpin' hands

Damn, I wish your a** was here, my n****
To grow that gray beard and smoke that cigar, my
n****
And we would talk about you gettin' up out this game
And you would tell me how it keeps callin' your name

(We used to ride-ride-ride)
Never afraid to (Die-die-die)
But some times we (Cry-cry-cry)
Askin' the Lord (Why-why-why)
They're tearin' down these projects

We were homies for like 20 thug years
Sat in church and cried the same thug tears
You remember when Vibe World Premier
How we used to share the same old gear

And remember when you and me would say
We'd get up out this hood and everything would be
okay

(It's all good now) My n****
We out the hood now
It's so easy for folks to say, "Rob, just live on"
When I'm dyin' every second that you're gone
Nevertheless I try my best to be strong
Hopin' you said your prayers before you went on home

When we stood on these blocks and just shot the
breeze
We'd slapbox dead in the middle of streets
And if a fight broke out, you would take up for me

You're all I have left of these ghetto memories

I wish, I wish, I wish (Oh, I)
I wish, I wish, I wish

Uh, uh, yo' dog, I can't explain how I miss you
We stayed together, coppin' cane, poppin' pistols
I miss you most
Puttin' the doo rag over your bean head
Even out the hood on the scene you brag (Whoa)
Comin' up off the fiends for bags
Runnin' up out the cleaners, drag
You was the closest n**** I had
Look how we stayed aces
Hustled, made big faces
I wish we could trade places
F*** givin' you ice, I'd rather give you life
And the things that I had, I'd give you twice (Oh,
yeah)

So what the deal, my n****, I know you holdin' it down
If you could see me you would say I'm talkin' soft
right now
But it's hard for me to see when I'mma see you again
And I know it's f***ed up, I gotta talk through this
pen
But you'd died for the love of the dough
The love of the block, 16 you was runnin' the spot
Boy, your mama used to hate how we stood on the curb
Hangin' with wild thug n****s, smokin' the herb (Mmm,
hmm, hmm)
I'm gonna keep pourin' this liquor and that's my word
This here is for n****s that be flippin' them birds
(Oh)
Word up!

Even though you know you will always be my n****
(Whoa...whoa...oh...oh..)
Even though you're gone you will also be my n****
I'm feelin' like the time when I'm high, my n****

I'm feelin' like time
I'm strung out, sayin', "Radio, please don't take the
n**** out this song Let it play on, go on, on So I had to
write this song, my n**** Just to let you know that
you're still my n****

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