

R. Kelly**"I Wish Remix To All The Homies That We Lost"**

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R.Kelly talking]

Yo what up, my nigga

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 something

[R.Kelly]

Nigga, we done been through a lot of shit together
From running these streets to being down for whatever
And now that you're gone I got a whole lot of shit 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 tripping 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 nigga)

We out the hood now

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 nigga and never placed no bitch before me

Man, I swear to God I love you for that shit

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

Copping them Range Rovers with me

Sitting on thangs and smoking 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

Sitting here sipping on this Hennessy

Just thinking about how much you meant to me (My
nigga)

Even when you're gone you will always be my nigga

When you went home I'm still missing you, my nigga

I'm feeling like the timing was wrong, my nigga

I know you're smiling down saying carry on, my nigga
Sometimes my nights can get long, my nigga
Sometimes I feel God did me wrong, my nigga
So I had to write a song, my nigga
Just to let you know that you're still my nigga

[Chorus]

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

[R.Kelly]

Little son is looking at me like, "Where is my daddy?"
And your 13-year old daughter is mad 'cause she
understands
Promised your mama I'd take care of the family
But she's so hurt, she turns away my helping hands
Damn, I wish your ass was here, my nigga
To grow that gray beard and smoke that cigar, my
nigga
And we would talk about you getting up out this game
And you would tell me how it keeps calling you name
(We used to ride-ride-ride)
Never afraid to (Die-die-die)
But sometimes we (Cry-cry-cry)
Asking the Lord (Why-why-why)
They're tearing 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 nigga
We out the hood now
It's so easy for folks to say, "Rob, just live on"
When I'm dying every second that you're gone
Nevertheless I try my best to be strong
Hoping 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

[Chorus]

[Boo]

Uh, uh, yo dog, I can't explain how I miss you
We stayed together, copping cane, poppin pistols
I miss you most

Putting the doo rag over your bean head
Even out the hood on the scene you brag (whoa)
Coming up off the fiends for bags
Running up out the cleaners, drag
You was the closest nigga I had
Look how we stayed aces
Hustled, made big faces
I wish we could trade places
Fuck giving you ice, I'd rather give you life
And the things that I had, I'd give you twice (Oh yeah)
[Gotti]
So what the deal, my nigga, I know you holding it down
If you could see me you would say I'm talking soft right
now
But it's hard for me to say when I'ma see you again
And I know it's fucked up, I gotta talk through this pen
But you died for the love of the dough
The love of the block, 16 you was running the spot
Boy, your mama used to hate how we stood on the curb
Hanging with wild thug niggas, smoking the herb
I'm gonna keep pouring this liquor and that's my word
This here is for my niggas that be flipping them birds
Word up!

[R.Kelly]
Even though you know you will always be my nigga
(Whoa...whoa...oh...oh)
Even though you're gone you will also be my nigga
I'm feeling like the time when I'm high, my nigga
I'm feeling like the time
I'm strung out, saying "Radio, please don't take the
nigga out
this song"
Let it play on, play on, play on, play on...
So I had to write this song, my nigga
Just to let you know that you're still my nigga

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