

## R. Kelly

# "I Wish - Remix (To The Homies That We Lost)"

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Yo, what up, my nigga?  
You know, I was in the hood  
I just thought I'd stop by and holler at you for a minute  
Pour out a little liquor or somethin'

Nigga, we done been through a lot of shit together  
From runnin' these streets to bein' down for whatever  
And now that you're gone I got a whole lot of shit to tell  
ya  
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 nigga, we out the hood now  
We had the same ideas, but not the same careers  
We shared the same old laugh, but not the same tears

You were my homie, my stoney, my Rollie  
My nigga and never placed no bitch befo' me  
Man, I swear to God I love 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  
Coppin' 'em 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 Hennessey  
Just thinkin' about what you meant to me, my nigga

Even though you're gone, you will always be my nigga  
Though you made it home, I'm still missin' you, my  
nigga  
I'm feelin' like the timing was wrong, my nigga

I know you're smilin' down sayin', "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

I wish, I wish, I wish  
I wish, I wish, I wish

Your little son is lookin' at me like, "Where's my  
daddy?"  
And your thirteen-year old daughter is mad 'cuz 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 ass was here, my nigga  
To grow that gray beard and smoke that cigar, my  
nigga  
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'd cry, cry, cry  
Askin' the Lord, why, why, why  
They're tearin' down these projects

We were homies for like twenty 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 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

We done stood on these blocks and just shot the  
breeze  
We'd slap-box dead in the middle of streets  
And if a fight broke out, you would take up for me  
Now all I have left are these ghetto memories

I wish, I wish, I wish  
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

Comin' up off the fiends wit bags, runnin' up out the  
cleanest Jag  
You was the closest nigga I had  
Look how we stayed aces hustled, made big faces  
I wish we could trade places

Fuck givin' you ice I'd rather give you life  
And the things that I had, I'd give you twice  
What the deal, my nigga? 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 say when I'ma see you again  
And I know it's fucked up, I gotta talk through this pen  
But you'd died for the love of the dough  
The love of the block sixteen you was runnin' the spot

Boy, your mama used to hate how we stood on the curb  
Hangin' with wild thug niggas smokin' the herb  
I'm gonna keep pourin' this liquor and that's my word  
This here is for niggas that be flippin' them birds, word  
up

Even though you're gone you will always be my nigga  
Even though you're home I'm still missin you, my nigga  
I'm feelin' like the timing was wrong, my nigga  
(I'm feelin' like timing was wrong)  
I know you're smilin' down sayin', "Carry on, my nigga"  
("Radio, please don't take the "nigga" out my song)

Sometimes my nights can get long, my nigga  
(Let it play on, play on, play on, play on, play on")  
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

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