

R. Kelly**"I Wish Remix To The Hommies That Were Lost"**

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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 some, in,

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 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 nigga)
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 nigga and never placed no bitch before me
Man, I sear 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' 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

nigga)

Even when youÃ,'re gone you will always be my nigga
When you went home IÃ,'m still missinÃ,' you, my
nigga
IÃ,'m feelinÃ,' like the timing was wrong, my nigga
I know youÃ,'re smilinÃ,' down sayinÃ,' carry on, my
nigga

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

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

Little son is lookinÃ,' at me like, "Where is my daddy?"
And your 13-year old daughter is mad Ã,'cause she
understands
Promised your mama IÃ,'d take care of the family
But sheÃ,'s so hurt, she turns away my helpinÃ,' 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 gettinÃ,' up out this game
And you would tell me how it keeps callinÃ,' your name

(We used to ride-ride-ride)
Never afraid to (Die-die-die)
But some times we (Cry-cry-cry)
AskinÃ,' the Lord (Why-why-why)
TheyÃ,'re tearinÃ,' 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
WeÃ,'d get up out this hood and everything would be
okay

(ItÃ,'s all good now) My nigga
We out the hood now
ItÃ,'s so easy for folks to say, "Rob, just live on"
When IÃ,'m dyinÃ,' every second that youÃ,'re gone
Nevertheless I try my best to be strong
HopinÃ,' 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 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 (Oh,
yeah)

So 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 see when I'mma 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, 16 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
(Mmm,
hmm, hmm)
I'm gonna keep pourin' this liquor and that's my
word
This here is for niggas that be flippin' them birds
(Oh)
Word up!

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 feelin' like the time when I'm high, my nigga

I'm feelin' like time

I'm strung out, sayin', "Radio, please don't take
the
nigga out this song
Let it play on, go on, 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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