

T Ice

"Dear Homie"

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[Hen-Gee]

Dear Homie, whats the hap, since your up in the sky?

With God by your side

Homie what's it like?

I know your bein' treated right

No more worries

Plus you're bein heard G

I guess you know niggaz is still trippin

I don't know why, they see a future in it

We're headed for self-destruction

Can't function

Only thing I can do is pray

And thank God, for another day

Yes Homie, it's rough down here. I gotta watch my back

Cos it's hard being black

If it ain't the other

It's my own colour

Tryin to work me

Tryin to hurt me

Ain't no L-O-V-E

Please tell me why, Dear Homie

[Ice-T]

Dear Homie, gang-bangin ain't joke

And I'm lookin over ya loc

Always knew there was fools out to get me

I didn't even hear the gunshots till after the slugs hit
me

I grabbed for my chest and my neck, hopin

When my head hit the ground my skull busted open

You used to ask for my advice

Well Dear Homie, dyin ain't nothin nice

And the place I'm at is overpacked

With young blacks who crash crack and gats

I can only pray

You don't come this way

You gotta stay alive, you got a kid G

I feel ya partner but I worry alot

Bust shots

I know you're tryin' to comfort me

But I don't want no company, Homie

[Hen-Gee]

Dear Homie, even though you're gone

I still fell your presence

Sometimes I can sleep

Cos I just can't see

Reality like it really should be seen

I still reminisce on how we used to kick it

Strollin' the yard, just hangin' out together

Down for whatever, whenever

And now I'm hopin, you're seeing a true friend in me
we where meant to be

[Ice-T]

Dear Homie, you used to call me O.G.

Now ya really gotta look up to me

Cos the place I'm at, is way high in the sky

I didn't want to die

But the life I lived was just to reckless

Too many bad marks on God's checklist

And many many brothers will go out

Just tryin to get that hard-core street clout

But a street reps final test, is when you're lying in a
coffin

with you're hands folded on your chest.

Then ya hear the girls cry

Then ya hear the brothers lie

Talkin' about how down you was

Then the next week the back on the street, they cold
forgot ya cuz'.

Don't wanna see ya on your back,

So for me stay sucka free, cos you don't need that,
Homie.

Dear Homie...

Dear Homie...

Ya know I miss ya Homie

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