

Do or Die f/ Johnny P

"Dead Homies"

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(Johnny P, singing)

Now I lay me down to sleep
Said I pray the Lord, my soul to keep
If I should die, before I wake
Said I pray the Lord, my soul to taaaaake

(Verse 1, AK)

I feel like a bullet floatin' through the wrong hole
Seein' different dimensions and lost souls
Tackled by jackles and livin' my life on the wrong road
So I simply advise those to, travel through the black
hole you
Incarcerated, but even though you've been obligated
At the bottom of the pit where the sharks are in it
Depressed and intoxicated, cloud my memories
Like someone just wished me, mayhem to infinity
So I pray that the end is around me
Cuz ain't no tellin' where the clowns'll be
Pre-meditated ground to me, how the fuck that sound
to me
Frown to me, didn't know how to put your rounds on me
See my brother is dead, my daddy was lost in a car
crash
My grandmother, killed by cancer
So I dealt wit' the cards that was dealt to me
People selfishly, keep askin' me this bullshit, like
What the fuck it felt to me? My nigga died in my arms
Wit' a jab in is left palm, I'm sinkin'
Deep in my membrane, to the finest thing which we call
pain
The fact of the matter, it makes you wanna use them
thangs, stress
Float through the B's we be smokin' on constantly
Wit' a buncha stereo-typin' niggas muggin' me and
judgin' me
But the shit I love to see, is yo kids be huggin' me
To cross roles of reality, casually, casualties
This shit is still to me, so motherfuckas keep feelin' me
Cuz motherfucka it's real wit me

(Hook, Johnny P)

This, is, for, my, deaaad homies (This is for my homies)
This, is, for, my, deaaad homies (Ohh can you hear me)
This, is, for, my, deaaad homies (Comin' from the bottom of my heart, yeah)
This, is, for, my, deaaad homies (Ohhh)

(Verse 2, Belo)

I touch on my tummy and feel pain
I run up the ground as I cry rain
I feel like the pets out the membrane
I roll on the curb when I smoke Jane
Now tell me this bitch and this mark's name
I bet'cha this nigga da hot one
I'm burnin' this bitch when I spot one
And bring on the clique, cuz I shot one
I pick up the phone and I can't call
I'm hearin' the voice, but it ain't y'all
I scribble yo name on a stone wall
I drink the Remy wit' my road dawg
I'ma have to see if it come to
I'm gunnin' the nigga that gunned you
I'm one of the realest to run to
Can't wait til' the day that I'm with you
I'm seein' yo face on my back wall
Lil' Val took a slug in a downfall
Thats when I be in the crossfire
You ain't killed all of them, so I can't die
And revenge is a must, so I can't lie
I got niggas on the air, and they gon' ride
You and all of them boys, and we gon' fire
So sleep wit' yo guns in the darkness
I'm gonna be harder than hardest
I visit yo grave and regardless
A mission regardless

(Johnny P)

Nigga, nigga, niigga

(Hook, Johnny P)

This, is, for, my, deaaad homies (This is for my homies)
This, is, for, my, deaaad homies (It's been too hard livin')
This, is, for, my, deaaad homies (But I'm afraid to diiiiiee)
This, is, for, my, deaaad homies (Woo!)

(Verse 3, N.A.R.D.S)

Now in the midst of the storm

Inject these lethal warnings
Be the torn, please rest they soul
The different load, only Christ only knows
Even though, we sit and blow, fold to the ways of time
J-Rock was sprayed with nines, now the blind, and
leadin' the blind
You kiss me, because he wanted a Jag and sell those
ki's to entrepreneurs
He can't seem to keep his life, on one accord
And it seem like death and jail is callin, for the same
vocals
Got bullets that'll aim and choke you, worldwide and
even local
Tellin' visions of tell how they soak you
But I'm not concerned with the evening news
Takin' clips of what this evil do
When the demons in hell's has led that you've been
said, that you
School, may the Lord take care of you, conversations,
we shared a few
While around, we laughed, broke some rules, smoked
some weed
And share some bust styles too, now what am I gonna
do
You gone and left me so befuddled
I pray that the Lord hear my heart and a sample my
puzzle
And embracing cuddles, and I sent out prayers
And massive puddles

(Johnny P)

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(Hook, Johnny P)

This, is, for, my
This, is, for, my (This is for my homies)
This, is, for, my (this is for my hoomies)
This, is, for, my
This, is, for, my (This is for my)
This, is, for, my (Ohh my)
This, is, for, my (Comin' from the bottom of my heart)
This, is, for, my (Yeahh)
This, is, for, my (It's been too hard livin')
This, is, for, my (I'm afraid to diiiiee)
This, is, for, my
This, is, for, my
This, is, for, my (Diiiee, ohhhhh)
This, is, for, my

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