

Elton John F/ Davey Johnstone, Caleb Quaye

"This is for My Homiez"

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(Pump funk fo the people)

Yeah

Come around my way

Come around my way

It's the Big Ill with the Al

(This is for the homies)

[VERSE 1: Al Skratch]

I got a letter from my homie Big Ill in the mail

It said: Use your head, Al, stay away from jail

Cause ah, it ain't for you and ah, it ain't for me

I tell you now it ain't the place you wanna be

So I keep to myself nowadays

Lay back, recline and get paid from my phrase

Sometimes I get caught in a deep thought

As I drink a quart of the cold old dog that I bought

The more I drink, the more I start to think of him

Locked up in the clink, will he sink or swim?

I'm what they call the rap rebel Madball

I'm nice with the dice, watch em bounce off the wall

I come to your party, bounce through with my crew

We pourin out some brew for some homies that we
knew

I'm searchin for my homie but he can't be found

I wanna give him a pound and let him know that he's
down

Where the homies

Creepin through the hood

Where my homies

Come around my way

Aiyo up to no good

(Where my homies)

Where they at, where they at

(Creepin through the neighborhood

For all those good times we had together

This song is for the homies

This is for the homies)

[VERSE 2: Big Ill the Mack]

Well, it's Big Ill, the Babblin Bum, the bum that's babblin
Don't try to step to this, my fist be travellin
Unravellin, land on the gravel when you fall
Yes yes y'all, I travel through the messhall
Now where my homie, I'm by my lonely
I shoulda listened to what my mama told me
But it's too late, I'm upstate pumpin weight cause I'm frail
What you gonna do when you get out of jail?
Bust a cap, bust a cap, put that ass on the map
Here's a slap in the grill cause you tried to front on Ill
And I'm locked down (plow!) how the Glock sound?
That's what you get for tryin to blow up the spot, clown
That's the ability, load up the artillery
Your body I'll deliver to the river, gee
Remember me with the (Crooklyn residency)
Now you can take me out of Brooklyn but you can't take Brooklyn out of me
That's how it be, gee

(Raise your forties
For the missing homies
For all those good times we had together
This song is for our homies
This is for the homies, yeah)

[VERSE 3: Big Ill the Mack (& Al Skratch)]

Well, it's the I to the I to the I
Straight out the cell with Al, from the fiery pits of hell
(Aiyo what's up Big Ill, how you doin?)
Aiyo what's up Al Skratch, now can we woo-woo-woo?
(Come around my way) That's what I'm about to do
(Come around my way) Aiyo, I wanna kick it with your crew
(Now 1-2 in the project halls with the Madballs
Everyday all day, on 56 Broadway)
But I'm Big Ill comin straight out the pen
B to the k to the I to the y to the n
Bo! (Let off a round, how that sound?)
Ain't nothin goin down without the Brooklyn and the Uptown)
Yeah, so where my homies at? (They're over here)
Now do they got my back, do they got my back? (Yeah)
Don't creep through my hood in the wrong way
(This is for my homies) Now let the song play

Shipped upstate

Aiyo it's too late

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