

## Kelly R

### "I Wish"

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(feat. Boo and Gotti)

Yo', what up, my n\*\*\*\*  
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'

N\*\*\*\*, we done been through a lot of s\*\*\* together  
From runnin' these streets to bein' down for whatever  
And now that you're gone I got a whole lot of s\*\*\* 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 n\*\*\*\*)  
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 scone, my Roni  
My n\*\*\*\* and never placed no b\*\*\*\* before me  
Man, I sear to God I love for that s\*\*\*  
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

n\*\*\*)

Even when you're gone you will always be my n\*\*\*\*  
When you went home I'm still missin' you, my n\*\*\*\*  
I'm feelin' like the timing was wrong, my n\*\*\*\*  
I know you're smilin' down sayin' carry on, my n\*\*\*\*

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

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

Little son is lookin' at me like, "Where is my daddy?"  
And your 13-year old daughter is mad Rcause 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 a\*\* was here, my n\*\*\*\*  
To grow that gray beard and smoke that cigar, my  
n\*\*\*\*  
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 (Cry-cry-cry)  
Askin' the Lord (Why-why-why)  
They're tearin' 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  
We'd get up out this hood and everything would be  
okay

(It's all good now) My n\*\*\*\*  
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

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 n\*\*\*\* I had  
Look how we stayed aces  
Hustled, made big faces  
I wish we could trade places  
F\*\*\* 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 n\*\*\*\*, 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 f\*\*\*ed 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 n\*\*\*\*s, smokin' the herb (Mmm,  
hmm, hmm)  
I'm gonna keep pourin' this liquor and that's my word  
This here is for n\*\*\*\*s that be flippin' them birds  
(Oh)  
Word up!

Even though you know you will always be my n\*\*\*\*  
(Whoa...whoa...oh...oh..)  
Even though you're gone you will also be my n\*\*\*\*  
I'm feelin' like the time when I'm high, my n\*\*\*\*

I'm feelin' like time  
I'm strung out, sayin', "Radio, please don't take the  
n\*\*\*\* out this song Let it play on, go on, on So I had to  
write this song, my n\*\*\*\* Just to let you know that  
you're still my n\*\*\*\*

