

# Gospel Gangstaz, Y Cain't Da Homies Hear Me?

Yeah for the 9 6

DMG remix

O Double G's back out

(Mr. Solo)

my dog concocked the blues  
it was just last Friday they told me about the news  
I swings my feet up out my bed into my house shoes  
its Saturday morning, no yawnin, strictly mournin  
I do's my high jeans on, my dickies, I hear a hornin  
its my homie Chill, he comes to scoop me in the plush rego  
to take me to the mall to pick up my black tuxedo  
no words, the straight face, today's no joke  
I stopped at a liquor store in the 4 to buy me a pair of loc's  
I wipe my tears up until my face was all cleared up  
we bunches out to the house to get geared up  
across the bed I laid, prayed, grieved within  
I cried again at the thought my homie died in sin  
tryin to claim the hood, straight puttin in work, getting played like spades  
and it makes my heart hurt cuz my homeis won't change  
and to make matters worse, every other month  
I'm visitin the pen or followin a hearse  
escorted to a funeral, gang stereotype  
cadillacs and folds rolls deep to a burial site  
Solo be tryin not to cry, but my eyes give my face a shower  
I looks to God to give me strength and power as I drop the flowers on the casket  
as I pass it by and wonders why  
and tell how many more homies got to die  
before they realize that life is quicker than the eyes  
and famin your rep by claimin your set will only lead to lost lives  
but oh, Mr. Solo knows another way  
and out of respect they sit and listen to every word that big homie Solo got to say  
and when I speak I speaks clearly  
but as they walks away they hits me up in the hood, why can't my homies hear me?  
why can't the homies hear me?  
why can't the homies hear me?  
why can't the homies hear me?  
why can't the homies hear me? hear me

(Chille Chill)

one more time in your mind its gangsta Chizill  
rollin thru your hood in a drop top caddy coupe devizille  
The homies at the dope spot tryin to clock deals  
packin hot steel, and just like milk they top bills  
straight servin all the young gangstas on the curve and  
got that cain and urban, even got that sherman drinkin that burban  
but they don't know the po-po  
got a videotape of their faces and they catchin cases  
and the judge is stretchin 'em out like they plastic  
I'm seein my homies goin to the pen, catchin years, thats drastic  
locked up with unaccomplished dreams and unfullfilled purpose  
goin to Hell cuz they wanted to sell, now was it worth it?  
I know all about survival, im a ghetto man  
but let me tell you where its crackin on the devil's plan  
Satan came to kill, destroy, and jack  
(what Jesus do?) but Jesus came to give you life on bizack  
but still you sell dope to the folk in your community  
its time to sit down and have a long talk, loc, just you and me  
I breaks 'em off to God when it hurts me dearly  
to see my homies hustle and get popped by the cops, why can't the homies hear me?  
  
why can't the homies hear me? listen to me homie, yeah  
why can't the homies hear me?  
why can't the homies hear me?

why can't the homies hear me?

(Mr. Solo)

uh, my homies be hitting me up like im the same Solo  
but no im changed, and no I don't bang no more  
dont even trip with me cuz Solo don't owe none of you  
I know what Abe was talkin about, my hood was takin me under too  
had to go for self, had to get me some help, so now I can help someone else  
I found the Truth to pull my homies up off the devil's shelf  
I see what you see, do you see what I see  
I go to my neighbourhood, the wall is filled with RIPs  
I see OGs I looked up to cuz they was loc'ed out  
I comes to the hood to find my big homies is smoked out (smackin)  
I tell them that the Blood of Christ is able to change your life  
they wouldnt listen and they overdosin every night  
and my homegirls, no I can't forget about em  
I told 'em the brother was a hustler, "you can do without him"  
but still she keeps bringin him home, now she's pregnant alone, and now he's gone  
Lord please draw near me so my homies can hear me

why can't the homies hear me? tell me why  
why can't the homies hear me? oh why?  
why can't the homies hear me?  
why can't the homies hear me?  
why? why? talk to me homie  
why? why? I wanna hear what you've got to say  
why? why? face to face, G to G, talk to me homie  
why? why? God understands what you're goin through  
why? why? ive been right there where you are  
why? why? open up and let the Love of God shine in your heart  
why? why? He wants to set you free, He want to set you free, like He did me  
why? why? oh  
I'm hurting inside  
God knows I don't wanna see you die, oh die, don't die  
yeah, yeah