

# 2Pac, If My homies Call

Ever since you was a pee-wee, down by my knee  
with a wee-wee

We been coochie-coo all through school, you and  
me G

Back in the days we played practical jokes on  
everybody smoked with they locs and the yolks on

All through high school, girls by the dozens

Sayin we cousins, knowin that we wasn't

But like the old saying goes

Times goes on, and everybody grows

Grew apart, had to part, went our own ways

You chose the dope gaaaane, my microphone pays

In many ways we were paid in the old days

So far away from the crazies with AK's

And though I been around clowning with the

Underground

I'm still down with my homies from the hometown

And if you need, need anything at all

I drop it all for y'all, if my homies call

Verse Two:

It's a shame, you chose the dope game

Now you slang cane on the streets with no name

It was plain that your aim was mo' cane

You got game now you run with no shame

I chose rappin tracks to make stacks

In fact I travel the map with raps that spray cats

But now I don't wanna down my homie

No matter how low you go you're not lowly

And I, hear that you made a few enemies

But when you need a friend you can depend on me,  
call

If you need my assistance there'll be no  
resistance

I'll be there in an instant

Who am I to judge another brother, only on his  
cover

I'd be no different than the other

H-to-the-O-to-the-M-to-the-I-to-the-E

I'm down to the E-N-D

Cause it's a fall in no time at all

I'm down for y'all, when my homies call

Word, if my homies call

Verse Three:

Well it's ninety-one and I'm livin kinda swell now

But I hear that you're going through some hell pal

But life makin records ain't easy

It ain't what I expected it's hectic it's sleazy

But I guess that the streets is harder

Trying to survive in the life of a young godfather

My homies is making it elsewhere

Striving, working nine to five with no health care

We both had dreams of being great

But his deferred, and blurred and changed in  
shaped

It's fate, it wasn't my choice to make

To be great, I'm giving it all it takes

Trying to shake, the crates and fakes and snakes

I gotta take, my place or fall from grace

The foolish way, the pace is quick and great

Smiling face, to hide the trace of heat

But my homie would never do me wrong

That's why I wrote this song, if you ever need me  
it's on

No matter who the foe they must fall

Us against them all I'm down to brawl if my  
homies call