

# Fat Pat, Missing Our G's

(\*talking\*)

Man, sitting here thinking  
Knowing I miss y'all boys, man  
I hope y'all feel this, we miss you

(Hook - 2x)

How we, miss our G's  
Everyday, all I do is dream and pray  
Hoping that, I can see my homie again

(Fat Pat)

It's been a whole year, you've been gone  
And I still find it hard, to just gold on  
Everybody misses you, P-A-T  
Especially your down ass partna, that's me  
Always on my mind, everytime I turn around  
Up early in the morning, watch em put you in the ground  
A sad day it is, on this New Years  
It seems like the heaven from above, sheds tears  
All my ghetto peers, dead or on lock  
25 to life, it just ain't right  
Praying that the Lord, don't take me in the night  
That long long flight, and ain't no coming back  
Man I miss that Pat, and K.K  
Hoping that I see you boys again, one day  
Daytime from the Tre, Big Butler from that N  
Both of the Bubba twins, doing time in the Penn  
Partnas mean we kin, closer than friends  
So I'm holding on, to the love to the end  
Our skin is a sin, that's why they lock us in  
The ghetto's saying that our kind, just don't blend  
The Penitentiary, ain't no place for us to go  
It's been eight long years, since I seen my kin folk  
Po' out the liquor, roll a gang of smoke  
I'm missing my homies mo' and mo', and mo' you feel me

(Hook - 2x)

(Double D)

It was like yesterday, since me and you was chilling  
My nigga for life, even though life ain't your game no mo'  
It's still the same though, and me and you can feel it  
I know that you up in heaven, wait for me to come and kick it  
I'm ready no doubt, nigga still tripping for nothing  
All of a sudden I thought it wasn't, then it came to busting  
Just lost my baby cousin, to the same shit  
How much deeper can pain get, I'm ready to aim and click  
Reminiscing and missing you, and all these plans we had  
What can a nigga do, pull out some brew  
And make em feel it, when I say a rhyme  
Cause ain't no telling, when my time coming  
Niggaz gunning, but I got no time for running  
You ain't missing nothing, but drama and your mama  
I swear I walk these streets I pack my heat, niggaz don't care  
And to my G's on lock, I pop the top  
Pull out some liquor for your tears, and all these lost years

(Hook - 2x)

(H.A.W.K.)

Now time has gone by, and the years have passed  
Trying to block you out of my mind, is a complicated task  
I mash for my cream, but my job ain't done  
Take it from John it ain't no fun, it's easier said than done

To get over you, my boy Big B  
You gone but not forgotten, up in H.A.W.K.'s memory  
Day-Lee I stop and stare, gaze in the air  
Knowing that nothing is impossible, through hope and prayer  
So my big bro, I know you know  
It happened a long time ago, but it's hard for me to let go  
Now C-O and also, K.K. and Big Dead  
Doing time for the crime, keeping that family fed  
Hold your head up high, and avoid the shife  
Cause when the judge gave you ya sentence, he didn't say life  
Will I see you again, I know the thought is scary  
The Obituary cemetery, and then you buried hail Mary

(Hook - 4x)

(\*Big Moe singing\*)