

Lil Wayne, I Miss My Dawgs

(Lil Wayne talking)

Yea.yea.yea.yea

This is the Carter muthafucka, yea

And in my building I must keep it real

(Lil Wayne)

And man I miss the times, we would shine, you would keep on your side

You would teach me how to ride and you would teach me how to pry

Then we get on the line and go over our lines

We were in the same position and that's when you change position, shit

I never change and I miss ya, and its strange but I never forget ya

Though that at you in dem pictures homie

And I know that aint you wit that dissin on me

That's why I never replied and never will just let em live phony

If ya ever died I swear to God I got yo kids homie

Whats mine is their I gotta give homie, and yea

We still a army in this bitch homie

Yea Cash Money still the shit homie, shit homie

Whats really real is you feelin me nigga

That Hot Boy shit still in me nigga, word to diggity nigga

And I aint got time to speak the history

I miss you and I know you missin

Gizzle but

(Hook: Reel (Lil Wayne) Repeat X2)

Man I miss my dawgs(yea)

Many nights club hoppin(yea)

Many nights we were blowin trees(yea)

Many nights we were hustlin(yea)

Man I miss my dawgs(yea)

Me and you through thick and thin(yea)

Me and you through the very end(yea)

for only you i'll sin again(yea)

(Lil Wayne)

And I remember when you came to the click

I had already made my name in the click, but you got famous and shit

I got my solja rag and dangled my shit

I was honored just to hang wit you shit

And I banged to the boogie bang bang wit yo click

And I aint even from the 3(3rd Ward), my hood was angry at me, shit

But I rose to my feet, played the post wit the heat

At them shows while you performed and posed

I was waitin for a nigga to jump, see I was patient but was ready to dump

Cuz you my brother chump

Real Gs never buckle up

But every family aint filled wit gangstas that's real

And that's real and I would never turn my back or turn ya down

Even if you turned around muthafucka

But history is history

I miss you and I know you missin me

Juve but

(Hook)

(Repeat X2)

(Lil Wayne)

You was my nigga, my nerve, my joy, my hurt

My main muthafuckin man Turk

My other, my partner, I was teacher, he was father

I skilled, he schooled, we chilled, we moved

We thug, we hung, we ate, we slept

We lived, we died, I stayed, you left

Remember how we played to the left

And we stayed out of trouble cuz we stayed to our self
Member Slim and B would leavin and hand the keys over
Tell me not to go Uptown and we went straight to tha Nolia
While I watched you reunite wit yo soljas
And yo mom and brother, while I lied to the stunna
Yea those were the times my brother
Now I recognize real and I honor my brother
Yea nigga sub mage my brother, the Squad's my brother
The niggaz you left behind is my brothers

(Hook)
(Repeat X2)