

# Master P, Goodbye To My Homies

[Master P]  
RIP homie, RIP

[Sons of Funk/Mo B. Dick]  
How do I say goodbye to what we had  
The good times that made us that outweighed the bad  
I thought we'd get to see forever  
But forever's gone away  
It's so hard to say goodbye to my homies

[Master P]  
Yall need to smile for my ghetto heroes nigga

So many homies gone, trying to ball till they fall  
Now I'm left with nothing but old cards  
and a bunch of pictures on the wall  
RIP tatoos nigga, just to show you that we real  
But I still can't believe that your dead fool, and how you got killed  
And on your birthday me and my boys visit your grave  
And I remember when you first got high  
and the first time you got laid  
And I'm going through a thing, Kevin nigga, what should I do  
I never imagined living life without a nigga like you

[Sons of Funk/Mo B. Dick]  
Chorus  
Cause it's so hard to say goodbye to my homies  
Cause it's so hard to say goodbye to my homies

[Master P]  
We shed so many ghetto tears, see time is crazy  
And every sunday grandma go to church  
she said she gotta pray for her baby  
And ah, your little son, he look just like you  
And momma going through a thang, but she gonna pull it through  
And ah, me, C and Silkk, we got all the money but that don't mean shit  
Cause I burn all that shit up nigga, just to have you again  
And it's real out here, all you niggas that's goin through some pain  
Keep your head up, and this for everybody  
that lost a relative in the street game

[Sons of Funk/Mo B. Dick]  
Chorus

[Silkk The Shocker]  
Now look, I couldn't imagine life without you  
I just sit here wonderin why  
But the law of life, and god placed us here  
and said everybody must die  
Aint it hard trying to move on, but still I try  
Even though we got money, judgement day  
just some things we can't buy  
Even though you gone, I never let you move on  
Cause every time i think about you  
I sit back and write your name in a song  
Now ashes to ashes, and dust to dirt  
It's kinda spooky when I see your face on a t-shirt  
I just pray to god it's hard wishing it would get better  
And watch it, cause death or funerals bring our family together  
Now look, we done lost a brother, your son done lost a father  
Life ain't promised us so tell somebody you love them  
You'll never know when they'll be here tommorow

[Sons of Funk/Mo B. Dick]

Chorus