

# Silkk The Shocker, My Homie

SILKK THE SHOCKER LYRICS

&quot;My Homie&quot;  
(feat. C-Murder, Master P)

(Master P)

Damn. I never thought I'd be wearin a suit and tie so many times a year, but like Bone said, to all my homies ain't here, see ya in the crossroads, fool

Imagine this, me dressed in all black  
At a funeral strapped with a chrome gat  
Who died P, I guess it was my homie, black  
Somebody rolled up and shot him in the back  
It was sad, my homie took a damn fall  
Sort of like the TLC video, &quot;Waterfalls&quot;  
But this was the real deal, this ain't no movie  
Niggaz drove up and blasted my homie with a oozie  
Now me and Silkk got to ride  
After the funeral cause it's sad on my side  
Cause in the ghetto, it's one big black moon  
I mean people dyin everyday, we all are doomed  
My mama look at me and say, &quot;Boy, watch yoself!&quot;  
But I can't trip, mama, cause I live for myself  
And if I die on the streets, then it's my time to go  
But if I live to see another day, another funeral  
It's sad, I look into they eyes  
Damn, everybody's got to die  
But one day, I guess we gon to wake up  
When they puttin me in that black truck  
It could be you, it could be her  
But in the end everybody gets did up  
Cause in the ghetto everybody live like Jesse James  
I still question God for callin my homie name

(Chorus I (2X):)

Why my homie had to die?  
Now somebody mama gonna cry

(Silkk)

Now when my grandfather died, I was like 5, it never really touched me much  
But seein my brother layin dead on floor really kinda fucked me up  
I never thought he could be here then he could be gone  
I never thought the day he left the house he wouldn't be comin back home  
I wonder when it's yo time to go, who gon protect you  
See someone died in my family, didn't even much affect you  
I wonder why my homie died at such a young age  
I wonder why my homie death didn't make the front page  
Cause it's a trip, and life ain't even worth to live  
See ya gotta watch out for all us killa kids  
Belive me, I be a youngsta tryin to spit the game  
But it's a damn shame, all of the shit done changed  
Through all the strivin and strugglin I try to stay hard  
But look at Mr. President in the White House tryin to play God  
Put us all in one big ole boat  
They call it housin projects, I call it one big ghetto

Damn. Looks like the Statue of Liberty is cryin  
I guess that mean the whole world is fuckin dyin

(Chorus I (2X))

(C-Murder)

My nigga dead, my nigga died, how the fuck you figure  
Another victim, my brother was a drug deala

I'm paranoid, lookin for the niggaz that did him in  
They say it was his homie coulda been his best friend  
My mama tell me keep my head on solid ground  
But I can't forget how my brotha went down  
An eye for an eye, another must lose his life  
Never seen his kid it's gonna be a bloody night  
Cause when you dead, you can't get a second chance  
It's up to me to make anotha nigga dirty dance  
Sometimes I sit and remenisce about the old days  
Sellin dope and playin ball up in them coke ways  
When I daydream, sometimes I gots to drink  
Close my eyes and then I see my fuckin brother again  
And when I wake up I'm hit by reality  
Realizin, it was just a memory  
Cause everybody put us down for bein drug dealas  
But I say fuck em, and rest in peace Kevin Miller

(Chorus II (2X):)

Why my brother had to die?  
Now somebody mama gonna cry  
Why my homie had to die?  
Now somebody mama gonna cry

(Why my homie had to die) Huh, ya'll niggaz betta wake up, and realize, this muthafuckin album (why my homies got to die) is dedicated to all the niggaz that got a second chance on life, and that's constantly goin to funerals (why my homies got to die) constantly tryin to realize, why they people gotta die (why my brother had to die) And to all them muthafuckin Gs, hustlas, ballas, up there in the crossroads (why my homie had to die) crossfires, this album dedicated to ya'll, too. Cause I know ya'll got them muthafuckin earphones on, ridin in them drop-tops, up there in the clouds (I told ya Kevin, nigga) herbin on this Silkk the Shocker shit. Cause ya'll know (we was gon do this shit) my little nigga done shocked the world (nigga yo brother done did this shit) ya'll niggaz feel this shit, everywhere (Silkk, me and C) all cross the muthafuckin boulder (TRU, nigga) ya'll niggaz feel this shit (No Limit for life) peace, nigga (nigga, I told you we was gon take over this rap shit, nigga) I know you wearin that tatoo up there, fool. (lettin it be known) Me, Silkk and C (yeah, we down here handlin our business) down here countin millions (believe that, nigga) sippin on mo wet (???, fool) toastin to you fool. Huh, we done took over this rap game nigga. Let them niggaz up there know what's happenin.