

# I Miss My Dawgs

Lil Wayne

Yea, yea, yea, yea  
This is the Carter, muthafucka, yea  
An' in my building, I must keep it real  
An' man, I miss the times, we would shine  
You would keep on your side  
You would teach me how to ride  
An' you would teach me how to pry  
Then we get on the line  
An' go over our lines  
We were in the same position  
An' that's when you change position, shit  
I never change an' I miss ya, an' it's strange but I never  
forget ya  
Throw that at you an' them bitches, homie  
An' I know that ain't you wit that dissin' on me  
That's why I never replied an' never will just let 'em live phony  
If ya ever died I swear to God I got yo kids, homie  
What's mine is theirs, I gotta give, homie  
An' yea, we still a army in this bitch, homie  
Yea, cash money still the shit, homie, shit homie  
What's really real? Is you feelin' me, nigga?  
That Hot Boy shit still in me, nigga, word the giggity, nigga  
An' I ain't got time to speak the history  
I miss you an' I know you missin' me, gizzle but  
Man, I miss my dawgs  
Many nights, club hoppin'  
Many nights, we were blowin' trees  
Many nights, we were hustlin'  
Man, I miss my dawgs  
Me an' you, through thick an' thin  
Me an' you, to the very end  
For only you I was in the game  
Man, I miss my dawgs  
Many nights, club hoppin'  
Many nights, we were blowin' trees  
Many nights, we were hustlin'  
Man, I miss my dawgs  
Me an' you, through thick an' thin  
Me an' you, to the very end  
For only you I was in the game  
An' I remember when you came to the click  
I had already made my name in the click, but you got famous an' shit  
I got my solja rag an' dangled my shit  
I was down to just to hang wit you shit  
An' I banged to the boogie bang bang wit yo click  
An' I ain't even from the 3, 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 an' posed  
I was waitin' for a nigga to jump, see I was  
patient but was ready to duck  
'Cuz you my brother chump  
Real Gs never buckle up

But every family ain't filled wit gangstas that's real  
 An' that's real an' I would never turn my  
 back or turn ya down  
 Even if you turned around, muthafucka  
 But history is history  
 I miss you an' I know you missin' me, Juve, but  
 Man, I miss my dawgs  
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 For only you I was in the game  
 You was my nigga, my nerd, my joy, my herb  
 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  
 An' we stayed out of trouble 'cuz we stayed to our self  
 Member B an' Slim were leavin', hand  
 the ki's over  
 Tell me not to go Uptown an' we went straight to tha Nolia  
 While I watched you reunite wit yo soljas  
 An' yo' mom an' brothers, while I lied to the stunna  
 Yea, those were the times, my brother  
 Now I recognize real an' I honor my brother  
 Yea, nigga sub mage my brother, the Squad's my brother  
 The nigga you left behind is my brothers  
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