

# Why My Homie

Silkk The Shocker

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, "Waterfalls"  
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, "Boy, watch yoself!"  
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

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)