

T-Bone, Friends

What's the definition of a true homeboy, one that been down through the thick and the thin. How many real soldiers you got on your team playa? Let's talk about this thing called friends dog

Friends, All my partners and homeboys
Playas is down to ride and stuck by my side
Friends, Thugs that been down with me
Representin me and my clique, the ORC

Who can express what a playa feel
So much gratitude inside of me for my parters that done kept it real
Loyal through the hard times, when didn't nobody care
Everyone puttin' me down, but you was still there
So many come and go, turn from a friend to foe
But trues is with ya when ya seasoned or broke with no doe
Rolling a bucket, or dippin' in dropped double R's
Poor wit no record deal or signed and a superstar
Who can I call on when my backs up against that wall
That won't judge me, but love me and hug me when I trip and fall
Accept my flaws and mistakes, love me for who I am
Stand wit me waving at fans and when I ain't the man
Picture me crying at the age of 9
So many homeys dying, locked up in pens, living a life of crime
Slugs flying and been a witness to homicide
This life taught me love all you homies while they still alive

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Verse 2

Keep your homies close, cuz in this business friends turn against you
Especially when you need em the most, that's when they'll plot against you
Then commence to rubbing your name in the dirt
Leaving you torn apart with all the pain and the hurt
Jealousy and greed twisted with bitterness and envy
Make your friend be your most hated enemy
Seen it happen so many times before
Make you wanna leave the game and not wanna rhyme no more
Brotha against brotha and a father hating son
Somebody tell me what have we done
My back got blood stains and scabs from backstabs
Lived life looking for trues that I can call my comrades
Or soldiers, sick of them lying, backstabbing, vultures
In a world that's getting' colder
Need a shoulder that I can cry on, rely on, till the day I'm gone
We share that homey love thug bond, it's a friend, Baby

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Some call 'em dogs, others call 'em rouges and comrades
Partners, hogs and aces, whatever the case is
Ain't no replacing a true to life friend
Soldier who been down through the thick and the thin
From the womb to the tomb, come floods or typhoons
We stuck together, endured the cuts and the wounds
Scabbed and bruised, survived the fights and the feuds

Separated we nuttin', but together we can't lose
Homeboys to the end, from the hood to the pen
My life in exchange for yours and your children
Nuttin' I wouldn't do for a friend like you
When I needed you the most ya came through (that's true)
When you hurt I feel pain, when you sad I cry
Allies and down homies to the day we die
I got ya back like a chiropractor, from day one
Throughout your life until the final chapter, we best friends play!