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

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

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

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

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 playa!