T-Bone, Tru 2 Life Playas

[Verse 1]

Kinda like tha mafia if you ask me, who's that?

All of them ridas from ORC, why's that?

Cuz we bad like 3 strikers when we spit rhymes and preach to street bikers

Or convicts in ricers

There never ain't no telling what we gonna do

Cuz when you think we through

We come back hit you

Wit another hit, ain't no stopping me and my gang

Boneybone Corleone from the MTV cut fame

Same rapper and same rider, Westsider

Only difference is my beats and rhymes tighter, that's real

Now throw in tha sky if you down wit me

I represent that organized rhyme family

Family tree consist of demon killas

Reaching drug dealers and top billas making scrilla

Livin' in white villas, using guerilla tactics to reach crypts and bloods

And all tha thugs that are looking for love

[Hook]

We's them rhyme sayers, true 2 life plays

Dippin' in navigators not trippin' on all you haters

Making rider music strictly for tha Creator

Wit more game from the bay than the Oakland Raiders

[Verse 2]

From tha land of Chuck Taylors, khaki wearers and gang bangers

Where rap sangers lowride and talk about 'em colored bandanas

Ducking from one time, California sunshine

Projects and streets infested wit thugs that are doing major crimes

Primetime couldn't paint a better picture

Best beware of them locs and O.G.'s from them thugs hit ya

Cuz where we from it's straight scandalous, Los Angeles

Ain't too many players or ridas that can handle us

Slugs flying in every direction you look

Got homeless people living under bridges and drug addicts hooked

Ain't this a shame, that's why me and my gang preachin', like deacons

To bloods, crips, Latinos, Blacks and Puerto Ricans

Every weekend we be speakin' and preachin', teachin'

How we need to be reachin' tha heathen, sleepin'

While tha devils creepin' meetin' to put these suckas names on contracts

And lift up and raise up tha King of kings like a car jack!

[Verse 3]

We making moves like a U-Haul

Playa haters don't get it twisted like RuPaul

We don G's and family, that stick together like Siamese twins

And Chinese steam rice from Chang Lee's

I'm tha, Bone Corleone wit Lucky Luciano, Kevin Blanco and Mr. Donnie Brasco

E-Doggie Montana from Nicaragua, my little patna that we be calling Jimmy Hoffa

Can't forget about Chase Gigant, cuz when I rhyme say he makes'em beats bomb bay

Hot like picante, this is tha click that I be talking about

So if you ain't down wit us then back up before you get clowned