

# 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 tha 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