

# Homeboy

Coolio

A homeboy is somebody that  
Got your back weather you right or wrong  
Somebody that  
Exepts you for what'cho are  
Not what'cho got on  
What'cho can do for them  
If you lucky enough to have some then  
You know what im talkin bout

Friends im a yellows happy  
And not that maby  
The chance of meeting someone these days you can trust is skinny  
But it seems that there really aint a damn thing you can do  
Cuz since the 70's  
It seems everybodys been rolling wit a crew  
A team a gang a possey or some type click  
And if your firm aint think  
Then your swab becomes bitched  
Be extra careful or the ones you call your partner  
Cuz what they really is is a busta out ta rob ya  
And where ever your strength has been  
Your guided clips and a  
Wolf and sheeps clothing  
Cuz some of yall aint knowing  
Me and you go back like roaches in the projects  
And we done been through things they still aint even thought of yet  
A good homie is hard to come by  
But most time you get done by the ones you trust most  
So I gotta make a toast  
To my tried and tested  
And strait up for reel  
Those pull yourself some x-o  
This one heres for you

I done fly one hell  
Walk on water  
But im damn sure your partner  
You can count on me to the end  
Get a pen nigga  
You can call me homeboy  
If I gotta quater  
Then you gotta dime  
And you can call me up no matta what the time  
If you watch my back then ill watch yours  
Nigga you can call me homeboy

Now I done met a lot of haters in my life time  
That I woulda smoked if I woulda had a tech-9  
But here I stand as a man  
And im free ta say  
Im hella glad that my momma didnt raise me that way  
And the homies I grew up wit  
Locs I threw up wit  
Is the kinnda fools that you dont wanna buck wit  
Why does it seem that the good brothas die  
And the evil brothas live  
And prosper and multiply

Faster here at sea to the left hand side  
Wont some many dirt for the homies that expired  
I hope you rest in peace  
And when its time for my realease ill  
Meet'cha at the crossraods dippin in the loll lows  
But until then ima keep my rolls slow  
My flow wont tite say rollin wit the flow oh  
This is comin from the one and only  
And like MC Shares said ill never leave ya lonely

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Me and you is like family  
And everbody know that we go back to back  
And we go toe ta toe  
Comin from the west  
Where the sets run thick  
Where brothas eat the bang or try ta make a grip  
I cross my heart and hope die  
I never lie  
I run out on mine anywhere any time  
Me and my homies dont get involved wit  
That he say she say  
But if you lost you see to ass whoppin  
With your thing mystery player  
Decken like tekken  
So show some respect  
When respect is given to you  
And whatch out for the 42  
Fake curve  
And fool who got the nerve  
To pretend they was there  
When last month they wasnt even around  
Westcoast Eastcoast and worldwide  
My homies in the pen  
And my homies that lived and died  
Im still the same little nappy head brotha from the eastside  
And you can call me homeboy

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