

For The Homies

Bizzy Bone

Don't let the light skin fool you nigga
This your real homeboy
Lil' Bizzy the Kid, is definitely in the motherfuckin community
As I sit down and I write this letter to my dear brother
Dear brother, heavenly grace and peace be unto you
in your time of persecution, dear brother
I pray this letter greets you in good spirits and peace and health
I love you
For the mothfuckin hood and the ghetto
Ain't nothin you need but a homie

For the homie, doin it tight, give you the shirt off of my back
For the homie I sing songs in fact
For the family, I'll never forget you whatever you need
For the family, I'm walkin the streets, I know you see
For my momma, I'm doin it again - I'm doin the best that I can
Gotta love my father, he fathered a man, man, man
For my sister, I help you on out with the nephews
I do the best that I can, for my sister I tell 'em to spread the love
For my brother, I greet you with a spiritual kiss
For my brother, spiritual kisses sellin peace
One, collaborations only to spread that joy
One, for my father, the best homeboy

You can find me with my homies, I'll never run
I'll never hide from my homies, I'm down to ride
I'm down to die with all my homies, kickin with the West Coast soldiers
Reppin for my homies, deep in the streets we stayin up

My homies, they're my young thug outlaws
Down for whatever when it's on Jermaine makes his call
We miss you O.G., from the families locked away
Upstate behind bars up in Pelican Bay
All the rappers, who lost their life in the struggle
From Biggie Smalls, 2Pac, Eazy-E we'll miss your hustle
The trouble, when the lights went out
It's still a war zone and you still the homie, no doubt
Life of a vigilante, with the street authority
My homies are forever 'til, eternity
Enemies get bucked, trust no, man
I'm in the land where they bangin every kids on they hand
Propaganda, in this white man's world
A devil's reject, with a meth-amphetamine burn
The world turns, never leave you lonely
I'm your confidant, your one and only homie

My definition of a homie is a brother with pride
Therefore that I'll always have your back not givin a care who's down to ride
To never leave you astray, to put his life in front of yours
I'm havin a vision in my mind, my dogs are seepin up through my pours
Cause I'm a true blue thug, and I'm keepin it real
My dogs ain't never given away, that's what you call the real deal
As I poured a little liquor for, those who passed
My true, soldiers in the green the game of life and they crashed

My definition of a homie

My dogs ain't never gonna leave me lonely
Straight riders, we ain't no phonies
My criminal styles and Mr. Capone-E's
Straight ridin, through the city
Givin it up for Bizzy Bone and Frank Nitty
Mr. Silent puts it down showin no pity
Rollin it up for all my homies that are with me, with me

[Chorus]