

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 posy 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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