

GQ

"True Homeyz"

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Yea this ones dedicated to all the homies
The realest homies
Yall know who you are
Yeaâ€¦

4 g'z always posted at the pad
True homies going through the pain You never had
Feeling good on a good day
But it aint the same separate ways made us change
True homies homeboy a homie you remain

Sometimes I feel left out like I want to be Alone
just hiding my pain when Im getting gone
With my boys on the side
Sharing the same pain as we bump dem songs
Officially time to move on
Home boy life goes on
But as im reminiscing
Flashing backs straight postin
Like homeboy where the weed at
Dem better days hell yea we need dat
Dem busters trippin like
We gonna make you bleed Biatch young G
No need to pack vest
we bleed less Mellow still
Remember if you don't give in we still hustlin
For a mill or two
And if you tryin to kill me
My homie would run back and kill you
That's how it is exactly When were too true
Like hit me up
And show I got your back
Aint nothin new
Homie love dedicated from me to you
And one day when im gone
Take my message from my song
Cuz I know we all sharin the ghetto blues

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Back in the days we were all alone Cuz we were too
little
Couldn't hang with other kids cuz we were to ghetto
Corruption every step we take
But it's the question
Too many mistakes but we don't wait no fussin
Like fuck it End of discussion
Too busy strugglin Mission complete or lost
We do it again
young out of too'd Grown to be troubled myths
I know your feelin
Probably still dreamin of makin millions
But you aint goin through whats killin
The turning point
That's why we down to business smokin joints
Too leave it all behind with the crack of a smile
And if you could see through my whole soul
Probably takin over by a nine
Us ghetto child's rememberd
Poppin locks breakin the fender taken over
The gang life we know surrender
Pointin fingers spottin out pretenders
Us kings straight runnin the opposite gender
There was always one time we may of recognized
I know your picture homeboy im still reminiscing
Apologize in the best of war im gonna win
Us grown men will always be pictured rollin
In seperat ways but deep down im my soul
Yall will always be my homie,
my homie my homie reminiscin on dem old days

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