

Lighter Shade Of Brown "Homies"

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[Incomprehensible]

Well you ask me what the definition of a homie is
A friend till the end but some start when you're kids
Little traviesos that are always into something
Doing something bad acting like they did nothing

Well here's a little story about a homie named Frankie
Had another little homie that was down for hanky panky
Sort of like Spanky and Alfalfa, Little Rascals
Doing what they doing getting away without a hassle

Like going to the schoolyard for your late passes to
class
Cutting in lunch lines leaving other students last
And strolling to the movies to see a rated R
When mom's dropped them off it's where E.T. would be
the star

Stealing was an issue that just could not be ignored
Taking tapes and 45's from the local record store
Being good kids to them was nothing but bologna
'Cause this is what you do when it's you and your
homies, homies

[Incomprehensible]

My situation with my homies wasn't all fun
Sometimes bad, sometimes sad but had to have one
I wouldn't change it for a thing 'cause it's priceless
Your homies are your down, yup, can I get a righteous

As kids we saw and we did what most kids never did
Took my first swig chilling at my homies crib
Searching for ways, so that we could get presidents
Life was hard being a product of my residence

But me being the youngest, I had to stay strong
Mom's was my teacher 'cause Pop's was already gone
Hung out in the streets doing my own thing
Living in the barrio but I never gangbanged

Coming up was a must, growing up with who I grew up
I found out just who I can trust
Me, myself and I not fronting like a phony
I'm true to the game and I'm down with my homies

[Incomprehensible]

You wanna be my homie well hey I'll tell you something
Hanging with my crew doesn't really mean nothing
Blabbing when I get all toured doing my songs
You gonna want to kick it but listen up here holmes

It goes way back before you ever knew me
I hung with my friends and not male groupies
Just goes to show everybody where I'm coming from
Hey yo! D' break 'em off something

So many people wanna hang now that I'm in the rap
game
They say that they're down when they don't even know
my name
Well I could say that I have many friends
But a homie is true, through and through until the end

And ain't a damn thing changed
We're still hanging in the hood and doing the same
thangs
'Cause I ain't one to be a phony
I'm still true to the game and I'm down with my homies

[Incomprehensible]

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