

## **T-bone "Friends"**

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What's the definition of a true homeboy, one that  
been down through the  
thick and the thin. How many real soldiers you got on  
your team playa? Let's  
talk about this thing called friends dog

Friends, All my partners and homeboys  
Playas is down to ride and stuck by my side  
Friends, Thugs that been down with me  
Representin me and my clique, the ORC

Who can express what a playa feel  
So much gratitude inside of me for my parters that  
done kept it real  
Loyal through the hard times, when didn't nobody care  
Everyone puttin' me down, but you was still there  
So many come and go, turn from a friend to foe  
But trues is with ya when ya seasoned or broke with no  
doe  
Rolling a bucket, or dippin' in dropped double R's  
Poor wit no record deal or signed and a superstar  
Who can I call on when my backs up against that wall  
That won't judge me, but love me and hug me when I  
trip and fall  
Accept my flaws and mistakes, love me for who I am  
Stand wit me waving at fans and when I ain't the man  
Picture me crying at the age of 9  
So many homeys dying, locked up in pens, living a life  
of crime  
Slugs flying and been a witness to homicide  
This life taught me love all you homies while they still  
alive

Friends, All my partners and homeboys  
Playas is down to ride and stuck by my side  
Friends, Thugs that been down with me  
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(verse 2)

Keep your homies close, cuz in this business friends  
turn against you

Especially when you need 'em the most, that's when  
they'll plot against you  
Then commence to rubbing your name in the dirt  
Leaving you torn apart with all the pain and the hurt  
Jealousy and greed twisted with bitterness and envy  
Make your friend be your most hated enemy  
Seen it happen so many times before  
Make you wanna leave the game and not wanna rhyme  
no more  
Brotha against brotha and a father hating son  
Somebody tell me what have we done  
My back got blood stains and scabs from backstabs  
Lived life looking for trues that I can call my comrades  
Or soldiers, sick of them lying, backstabbing, vultures  
In a world that's getting' colder  
Need a shoulder that I can cry on, rely on, till the day  
I'm gone  
We share that homey love thug bond, it's a friend,  
Baby

Friends, All my partners and homeboys  
Playas is down to ride and stuck by my side  
Friends, Thugs that been down with me  
Representin me and my clique, the ORC

Some call 'em dogs, others call 'em rouges and  
comrades  
Partners, hogs and aces, whatever the case is  
Ain't no replacing a true to life friend  
Soldier who been down through the thick and the thin  
From the womb to the tomb, come floods or typhoons  
We stuck together, endured the cuts and the wounds  
Scabbed and bruised, survived the fights and the  
feuds  
Separated we nuttin', but together we can't lose  
Homeboys to the end, from the hood to the pen  
My life in exchange for yours and your children  
Nuttin' I wouldn't do for a friend like you  
When I needed you the most ya came through (that's  
true)  
When you hurt I feel pain, when you sad I cry  
Allies and down homies to the day we die  
I got ya back like a chiropractor, from day one  
Throughout your life until the final chapter, we best  
friends playa!

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