

Tru 2 Life Playaz

T-Bone

Kinda like tha mafia if you ask me, who's that?
All of them ridas from ORC, why's that?
'Cuz we bad like 3 strikers when we spit rhymes
And preach to street bikers or convicts in ricers
There never ain't no telling what we gonna do
'Cuz when you think we through, we come back hit you
Wit another hit, ain't no stopping me and my gang
Boneybone Corleone from the MTV cut fame
Same rapper and same rider, Westsider
Only difference is my beats and rhymes tighter, that's real
Now throw in tha sky if you down wit me
I represent that organized rhyme family
Family tree consist of demon killas, reaching drug
dealers
And top billas making scrilla, livin' in white villas
Using guerrilla tactics to reach crypts and bloods
And all tha thugs that are looking for love
We's them rhyme sayers, tru 2 life playaz
Dippin' in navigators not trippin' on all you haters
Making rider music strictly for tha Creator
Wit more game from tha bay than the Oakland Raiders
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Wit more game from tha bay than the Oakland Raiders
From tha land of Chuck Taylors, khaki
wearers and gang bangers
Where rap sangers low ride and talk about 'em colored bandannas
Ducking from one time, California sunshine
Projects and streets infested wit thugs that are doing major crimes
Prime time couldn't paint a
better picture
Best beware of them locs and O.G.'s from them thugs hit ya
'Cuz where we from it's straight scandalous, Los Angeles
Ain't too many players or ridas that can handle us
Slugs flying in every direction you look
Got homeless people living under bridges and drug addicts hooked
Ain't this a shame, that's why me and my gang preachin'
Like deacons to bloods, crips, Latinos, Blacks and Puerto Ricans
Every weekend we be speakin'
and preachin', teachin'
How we need to be reachin' tha heathen, sleepin'
While tha devils creepin' meetin' to put these suckas names on contracts
And lift up and raise up tha King of kings like a car jack
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Wit more game from tha bay than the Oakland Raiders We making moves like a U-Haul
Playa haters don't get it twisted like RuPaul
We don G's and family, that stick together like Siamese
Twins and Chinese steam rice from Chang Lee's I'm tha, Bone Corleone wit Lucky Luciano
Donnie Brasco and Mr. Kevin Blanco
E-Doggie Montana from Nicaragua
And my little patna that we be calling Jimmy Hoffa Can't forget about Chase Gigant
'Cuz when I rhyme say he makes 'em beats bomb bay
Hot like picante, this is tha click that I be talking about
And if you ain't down wit us then back up before you get clowned We's them rhyme sayers, tru
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