

I Ain't Shit Without My Homeboyz

Kurupt

Suckers!

How many real homeboys y'all got out there?
Can y'all count on one hand? i can
Straight up, dogg pound gangstas
Funky fresh in the flesh
Yeah
That's what i'm talking about
Yo kurupt, kick that!

I ain't shit with out my homeboys
Although at times it seems
Trying to make it to different stages, lights and dreams
Different mistakes that was made during the time of the struggle
Two pits unleashed, but held by one muzzle
It's complicated like a puzzle
Puzzle pieces and money double
?? really in trouble
I'ma hit the spot and snatch all the knots and pots
Then get ghost by the most of y'all get ?gostic?
Get the fuck out of here!
Ain't no body else i can call (who dat?)
Besides my motherfucking doggs
I ain't shit without my homeboyz

When there's trouble who the fuck can you rely on to die on
On sight, me and my niggas do it wrong or right
I ignite, the fire, marijuana get's me higher
Always drinking and smoking philly's
Getting a nigga wild
Gettin paid, that's my only desire
Big style, lil' floss, tray dee and me
K-u-r-u-p-t, soopaflly and crooked eye
Until then
I hope god don't pass me by
Every day i work harder to try
Never to fall
But i often rise!
Every day before i open my eyes
To my cousin big flip locked down in the pen
To my other homeboyz i won't ever see again
Like gone in the wind
Like a lottery spin
When it comes down to it
Nigga, who's your foes and your friends?
I ain't shit without my homeboyz

So what could make a crook stay down for his troop
Could it be the gunshots we ducked as a youth huh?
What about the cops we hid from on the roof
Or the shootouts we survived with out wearing a bulletproof
We fruits from a tree that was rotten to the root
We wasn't supposed to make it our survival don't compute

I had to chase the paper cause the loot would run from me
We had navigator dreams and only bust money
We rise and we fall together, all together
We brawl and we ball together
Doggs forever
Like uhhh (lots of people) and you don't stop!
Fuck around with one of the homies
Watch the glock pop!
One love and keep hollering back
We could split my last dollar in fact
Pop your collar to that
Crooked eye need a whole click
And like "folls and giblets"
That's some cold shit. my nigga, some cold shit

Cold shit when you elevate and get into some more shit
When we ride together niggas be like "oh shit!"
Dogg pound in the house, rockin the party
(lots of people) all night long!
Gettin high til the break of dawn
Chipped up like a cellular phone
Back up, watch it shine like chrome
And division when you in this shit
But together we can't be fucked with, crush shit
Never settle for less then the plush shit
But still don't forget when we was broke
About nine or ten lokes, with only one joint to smoke
Man, i can count on both hands
The different stands and planes
Niggaz took to make it better for the fam
We made our first five grand, was like god damn
New khakis and cortese
We learned the essential meaning of what a whore is
Still clockin more biz
Always looking up, cause if you look down your fucked
Soopafly ?? and chucks, but i ain't shit without my homeboyz

Please believe i ain't shit without my homeboyz (and that's real shit)
I ain't nothing without my homeboyz (i ain't shit without my homeboyz)

Shit, not capone
Real niggaz i knew before i was grown
A lot of motherfuckers died
But i'ma still ride
And represent the evil motherfuckin westside
It ain't nothing but trues
Real niggaz that payed the dues
Picture me rollin with gay dudes
Nigga please, we g's and dress like we serve keys
On the block where we chopped rocks, we copped and made g's
Down to die for each other
Cause you and i for each other
In a gangster matrimony we brothers
Can't nothing seperate gang
We ganged from intiation to marks
Fuck around and catch she sparks
Cause see no gangsta gang
That i motherfuckin claim
Run ?siegal, money mack,? and mack is you man
I ain't shit without my homeboyz

I ain't nothing without my homeboyz
Please believe i ain't shit without my homeboyz