

## Bethlehem

### "Homeboyz"

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Gangsta: Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha,  
K-Mac: Comrads  
Gangsta: nine-seven

Chorus: (Comrads) You can take the boy out the hood,  
But you cant take the hood out the homeboy  
You can take the boy out the hood,  
But you cant take the hood out the homeboy

1980 when I been throwin it up  
I put that on the hood I never been blowin it up  
Now I shoot craps where I shot marbles  
I hit the corner in a Benz where I roll a Monte Carlo  
Me and my same crew from BMX's to Rolex's and  
Lexus's  
(Pop Pop) who wanna flex with this  
We tight ? bring the right clip  
Got sent to the pen for strappin chickens on a white  
chick  
36 months of humps and drinkin 40's  
Tryna get swole and come home with Motorola  
I do what I told ya  
Before I live like a trick I'd rather die like a souldier  
Never snitched, never will  
Never ran with a cat that ever squealed,  
If he did then we would spill  
Cuz we fold together, we share tone and we roll  
together,  
And we down for whatever

Chorus: (Comrads) You can take the boy out the hood,  
But you cant take the hood out the homeboy  
You can take the boy out the hood,  
But you cant take the hood out the homeboy

Gangsta:  
Bellin, with nothin but fellons  
when it's going down neeya, it ain't no tellin  
Big money, dreams, is down with the Cavi scene since  
a teen  
You know what I mean?

European autos, black folks to win the lotto  
Fully autos, gettin paid is my motto  
Nine grad, to get my thangs I neva had  
It ain't much, fool mess around and get touched  
Life a sin, I'm gettin phonies from the pen  
My fanmail is from the county jail  
Girls can talk slang, hoochie mamas is the whole thang  
A ghetto star, from the Caviar  
Before my video, I ran my city lok  
Big diamonds shining, waiting for the time and light to  
grind  
No more hard timing,  
and I'm out taking mine, neeya!

Chorus: (Comrads) You can take the boy out the hood,  
But you cant take the hood out the homeboy  
You can take the boy out the hood,  
But you cant take the hood out the homeboy

K-Mac:  
Ha ha, before you stands a man of prestige  
Two-thousand dollar suits to bend these slacks fees  
Only machine'll burn amounts of cheese  
Won't stop 'till I buy a house next to Ice Ceez  
Give my right hand to God, its on  
That's why I'm out of town with these koochie playas  
workin so hard  
Can't sleep skip child 'till I paid in full  
Hit the house sex his spouse and go bang the hood  
Gangsta:  
Fool you can take the boy out the hood  
But you can't take the hood out the homeboy,  
So it's on boy  
Rough riders swervin impalas  
Linen suits and boots, when I hollas at the white collars  
Bangin executives  
Now just imagin how much fear and respect we get  
I gives a damn if I was living in the hills  
I'd be scoping out my neighbor tryna take whats his  
and um

Chorus: (Comrads) You can take the boy out the hood,  
But you cant take the hood out the homeboy  
You can take the boy out the hood,  
But you cant take the hood out the homeboy

Gangsta:  
Ha ha, yeah, parlayin on top of the hills, a, in chucks  
Mind ya strilla, hits the curb  
And lets see who's got the most smiles,  
westsiyeed!

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