

Conejo "Homie Homie"

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F/ Buggy

[Chorus: Conejo]

Damn homie, these vatos they don't know me
Let's ride baby boy cuz I heard they're coming for me
Damn homie, these broads they don't know me
Let's get down baby girl cuz I heard you're coming for me

[Conejo]

If you aren't from the hood then you get regulated
You go around town saying how Conejo hated
That's the mission fool, to break fools like you
You get banged on by a youngster after school
I show up to the barrio where the Tiny's are deep
In a black Monte Carlo, just me and my dogs
I see the ladies, small waist big ass
They wanna freak on Conejo and take me home
Damn homie, baby she don't know me
Got the bedroom eyes looking kind of lonely
Out the backdoor straight into the alley
I'ma show her how I do it and there's nothing to it
And you get more bounce to this lethal ounce
Cuz I got the babydolls perro, drunk and smoked out
You're mad at your girl cuz she don't wanna come home
She wanna party with the gangsters till the break of dawn

[Chorus]

[Conejo]

You know homie homie that I know the deal
And life on the streets is way too real
You know homie homie that I know the deal
And that three strike law is just too real

[Buggy]

That's sick, that's that gangster shit
Who got hynas doing their thing, making a grip
Homie homie, nothing but game for the chips
Got them locked and loaded if you wanna trip

Hard times, gotta be strong or there's no surviving
Catch me on the strip bumping oldies, lowriding
No me importa, there's many ways to gain fame
Homie I'm restless until I rest in the grave
Blessing the stage, worldwide they're showing me love
Babydolls at the spot afterwe rocked the club
Street life, gotta cope with this vida
Drinking on aguita, homie sangre de Sedira
Let it cruise, full mags for the haters
Wanna see the ladies bounce and cooking ounces in
the craters
Gotta serve these fiends, till the last day I'll ride
Homie homie tried to kill me but you'll never kill my
pride

[Chorus]

[Conejo]

You know homie homie that I know the deal
And life on the streets is way too real
You know homie homie that I know the deal
And that three strike law is just too real

[Bugsy]

Hold up homie, let me speak to these hynas
VIP section in the club, that's where they find us
She gave a lap dance but wanted to give more than
that
Told Bugsy where to meet her and that was that

[Conejo]

Serio dog, ese hit that too
A while back at the parque, autumn '92
Come on now, I'm from the City of Angels
Gots to get my issue in this chamber of danger

[Bugsy]

Homie we close shop, just so we open again
Bugsy and Conejo gonna ride to the end
Shed the game, I heard they're coming for me
These some crazy ass streets, it all comes back homie
homie

[Conejo]

I'ma bounce, smoke another half ounce
And get the baddest broad cuz I got more clout
Wake up before you get gunned down
Conejo and Bugsy, homie ese ask around

[Chorus]

[Conejo]

You know homie homie that I know the deal
And life on the streets is way too real
You know homie homie that I know the deal
And that three strike law is just too real

[Chorus]

[Conejo]

You know homie homie that I know the deal
And life on the streets is way too real
You know homie homie that I know the deal
And that three strike law is just too real

[Conejo]

Conejo and Bugs
That's right homie homie
That's the way it's going down
Ya estuvo

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