

## **Conejo**

# **"You Ain't The Homie No More"**

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Verse one)

You aint got enuff bullets  
To see me bleed  
You fire up the crowd  
Down three miss me  
You wanna dis my barrio  
Homie think again  
Streetlife  
You get laced with lead  
I carcked your ribs  
Cause you wore a vest  
Your mind got blown  
When you stepped in zone  
Alcapone  
Ese was my mentor  
So I check muthafuckers  
From the back to center  
conejo  
Ese gang affiliated  
Vatos hesitated  
So they got decapitated  
Slapped like a bitch  
To make it clear  
I'm that vato slamming carga  
Smoking primos in the rear  
That's real  
Eternal tattoo tears  
I'm a bird of prey  
That hunts on fear  
Ese gotta go  
Fast not slow  
I'm a dead man walking  
When I take a Stroll.

(hook/Chorus)

(verse two)

You wont stand a chance  
Against this west los ganga  
Enemigas break it down  
Because they get no chansa  
Dam homie

These vatos they don't know me  
Lets ride baby boy  
Cause I heard there coming for me  
Serio  
I get critical with mines  
So I down muthafuckers  
To the day that I die  
Tonite  
I said tonite is the night  
I get busy with my strap  
Bury body's tonite  
My shade is brown  
Toxtli get down  
I make three wishes  
My first is a pound  
The second a key  
The third is ten g's  
I buy weapons with my ferria  
So I spray these flees  
Rest in piss  
What kind of war is this  
Rattle snakes they hiss  
Flying bullets never miss  
Pero  
it's gotta be like that  
Your ass fucked up  
You get robbed and stabbed.

(hook/chorus)

(verse three)

Heroin kicks in  
Releaves the tension  
Wicked women come in  
Release the tension  
These broads want coke  
So I call the connection  
there's a price they gotta pay  
For the fucken attention  
That's right homegril  
Aint nada for free  
it's not like your my righteous  
Or my wife to be  
Your mans a punk  
I'm eternal I'm a rider  
L.A. county jail to the joint  
I'm a southsider.

(hook/chorus)

I remember you homie  
From back in the day

Switched sides with the law  
You walked I stayed  
Now I'm out on the calles  
Here to get my issue  
I'm a catch you slippin  
And I'm a pistol wip you  
I remember you homie  
From back in the day  
When your ass turned snitch  
Like a bitch you fled  
Five years later  
Back to settle the score  
Automatic up your ass  
You aint the homie no more.

Written by:conejo on the 91 fwy  
Recorded and produced by:odm of lighter shade of  
brown  
At the brown royal studio. corona,ca  
Mixed by:anne catalino at paramount studios.  
Hollywood,ca  
Mastered By:mark reagan at d.a.s. sherman oaks,ca

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