

## Tim Wilson

### "Hillbilly Homeboy"

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(Spoken) Tim Daddy was a gangster rapper  
From the mean streets of Atlanta Georgia  
Sittin' on his couch one day, watchin' BET Network  
When suddenly his TV set went on the blink  
And he ended up watching Bill Dance Championship  
Fishing  
His life changed  
And this is that young man's story...

He left the inner city and moved to the hill  
Traded in his crack pipe on a moonshine still  
His gang bandanna sure looked bad  
But it's the only color that the bait store had  
No more Tupac Shaqure or Biggie Small  
Now it's cow manure on his overalls  
Surrounded by fiddles and a lot of George Jones

(Goodbye Puffy Combs!)

Hillbilly homeboy  
Your posse wants to know what's up  
You done dissed the sistas in the West Coast crew  
For some bubbas with a spit cup  
You got a sad little crib in the hillbilly hood  
There ain't no booty calls back in the woods  
Hillbilly homeboy  
When ya gonna come back home

He's got curb-feelers on his 4-wheel drive  
His comb liquor tastes like Colt 45  
We hear you started hanging with some hillbilly hos  
Throwin' engine block parties for a bunch of Jethros  
It's hard to pump up the jam to Allison Krauss  
When there ain't no electricity in da house  
You can't bust a move to some crooked sounds

(Goodbye Bobby Brown!)

Hillbilly homeboy  
Your posse wonderin' where you at  
"We hear you're dressin' like Ed from Hooterville"

And homey, what up with that  
Your grandmother misses you and so do we  
We're thinkin', "Damn you must be trippin', G"  
Hillbilly homeboy  
When ya gonna come back home

(Spoken) It ain't easy being a fish out of water is it, G?  
We'll help you load up the old low-rider and head on  
back to the crib..

Peace out!

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