

Binary Test Record

"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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