

Homebwoi

"Hard Hittin'"

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[Intro]

Ah Collipark, HOMEBWOI
Collipark, HOMEBWOI
Collipark in the buildin, HOMEBWOI
YEP! ... YEP!

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Hard hittin, back breakin, everybody out they seats
Man the world is watchin me, the world is watchin me

[Homebwoi]

Look here, come one come all and get to it
Pimp game immaculate, flow like fluid
Collipark in the buildin, ya already knew it
Y'all boy game is weak, I see through it
Bankroll is fat, you girls can't chew it
All this is mine, you boys just blew it
Shucks, ain't it a shame how I mack
Women they comin in crowds, now look how I act
Make a little shorty cotton on that
V.I.P. at the Grammy Awards, now top that
Mr. Collipark, keep the money comin in
Puffy don't party like the Ying Yang Twins
Cadillac boy, mack down to the end
Peace, stones or conflicts, shorty we all in
Homebwoi's the name, I gotta represent
If you're lookin for change, it's where it's gon' begin

[Chorus]

[Homebwoi]

It's like the world got binoculars on
Tryin to find me like Waldo, we all know they lookin for
homes
Had to get mad at the woman cause they teachin 'em
wrong
Too many pullin on me, I politely tell them to go on
I'm a hustler by day, baller by midnight
One at a time ladies, lil' mamma please sit tight
They got they mouths wide open, boy I'm pimp tight
And a Bentley you could never get - why? It's a

prototype
I got the Birdman stuntin for the show tonight
You want to hate, but you cain't, cause you know I'm
right
Paint job out of sight, gotta thrill 'em
Like the moon on the street lights when I kill 'em
Twenty-six inches, that's what I'm tellin 'em
Doors open up like the wings of a pelican
Eight 15's in the trunk, in the floor
Bass beatin through your chest, what your heart beatin
for?

[Chorus]

[Homebwoi]

Shorty don't know I ball, I'm like YEP~!
Askin me to buy her a drink so I STEP~!
Grippin G8, Griptown what I GRIP~!
Grindin, got to this money while y'all slipped
OKAYYYYY~! But I'm not Lil' Jon
Poppin my collar, I'm the man like The Fonz
Look I got that bounce back like sponge
Yo' pockets dehydrated; look like they got the runs
My time, my money, that's real
My chain, my peeps, my grill
Me and mine, that's just how I live
Money over broads, that's just how it is
Homebwoi, yo' girl, I train
Break bread let you pop that thang
Fall up in the club I'ma make a little rain
Money mighty pimpin, won't ya kiss the pinky rang

[Chorus] - 2X

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