

B-Boy Real McCoy (feat. Abstract Rude)

Aceyalone

Yeah

Ah, this one's out of respect

To you and yours

Ah

I'm a b-boy, I'm the real McCoy

I'm chocolate all over like an Almond Joy

What's up party people in the place to be

Gather round for a minute and check the MC

I really don't know what you expectin from me

But I was born and raised to rock over the beat

See, me and my homies got some tight-ass raps

It is time we put the hometeam back on the map

All you radio stations play a whole lotta crap

It's like I'm hungry at the table and you feedin me scrap

So this one's for the people who can ride the wave

And go into the battle and come out unscathed

See, my only regret is that I probably never gave

Enough back to hip-hop for the life it saved

So ride along with us as we lick this shot

For anybody who put it down, we never forgot

See, we give it all we got, cause it's how we was taught

And it only takes a second just to blow up the spot

I'm a be-boy, I'm the real McCoy

I'm chocolate all over like an Almond Joy We keep it lit like weed, indeed the rare breed

They barely did enough of us for their needs

Our fans, some r&b, most hip-hop and rave

I'm dark-skinned, baby, and I get you sun-bathed

Once the track's laid that Jissm made

I become a slave to the beat, don't know how to behave

We kept it true, what else did you expect us to do?

Now I'm beggin you to come and spin a record or two

I'm on the prowl in the here and now I'll be cold

To you so-called MC's who want to get bold

You'll be showed in the worst ways

I'm seasoned for battle cause of Project Blowed Thursdays

I'm a wordsmith, now that we've settled into two thou

(Two thou) we gotta represent somehow (somehow)

It's talent in the ghetto that we'll have to employ

With melanin in em they'll seek to destroy

I'm a rudeboy, I'm the real mccooy
I'm chocolate all over like an Almond Joy You want to make noise, make noise
Aceyalone (& Abstract Rude)
be boys make some noise (b-boys)
be girls make some noise
(It's workin)
Work it out
Work it out
(It's workin)
Like that Cause we was at the party when the jam was live
And it really wasn't poppin' until we arrived
We was hangin' out at the club before we can drive
With big afros like the Jackson Five
Comin' out the house late, makin' it home safe
b-boys in the place, just had to show my face
Soon after that I discovered my instrument
As soon as I picked her up we got intimate
Big up to my homeboys who know this tune
Microphone Mike and my man T-Spoon (Heavyweight)
Aceyalone just stepped in the room
Now we know the flavor's in here the party resumes
Cause I'm a be-boy, I'm the real McCoy
I'm chocolate all over like an Almond Joy
I'm a b-boy
Respect to the fallen soldiers in hip-hop
And all the fallen soldiers across the world in the struggle
Alright
Easy

Songwriters

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