

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 mccoy
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 thatCause 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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