

B-Real

"6 Minutes"

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[B-Real]

So whaddya do when the game starts changin fast?

Arrange for your ass to find a way to stay in the class

Sales declinin, downloads are risin

Newbies shinin, and we stuck askin where did ya find him

He ain't a diamond but he really got some incredible timin

So sign him and put him out, he's a star that's shinin

Give him a ringtone deal, a commercial with T-Mobile

Man he can global, depends if he acts noble

Take his photo and put him on the cover of Vibe

Rolling Stone and The Source mag both gave him a five

Now he thinks that his shit don't stink

And every drink's from a bottle of Crist', and he's flyin on mink

He's, young and dumb and don't sync with the drum

But all the little girls love him cause he's number one

On top of the Billboards winnin Grammy Awards

Goin to red carpet events with the media whores

[Chorus: Tek]

Lights camera flash you're on!

Uh-uh uh, uh, uh-uh on!

Time's up, six minutes you're gone!

G-g, gone! G-g-gone!

Tell me where'd they go, tell me where'd they go

Tell me - where did they go, where did they go

Tell me - where did they go, where did they go

Tell me - where did they go, where did they go

[B-Real]

There's a new kid in town climbin the charts but still

He's alright, but he's not real

Regardless they want a cameo for Freddie Puccini

He's a freezer, he's leanin back like the Tower of Pisa

He's on top of the mountain, ain't got no one around
him

/>to tell him the truth, let him know, people are clownin

They found him and wound him up like a toy for the
children

He don't believe it, he's only worried about his millions

Collectin his cake, coppin whips, buyin estates

Lyin in wait, the birds flock to get that taste

Beautiful bait for the new kid but don't be stupid

Cause they don't love you they love your money as
soon as you lose it

they skate with the very next dude releasin an album

By any means necessary thought I'd quote it from
Malcolm

The outcome is all the same and that part don't change

Chalk it up to the game cause it's a part of the fame

[Chorus]

[Young De]

These rappers just, don't, get it

Better wake the fuck up, but you think you got it figured
out

Diggin a hole so deep you can't get up out

You don't give a shit about, if they say you losin touch

Just another one hit wonder motherfucker screwin up

But not me, not Young De

I let the, veterans guide me so nothin surprise me

All them moves you be makin 'em blindly

But the big homies B-Real and Young Gotti got me

So you can get the cover of the XXL now

But when your boy hit, all that shit gettin shut down

Nursery rhyme lines goin back to the kids

And that bitch that you wit comin back to my crib

These execs got you gassed, put 10 on 2

Ask me who gon' last, won't bet on you

But you could, bet on me cause your boy come through

[Chorus]

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