

## **B-Real**

### **"Dude"**

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[B-Real:]

I spit somethin in your ear to make you hear what I hear  
I don't think you're ready but it's a brand new year  
I got love for you motherfuckers, even you haters  
Listen to me put it down I'm only doin a favor  
Dude over here's tryin to make his cake  
Homie over here's tryin to take his cake  
He's just sittin in the cut waitin for a mistake  
And when the time is right he's movin all through his  
estate  
Homie don't give a fuck about Dude or his fam  
Didn't think about repercussions of killin the man  
He only thought about one thing, jackin his neighbors  
And all the fly shit he'd have once he had their paper  
Buy a house in the hills, brand new grills  
Chop top Phantom on thirty dollar bills  
But dude ain't soft, he's ready for war  
The tattoo on his arm says I'll take what's yours

[Chorus: x2]

What's yours is mine and if I get my  
Hands on your money ain't nothin you can do about it  
I go for mine and if you put your  
Hands on my money I'll show you how we be about it

[B-Real:]

Dude grew up like a thug in the street  
Homie didn't know what he was doin to eat  
He was blinded by the envy and numb with greed  
He didn't care who he fucked over to serve his needs  
Both are on a crash course, with no survivors  
No, life preservers, just shot out tires  
And the arm of the law don't care about those riders  
They only, try to divide us, but catch arthritis  
They might even try to get Dude so they can supply him  
Homie's, home connivin dreamin of Dude dyin  
Dude moves weight, more hate is risin  
Every day Homie works up the nerve to fight him  
But, Dude ain't never fucked over nobody Homey  
Niggaz on the street love Dude and think you're phony  
They don't trust you for a minute, you jacked them too

Homie you gonna get yours and it might be soon

[Chorus: 1/2]

[B-Real:]

Homie's got his crew ready, hungry for money  
Dude's at his peak now and he ain't funny  
He got a bird at the mansion like Playboy Bunnies  
And a yacht, at the dock, called Sweet As Honey  
Dude sweated bloodshed and tears for this  
Homie never moved one finger for shit  
Only when he had his heat to take it from others  
He put a bullet in a nigga for defending his mother  
Homie wanted everything, Dude wanted release  
But no matter what he had he couldn't find no peace  
He kept waitin for the moment that his life would cease  
Now here comes Homie, he'll set him free  
But Homie don't know, Dude is a pro  
And got a kid on the way comin to change his flow  
Dude don't know Homie's at the door  
And when he comes through he's comin with the crew  
and more  
Teflon vests, ski-masks and sacks  
Put the guns to your face with the hammer cocked back  
Homie doesn't realize he's on the cam  
Dude already made calls and secured his fam  
Rollin, up the block in a white mini-van  
It's the Homie's long ride to the darkest land  
Rollin, up the block in a white mini-van  
It's the Homie's long ride to the darkest land

[Chorus]

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