

**B-Real****"Dude Vs. Homie"**

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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: repeat 2X] 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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