

## **B-Real**

### **"Stackn Paper"**

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["Scarface" movie samples for opening 0:18]

[B-Real:]

It's, so phenomenal, it's no optical illusion  
I give you a transfusion  
I'm from L.A.C. with West coast hustle  
It's a worldwide ride from L.A. to Brussels  
Def Jams like Russell and I'm gettin older  
Yo check the Blueprint homey just like Hova  
Plannin to take over, the streets are mine  
I couldn't get away if I tried to run away blind  
We're attached to the hip, like my sig in my clip  
Gettin money, gettin honies you know fish 'n chips  
From the belly to L.B., what can you tell me  
It ain't healthy, you fuckin with us  
I didn't come for any foolishness, I'm so cool with this  
I make you Stand Up like my name was Ludacris  
I can lift you, and never pretend to  
Be somethin I'm not so I never offend you c'mon

[Chorus: x2]

Straight up we stackin our paper  
We got no time to waste either  
True life don't come with no favors  
Gimme time and I'll make you believers

[B-Real:]

I've, played the game and you heard my name  
And I've laid to waste so many lames it's off the chain  
People come and go every day, but family stays  
I guess it just depends, on how you were raised  
For my success you givin me praise and poppin  
champagne  
Blazin up the sticky kush, on my campaign  
I'm, highly trained to provide you with joy and pain  
Keep it movin don't ever stop, just let it rain  
We whippin through L.A.C. in the candy cars  
That bounce, like the honies when they dance on bars  
I love my city, and everything in it  
Summertime don't miss it in Cali or you'll regret it  
So many hot birds, God damn they fly

So much kush weed can't help but to get you high  
Come in peace or you're leavin in pieces  
You're dealin with the cold clique as the heat increases  
Heat it up

[Chorus]

[B-Real:]

I relate to the thug ones, those are my loved ones  
I represent for all of those who live where I come from  
I relate to the hustle cause I don't like starvin  
Fuck with the bread, triggers get squeezed like  
Charmin  
I relate to the ballers cause I get my figures  
You want a piece of mine but you can't buy that nigga  
They say people are plastic, in the City of Angels  
And it's dangerous, when you go talkin to strangers  
You might run into a banger, them boys with colors  
Then hammers start clickin like camera shutters  
Be careful of any shit talkin you might utter  
I don't wanna scare you but you need to take some  
cover  
We livin with the beauty and beast, I'm doin my duty  
But beast is lookin for a little release  
This world is so cold, but you wanna grow old  
In life there's no hold, in the game I don't fold  
I rock shows in the House of Blues  
Over beats that J. Stoner made to make you move  
And it Feels So Good, but I ain't Tony  
It's the realest heart homey not made for phonies

[Chorus]

[scratching: "betta have my money"]

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