

## **B-Real f/ Tek, Young De**

### **"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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