

Down/Kilo f/ B-Real

"Just Like You"

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Chorus:

[B-Real] I'm a drinker, I'm a thinker, homey
[Down] Just like you
[B-Real] I'm a sinner and a winner, ese
[Down] Just like you
[B-Real] Gettin' money, no dummy, homey
[Down] Just like you
[B-Real] On the grind, from my shine, ese
Just like you
[Down] And my peoples hold me down, holmes
[B-Real] Just like you
[Down] It's 805, til I die, homey
[B-Real] Just like you
[Down] And my jefita love her baby boy
[B-Real] The girls do too
[Down] That's why I gotta get the paper, homey
[B-Real] Just like you

[Down]

(Verse 1)

'Fore the days of a young'n, I learned to count my cash
Only then, (???) what I kept in the stash
I get turned on the block, got my game from my elders
Working part time and such, with the neighborhood
elders
But I knew, back then, I was a hustler for real
When I sold to a elder
His own piece of steel
I was twelve years old, I had to grind on my own
Chippin' up cable boxes in them big block phones
I was raised on the block around rock cocaine
I understand figures early, why you'se playing with
train
That's why you hear big Down, I got them big boys on it
Cause I break bread for real and make 'em on

Repeat Chorus

(Verse 2)

From the hood, to the stage, it's the same old game
So either, you come correct, or put a stain on your

name

And I ain't the one to do it, hustle runs in my blood
So I go hood to hood
Gettin' it, givin' up
That's the way it's s'pposed to be
I ain't trippin' on shit
I got ferria, machate, and about three whips
That's just the way that I do
And I ain't messin' with you
And if you lookin' for the drama, we could do that too
My vaqueros is ready, they keep the heat in the valley
Or stacked
Somewhere up in the dash or a Chevy
I'm on my way to the top
You try to slow me down
I guess I'm not like you if that's how you get down

Repeat Chorus

(Verse 3)

I'm still with my team, homey, just like you
And I'm still gettin' cream, homey, just like you
Got my kids and my crib, homey, just like you
And I'm still down for mine, ese, just like you
Come against me, if you want it, dude, I'm just like you
I got a smooth, trigger finger, homey, just like you
And I can do just about everything like you
Except act like a bitch, homey, like you do
Now if you really wanna see come through like you
It's gonna take a couple mil
And I still won't do
I'm just here with my crew
Homey, just like you
Still down like a motherfucker, just like you

Repeat Chorus

[B-Real]

That's right
Big up to the homey, Willie Malo
Sen Dog
Kid Frost
Yeah, that's right, me and Down are doin' it like that
B-Real
Audio Hustlers
That's right
We just like you, motherfuckers
When you see us in the streets, you better remember
that
Yo, Down
Take us the fuck outta here, homey

Just like you

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