

Pearl Jam & Cypress Hill, Real Thing

It's time, I came to get mine.
Runnin' through the hoods with a hand on the nine.
Why do the pigs come?
Bring your ass on, cross the line so I can get the blast on.
Oh shit, I'm empty, but I got a shank on the side so don't even tempt me.
Runnin' the program, Cypress Hill on the real,
With the Pearl Jam and I'm packin' the steel.
Don't come my way, 'cause it only takes one minute to reach for the AK...
Then POW!, whatcha' gonna do now?
Nowhere to run when my dog's on the prowl.
Prowlin', howlin', give it up punk, you might want to throw the towel in.
I like doin' the ill thing, 'cause ain't nothin' like the real thing.

It ain't nothin' like the real thing.
It ain't nothin' like the real.
Ain't nothin' but the real thing.
Ain't nothin' but the Hill.
Ain't nothin' but the real thing.
Ain't nothin' but the real.
Ain't nothin' but the real thing.
Ain't nothin' but the Hill.

Keep me a tazer up in the blazer,
And the black nine by the waistline.
Never know when someone'll test ya'.
Let you know I got mine by my body, yes y'all.
I'm the victim that became the attacker.
Have my little friend waitin' for the carjacker
That'll do anything for the looper.
When I leave the Hill I strack when I swoop.

Clack, clack, bang, bang, 'cause it ain't no thang.
When I hang with Stone and I kick that funky slang.
I got the funk when I got ta' do the ill thing.
'Cause ain't nothin' like the real thing.

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