

Pearl Jam, Real Thing

(feat. Cypress Hill)

It's time, I came to get mine
Runnin' through the hoods with a hand on the nine
Why do the pigs come when you have some?
Cross the line so I can get the blast on
Oh shit, I'm empty, but I got a shake 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 why, whatcha' gonna do now
Nowhere to run when my dog's on the prow
Howlin', 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 wasteline
Never know when someone'll test ya'
Let you know I got mine by my body, yes y'all
I'm the big dumb 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
Ain't nothin' like the real thing } (2x)
Ain't nothin' but the real }

Ain't nothin' like the real thing } (2x)
Ain't nothin' but the Hill }