

Real - Stack'n Paper

B-Real

[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: repeat 2X]

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]