

## 6 Minutes

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

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

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

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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 with 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

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