

Dude VS. Homie

B-Real

I spit somethin in your ear to make you hear what I hear
I don't think you're ready but it's a brand new year
I got love for you motherfuckers, even you haters
Listen to me put it down I'm only doin a favor
Dude over here's tryin to make his cake
Homie over here's tryin to take his cake
He's just sittin in the cut waitin for a mistake
And when the time is right he's movin all through his estate
Homie don't give a fuck about Dude or his fam
Didn't think about repercussions of killin the man
He only thought about one thing, jackin his neighbors
And all the fly shit he'd have once he had their paper
Buy a house in the hills, brand new grills
Chop top Phantom on thirty dollar bills
But dude ain't soft, he's ready for war
The tattoo on his arm says I'll take what's yours

What's yours is mine and if I get my
Hands on your money ain't nothin you can do about it
I go for mine and if you put your
Hands on my money I'll show you how we be about it
(2x)

Dude grew up like a thug in the street
Homie didn't know what he was doin to eat
He was blinded by the envy and numb with greed
He didn't care who he fucked over to serve his needs
Both are on a crash course, with no survivors
No, life preservers, just shot out tires
And the arm of the law don't care about those riders
They only, try to divide us, but catch arthritis
They might even try to get Dude so they can supply him
Homie's, home connivin dreamin of Dude dyin
Dude moves weight, more hate is risin
Every day Homie works up the nerve to fight him
But, Dude ain't never fucked over nobody Homey
Niggaz on the street love Dude and think you're phony
They don't trust you for a minute, you jacked them too
Homie you gonna get yours and it might be soon

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Homie's got his crew ready, hungry for money
Dude's at his peak now and he ain't funny
He got a bird at the mansion like Playboy Bunnies
And a yacht, at the dock, called Sweet As Honey
Dude sweated bloodshed and tears for this
Homie never moved one finger for shit
Only when he had his heat to take it from others
He put a bullet in a nigga for defending his mother
Homie wanted everything, Dude wanted release
But no matter what he had he couldn't find no peace
He kept waitin for the moment that his life would cease
Now here comes Homie, he'll set him free

But Homie don't know, Dude is a pro
And got a kid on the way comin to change his flow
Dude don't know Homie's at the door
And when he comes through he's comin with the crew and more
Teflon vests, ski-masks and sacks
Put the guns to your face with the hammer cocked back
Homie doesn't realize he's on the cam
Dude already made calls and secured his fam
Rollin, up the block in a white mini-van
It's the Homie's long ride to the darkest land
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