

# 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 }