

Man Behind the Music

Queen Pen

Step right up, step up, step up
Step right up, step up, step up This is how it should be done
'Cuz this style is identical to none
How can I make you dance some more
(TR)

That's what I came here for This is how it should be done
(And now)

'Cuz this style is identical to none
(Here's the magnificent Funkey Mama)
How can I make you dance some more
(TR)

That's what I came here for Feel your blue flows like water
The man behind the music will make you jump
Jack you're swingin' make you shake your rump
No dick or fee tellin' me this is what you want
Baselines and snares that will make you funk
Intimidated by his 14 year old
At 97 he's a different kind of funk

We push together like a perfect hand and tongue You pressed your luck and now your back to should be sunk
Be coming, free the future, with yo' face punked
Forgot about the past now what you want
Platinum tracks to put you on the map
'Cuz we gotta keep it in the fam'
You had yo' chance to be down wit da man
So busy playa hatin', perpetuating, articulating
Balla's down four, you can't take me What the deal ma
Funkey Mama plays the track so you could feel, huh?
I'll make a D, I'm all about the dolla' bills y'all

Rock the diamond Lex while I sit behind my desk and sign the checks
If you like hits baby, got 'em going crazy on Blackstreet
You know it's plaque time when me and the track meet
Save all yo whack beats, QP and TR so precise with mics

We should be surgeons in E.R. The block knows, baby girl, be my diamond 'cuz she rocks shows
See my one's ain't no way that you can stop those

Little man got your breath together
With Queen Pen, now it's hot to death, so take a look back
What I did, what I'm doing, where I take this
It's kinda simple 'cuz it's nothing just to make hits
Peep the facts, keep 'em stacked

When the streets are black, ladies scream he's the Mack'Cuz I kick
(What)
Shit that make the fly chick you with my chick
And plush funds just ridiculous 'cuz I'm rich
We are TR, you see, QP, that's we, Blackstreet, gone
You can't take it
(And now, here's the magnificent Funkey Mama)Now Teddy jam for me one time
Enforce that then I'd make my hips bump and grind
We'll just happen all this shit in this 'cuz of platinum hits
Little man be the shit, Funkey Mama represent
It ain't never been no different and we got witnesses
You account for all of this shit
Just we, and get your block knocked off
You can keep your I-pinion till you get there'Cause it don't matter, we don't follow chit chatter
We make hits and calls, my situations get thick
Ask St. Nick, about the repertoire
For those in the past, they know who they are
If the shoe fits, trust we gon' wear it
Can we be's the baddest clique up on this planet
We paid the cost to be boss guys
'Cuz scare money don't win money, now drop itThis is how it should be done
'Cuz this style is identicle to none
How can I make you dance some more
(Little man)
That's what I came here forThis is how it should be done
'Cuz this style is identicle to none
How can I make you dance some more
(TR)
That's what I came here forThis is how it should be done
'Cuz this style is identicle to none
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(TR)
That's what I came here for

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