Man Up

Hustle and Flow

You don't wanna do dat
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All that, talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' that shit
Talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' that shit
Talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' that shit
Talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' that shit
Man up motherfucker, man up
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Now eve'body wanna fuckin' have they own label
Wouldn't on the first shit to bring to the table
They in they own fantasy somethin' like a fable
Handicap situations all disabled
I shut 'em down, like a computer
'Cause ain't nobody fuckin' wit the super producer
Coreleone, Trill town representatives
Fuck Don P Man some of y'all too sensitive
But ya right, fuck me
But ain't 'nam day you gon' touch me
Talkin' 'bout, Don P, why you buckin'?
Man you need to chill out get to the money
I already got it and I'ma Trill nigga
I handle all my problems besides
I'm all about respectin'
I'ma man, before anybody checkin'
All that, talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' that shit
Talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' that shit
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What you starin' at? This ain't no free show
You gon' make me cock back, hit ya ass in the door
You don't wanna do dat, hear dem thangs clit-clak
Goes in ya through the front, comes out through the back

Come and make my night, love to talk but hate to fight
Was you a bitch? I was a bitch, it don't go away ova night
Man up motherfucker man up
I told you once before motherfucker stand up
All that, talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' that shit
Talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' that shit
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Now if you niggaz keep playin', you gon' make a nigga tear a hole
Right through yo' chest, is yo' flesh, I can see yo' soul
You don't wanna do dat, I'ma hit you wit a bat
Talkin' all dat shit nigga and I'ma hit you wit da gack
Seventeen times out da barrel on my .45
Four plus five equals nine goin' through yo spine
Sit yo ass down hoe, make a move you gotta go
Erase you off da map and beat yo ass at yo own show
Ain't playin' no games wit you lames when it comes to gangsta shit
Throwin' up my middle finger, grabbin' on my own dick
Niggaz thank they slick take yo pick, which one you want?
Bullets flyin' through yo house or goin' straight through yo door
Make yo ass choke wit different strokes of my hand movements
Say dat your a G, in these streets, man you gotta prove in
Next, time I see you talkin' talkin' shit
I'ma rearrange yo mouth and put yo ass in a ditch, bitch
All that, talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' that shit
Talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' that shit
Talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin' that shit
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