

U da Man

Black Moon

f/ Big Dru Ha, Havoc, Smif-N-Wessun

[VERSE 1: 5ft. Excellerator]

What, here comes the muthafuckin 5

Patch a crooked I, comin straight out of Bed-Stuy

9-19, I believe

When I wanna puff a mad I I got the dutch hidden in my sleeve

Then I call my man Reels

Then we start the El Dorados and pick us up a fat bag of drills

Always keep the nine cocked

Just in case a nigga feels an appetite for some nice lead lock

Caught a nigga from a chin

Now his ass is in, hit the preach cause he said it a sin

[VERSE 2: Big Dru Ha]

Well, it's the ill Caucasian, check the invasion

Bushwick to White Plains, the world in seven days and

Back in town with the Black Smif-N-Wessun persuasion

Wanna flex next, swing one, that's all she wrote

Get the point to the joint, now you're bendin for the soap

Like my bitch, fuck a bitch real quick, then I vanish

I always get the pussy cause I tell em that I'm Spanish

Chill, lay low, I'm throwin headcracks in celo

Niggaz losin dough so now they gots to bet a kilo

Mines for the takin, never fakin when I kick it

Girls be on my jock, they want a taste so they lick it

Rip it from the back, bust a nut in her crack

Big Dru Ha puffin lye and I'm out, black[CHORUS (2X)]

Now you the man, now you the man, now you the man

Now you the man, now you the muthafuckin man

[VERSE 3: Havoc]

Niggaz regret it when they get wetted with the automatic weapons

When I walk the streets I pack a Tec for protection

You know the deal, nowadays shit is real

Kid, I had it up to here, muthafuckas better chill

Cause on the block, yes, kid, we get busy

Front on my crew and get bust open like a fuckin Philly

Punk muthafuckas on the mic get violated

A rhyme ain't a rhyme if it ain't crime-related

I'm bustin raps like a nigga bustin caps

I grab the mic, cock it back and kick the fuckin facts

Stompin niggaz out with my black Timbs
 Leavin niggaz crippled with artificial limbs
 A slug in the brain cause you tried to sham
 You thought you was the man, you fuckin coward[VERSE 4: Tek]
 I'm with my ill niggaz troopin down Atlantic Av
 Three blunts still plus there's weed in the stash
 Timb boots flop as the l gets sparked
 Play the (?) from the street, it's flames movin in the dark
 I've had it up to here with y'all weak-ass rappers
 Bucktown, home of the Originoo Gun Clappaz
 The name's Smif-N-Wessun and we're representin lovely
 Smif joins the forces if you punks try to rob me
 And I got his back, leave your body lyin flat
 It's time to knuckle up, guard your grill, fuck that
 Timberlands bootin up the ass of A&R's
 You gettin surgery tryin to cover up the scars
 You pussy (?) bwoy, (?) watch where ya stand
 Smif-N-Wessun comin, lettin you know who's the man[CHORUS (2X)]
 Now you the man, now you the man, now you the man
 Now you the man, now you the muthafuckin man[VERSE 5: Steele]
 These niggaz is crazy, but I get real rough, no question
 Runnin with Black Moon, representin Smif-N-Wessun
 The boy's crazy, boys roll Mobb Deep
 Bring in Havoc, so get dramatic and get splattered in a heartbeat
 Bits and pieces when I release the boom
 These type of tunes kept me consumed in a rubberroom
 Now I rock with Buckshot, what the fuck, ock
 I got nuff props so you can get the fat cock[VERSE 6: Buckshot Shorty]
 I've got 1, 2, 3, let me know if you're ready for me
 Lawd, you must throw your hands upon the mic and let em know
 About the flow when you rip and stick it cause you must get wicked
 Never hesitate to (?) lyrical gangster, not lyrical prankster, see
 Straight from the head of Buckshot hittin em real irie
 Mi never come fi short, mi a-fi shoot upon di mic
 You gwan fall like di Babylon on sight
 Taught by my nigga Screwface how you shoe-lace
 Let my nigga Bass tell me who take who place
 Side up and up, side up and up, black
 Yo chill, parlay, god, they ain't ready for that
 They ain't ready for that
 Everybody wan fly and get high but nobody wan die, whyHey yo word up, kid
 That's not that bullshit
 Word, hahaha[CHORUS (4X)]
 Now you the man, now you the man, now you the man
 Now you the man, now you the muthafuckin man

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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