

# 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 1 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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