

# Who's the Man?

## Heavy D & The Boyz

Oh yes, this is special  
This is direct from what we call 'The Funk House'  
This is a total dope, phat one, know what I'm sayin'?  
And this is how it's done, uhI did good in my hood as a youngster  
The Heavster was never a punkster, no sir  
No ma'am, hot damn, me and Michael Jackson jammed  
I dug Soul Train, not American BandstandThe bigger nigga is back and I'm on the right track  
As a matter of fact, I'm all that  
So, ring around the Rosie, oopsy, daisy  
Topsy turvy, you never heard of me, you don't deserve meFly like Knievel, drive like a BMW  
You never knew I could bring trouble to  
A cordless, you can't afford this, don't get aboard this flavor  
Unless you got the fever flavor for a PringleCome be a single, let me see you mingle, jingle, dangle  
Sammy Davis Jr. was Mr. Bo jangles  
(Here is something you can't understand)  
Tell me y'all, who's the man?Who's the man?  
(The Heavster, time keeps on slipping)  
Who's the man?  
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Who's the man?  
(The Heavster, time keeps on slipping)Yes, too many brothers be fakin' moves or frontin' grooves  
Peace to all the brothers on the block, drinkin' and passin' brew  
Money tried to flip but he got flopped  
Said, it was his corner, let him know his corner's on my blockI know your fantasy, don't stay, I ain't Jodeci  
When I used to juggle y'all was crumbs, who didn't notice me?  
But now you see me in a magazine, on your TV screen  
On the radio liver stereo, lookin' cleanAll of a sudden I'm attractive, I'm handsome, I'm gorgeous  
But back in the day you used to say, you can't afford this  
I wreck shops and got props from New York to Cali  
I'm Big Willie, you silly Sally from the valleyAin't nuttin' changed, wait a minute, I'm a liar  
The crib is definitely doper and the girls a lot flyer  
(Here is something you can't understand)  
So, tell me y'all, who's the man?Who's the man?  
(The Heavster, time keeps on slipping)Who's the man? Who's the man? Who's the man  
Phenomenon one, phenomenon two  
Who's the man? Like I said, this here, is officialBack in the day, I used to punch clocks, now I'm drippin' props  
And countin' loot and shootin' hoops and lookin' cute

In tailored suits, made for the over weight lover  
Undercover, over cover You know my MO, I do damn well on the stage show  
I'm gettin' paid by the pound and I got mad flow  
Flip flop, who's the bigger one? Quick to figure one  
Two, three, two, one, ah Keep a pen and a pad on stash  
I used to crab the last, now I flow for dough and I rhyme for cash  
I'm glad to say goodnight to Johnny Carson  
And brother, where you rub it 'fore you catch the magic in your Johnson Honey dips, money grips  
I know the difference 'cause I learned tricks in the ghetto mix  
(Here is something you can't understand)  
So, tell me y'all, who's the man? Who's the man?  
(The Heavster, time keeps on slipping) Everything here, is phat, know what I'm sayin'?  
Don't take it the wrong way but I'm lettin' you know  
For the last time, this here is official  
This is fat Who's the man?  
(The Heavster, time keeps on slipping)  
Who's the man?  
(The Heavster, time keeps on slipping)  
Who's the man?  
(The Heavster, time keeps on slipping)  
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