

# I'm The Man (Feat. Red Cafe)

## Fabulous

[Red Cafe]

Excuse me! I happen to be the boss man  
Excuse me! I happen to be the weatherman  
Excuse me! I happen to be the ice man  
Excuse me! I happen to be the dope man  
And I'm the man (That's me) yes, shorty, I'm the man  
(The motherfuckin man, 'Lo-so)  
I'm the man, yes, shorty, I'm the man  
And I'm the man, yes, shorty, I'm the man  
(You think you're better than your past)  
I'm the man, yes, shorty, I'm the man  
(If the present were your man, bitch)[Fabulous]  
Yes, I'm the man, yes, shorty, I'm the man  
I'm so fly there's no tellin' when I'm a land  
You tryin' to come up on somethin', mami, I'm the plan  
So play the cards you was dealt, baby, I'm the hand  
Young Denzel - I'm the inside man  
The open-they-legs-and-let-me-inside man  
I work the middle, call it a inside job  
The hey 'mon; I got ten side jobs  
The boss man, the ice man and weatherman  
The weed man for Redman and Method Man  
The dope man, the gun man, the mailman  
The spokesman, the cheer man, the salesman  
Used to spread the white shit like hail, man  
And I moved more bags than the bellman  
Now, I'm the man of the fi-di-di-di-damn  
If you ain't get the message, let me tell you who I am, bitch[Red Cafe]  
Excuse me! I happen to be the boss man  
Excuse me! I happen to be the weatherman  
Excuse me! I happen to be the ice man  
Excuse me! I happen to be the dope man  
And I'm the man, yes, shorty, I'm the man  
I'm the man, yes, shorty, I'm the man  
And I'm the man, yes, shorty, I'm the man  
I'm the man, yes, shorty, I'm the man[Fabulous]  
Yeah, I'm the man, yes, shorty, I'm the man  
Lookin' for some good shit, then I'm your man  
Just say my name three times like Candy man

I pop up, fix it up like a handyman  
You know how the man do, Coupe is all mad new  
Ginobli's, but the truck is on Kobe's  
Through the bulletproof when you're in the Sport, man  
The slugs come through your window like grown man  
Aww, man, there go your man again  
I fifth him up, stiff him up like a mannequin  
I ain't trippin', but dude think he the Man of Steel  
He slippin' up, and he don't even see banana peels  
And one night I made plans to do him  
The bitch is so easy a caveman could do it  
She know I'm the man of the fi-di-di-di-damn  
But F-Y-I, let me tell you who I am, bitch

Songwriters

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