Who's the man?

Kissmekillme

Oh yes this is special
This is direct from what we call The Funk House
This is a total dope phat one, knowhatI'msayin?
And this is how it's done, Uh!

I 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 Bandstand
The 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 me
Fly like Kinievel, 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 Pringle
Come be a single, let me see you mingle jingle dangle
Sammy Davis Jr. was Mr. Bojangles
(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")

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 block
I 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' clean
All 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 valley
Ain'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?
Who's the man?
Who's the man?
Phenomenon one, phenomenon two
Who's the man?
Like I said, this here, is official

Back 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
Honeydips, 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?

Everything here, is phat, knowhatI'msayin?
Don't take it the wrong way, but I'm lettin' you know
For the last time, this here is official
This is fat

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