## Who's The Man

## **House of Pain**

I used to kick it with the thugs, pushin' drugs in the park

Makin' every mark that was out after dark

Stick 'em for their loot, cut 'em up then I'd dash

And when I had to shoot, I'd nutted up for the cashRan down the block with my 45 Glock

Capped off a round, everybody hit the ground

The next thing I heard was a siren

Couldn't turn around, money grip kept firin'Runnin' for the ride, I can't go inside

I'd rather that I died, I got too much pride

I guess it's just somethin' that you can't understand

My gun's in my hand, tell me who's the man? Who's the man with the master plan?

Who's the man? Who's the man?

Who's the man with the master plan?

Who's the man? Who's the man? Who's the man with the master plan?

Who's the man? Who's the man?

Who's the man with the master plan?

Who's the man? Who's the man? I used to sell ya yo back in the day-o

Ran with the gang, had all the homie's slang

Grams to the quarters, I'm takin' all the orders

Makin' all the runs, rakin' in the fundsI always got my gun, it's the old six-shooter

King of the neighborhood, crazy white pecker wood

Now people thinkin' Danny lost his mind

It must've been from all the wine man and all the hard timesLike chillin' in the park in the dark with the crew

I'm always gettin' high, I saw my man die

Now I got the work and the dough

Twenty-five grand and a 5 keys of blowI gotta' relocate and start all over

But watch it blow up like a supernova

I keep my game in tight and follow the plan

My gun's in my hand, tell me who's the man? Who's the man with the master plan?

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Who's the man? Who's the man? Who's the man with the master plan?

Who's the man? Who's the man?

Who's the man with the master plan?

Who's the man? Who's the man? I got myself locked down in the pen

I ain't got a friend, so here I go again

I gotta' get my props up and earn my respect

Gotta' shake someone up or throw 'em off the top deckMy time's runnin' out, I gotta' spill some blood

If I don't do it quick, sh\*t, my name'll be mud

So I pick out a hard rock and rush him in his cell

Beat his ass down and then say that he fellAnd if I gotta' do him, screw him, the convict's dead I'll stab him in the chest, just another

Of the cell block know that I'm nobody's ho

My shanks in my hand so tell me who's the man? Who's the man with the master plan?

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