

Unity

"Bet Ya Man Can't"

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[Fat Joe]
Blam!
Bang bang baby!
Yeah, Terror Squad style
Trizzie, check it out now

[Cuban Link]
Yo, I'm rated X in sex, I flex like Lex Luger
So who's next to get scooped up by this roughneck
from Cuba?
We do maneuvers like Super Dave, always with a group
of babes
Sayin "Mami's out" like Sugar Ray
Cause Cuban Link don't play miss, I flip and do some
strange [shit]
witchu like hit you with the whips and chains, check it
I get you naked like I'm mystic, cause this [dick] is
thick as a brick, raw with big [balls] that bend it
Now let's get, physical, my jiggable pie
Let this lyrical guy scuba dive right between your thighs
I satisfy like a Snickers bar cause I'm the bigger bar
that'll stick you quicker than a 'spic will strip a car
My repoitire holds a four star performance with all
women
Hittin more skins than Alec Baldwin
You're fallin in love and you can't get up
Now check the cut, I stripped ya, now you can't strut,
word up

Chorus: Big Pun

Bet ya man can't do it like that (like that?)
He can't work the middle, cause his thing too little
Bet ya man can't do it like that (like that?)
I make you scream papa (you the best dada!)

Chorus

[Fat Joe]
Yeah, uh, uh, yo
Paradin in the Palladium, all eyes on my presence

Poppin the Crist', sportin the chick straight out of
Essence
Word up, patch thug, three quarter front Polo jiggy
Be like 'Who is he, lookin like a grizzly?'
While your girl watch me, you're busy drink pissy
Wanna lay your love, but your love wanna kiss me, huh
I got a fly team, me and my guys gleam like high
beams
Makin the killin off of fiends with pipe dreams
It might seem, like I'm conceited with the cream talk
But I got the kind of green that could bribe a Supreme
Court
And when we talk, the whole world listen
Turn your back to T.S. for one second and find your girl
missin

[Big Pun]

Baby make me holla, take it off, I give you dolla
We can party til manana ain't nobody gotta know nada
Word to Allah, give me some Mississippi massana
I'll be in the sauna, troopin the naga like the
chupacabra
Cool it mama, you gettin too hot, bust a shot
Boo-yaa! Rub it up and down like my oo-wops
Suscia!, show me your dirty dance
The way you work the pants make any man wanna jerk
his gnads

Chorus

[Cuban Link]

Yo, my [shit's] official like it in you like, Keith Murray
Bury my beef, gettin your sweet cherry every week if
necessary
I'm very nasty like Nas, did you ask me?
Pass me those [ass]cheeks and I'll bring you joy like
BlackSTREET
In the backseat of my Jeep, we can chill
or Creep like TLC but don't sleep, I keep it real
What the deal mami, you wanna feel on my steel
salami?
Come and try me, I'll sign my name all over your
punani

[Triple Seis]

Ohh mami, you comin home with me
All night in my tub drinkin Hennessey
Gettin lyed up with your thighs up, I'ma surprise her
when I rise up, inside her
Yippie kay yay, I'ma ride her, and guide her
Straight to the triz, where we goin, straight to the crib

Pun in here and Cuban and Seis, you know what time it
is
Soon as we walk in the crib, let's get biz

TRIZ TRIZ TRIZ TRIZ TRIZ TRIZ TRIZ TRIZ (oahkayyy!)

Chorus: Big Pun

Since ya man can't do it like Link (like Link?)
He can't work the middle, cause his thing too little
Bet ya man can't do it like Seis (like Seis?)
I make you scream papa (you the best dada!)

Bet ya man can't do it like Crack (like Crack?)
He can't work the middle, cause his thing too little
Bet ya man can't do it like Pun (like Pun?)
I make you scream papa (you the best bana!)

Bet ya man can't do it like Link (like Link?)
He can't work the middle, cause his thing too little
Bet ya man can't do it like Seis (like Seis?)
I make you scream papa (you the best dada!)

Bet ya man can't do it like Crack (like Crack?)
He can't work the middle, cause his thing too little
Bet ya man can't do it like Pun (like Pun?)
I make you scream papa -- adios mama!

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